

VARIORUM EDITION OF The Works of Beaumont & Fletcher.

Some Opinions of the Press on Vols. I and II

"It is a reproach to our modern taste in literature that Dyce's edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, published in 1843-6, should have been long out of print, and that no other complete edition should be current. Messrs. Bell and Mr. A. H. Bullen, to judge by their first volume, are proceeding to remove that reproach most handsomely. The notes to each play are printed at the bottom of the page. They are both full and precise, giving all important variations or corruptions in the text, and often illustrating difficult passages by apt parallels. Altogether it is an edition designed both for the specialist and for the general reader who is not amused only by contemporary literature."—*Times*.

"A critical edition of Beaumont and Fletcher is the boon most desired by the student of the Tudor drama. . . . That an authoritative edition was contemplated by Mr. Bullen, upon whom the mantle of Dyce has fallen, has long been known, and some impatience has been manifested at the delay in its appearance. A task such as its production was, however, not rashly to be undertaken or promised, and although Dyce has gone before, the preparation of an adequate Variorum edition may well constitute the occupation of years. The previous labours of Mr. Bullen have fitted him for the task now in progress, and its accomplishment may be regarded as the crown of editorial work by which scholarship has largely profited. . . . The edition is entitled to a warm welcome, and is admirable in typographical as in other respects."—*Athenæum*.

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"The projectors of the edition are certainly to be congratulated on securing the services of such editors. If the volumes which succeed maintain the same high standard of editing, we shall not only have an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher which will entirely supersede Dyce's, but which may be fairly said to approach finality."—*Saturday Review*.

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"All lovers of our old poetry should be grateful to Mr. Bullen for his attempt to bring before them, at a cost not too great, an edition almost perfect of the plays of these great, passionate, and romantic poets."—*Daily News*.

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THE WORKS OF
FRANCIS BEAUMONT
&
JOHN FLETCHER

VARIORUM EDITION

GENERAL EDITOR : A. H. BULLEN

VOLUME III

THE WORKS OF
FRANCIS BEAUMONT
AND
JOHN FLETCHER

VARIORUM EDITION

VOLUME III

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS
THE MAD LOVER
THE LOYAL SUBJECT
RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE
THE LAWS OF CANDY

LONDON
GEORGE BELL AND SONS
& A. H. BULLEN
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THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

EDITED BY W. W. GREG

VOL. III.

No original entry in the Stationers' Register.

(Q1.) *The Faithfull Shepheardesse. By Iohn Fletcher. Printed at London for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spread Eagle ouer against the great North dore of S. Pauls.* [n. d., c. 1609/10.] Copies of this edition vary in a number of readings.

Stationers' Register, 8 Dec. 1628: 'Master Meighen. Assigned over unto him from Henry Walley, under the hand of Master Islip warden, all the estate right title and interest which he hath in the Copie called The ffaithfull Sheaperdesse. vjd.' [Arber's Transcript, IV. 172]

(Q2.) *The Faithfull Shepheardesse. By Iohn Fletcher. The second Edition, newly corrected. London, Printed by T. C. for Richard Meighen, in St. Dunstanes Church-yard in Fleet-streete, 1629.*

(Q3.) *The Faithfull Shepherdesse. Acted at Somerset House before the King and Queens on Twelfe night last, 1633. And diuers times since with great applause at the Private House in Blacke-Friers, by his Majesties Servants. Written by Iohn Fletcher. The third Edition, with Addition. London, Printed by A. M. for Richard Meighen, next to the Middle Temple in Fleet-street. 1634.*

The play then passed along with the rest of Meighen's stock into the hands of Bedell and Collins who had been taken into partnership by his widow Mercy Meighen on his death c. 1640. The widow seems to have died in 1654, and the business was thenceforth carried on by the two surviving partners till Bedell's death, apparently in 1667.

(Q4.) *The Faithfull Shepherdesse. [&c.] The Fourth Edition. London, Printed for Ga. Bedell and Tho. Collins, at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet-street. 1656.*

(Q5.) *The Faithfull Shepherdesse. [&c.] The Fifth Edition. London, Printed for G. Bedell and T. Collins, at the Middle Temple-Gate in Fleet-street, 1665.*

(F.) *The Faithfull Shepherdess.* In the folio of 1679, p. 213.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

AUTHORSHIP AND DATE.—*The Faithful Shepherdess* is ascribed to John Fletcher alone on the title-pages of all the early editions, nor has the attribution, supported as it is by the dedicatory and commendatory verses, including those from Beaumont, ever been seriously challenged. Jonson in his conversations with Drummond, probably in Jan. 1619, remarked that "Flesher and Beaumont, ten years since, hath written the Faithfull Shipheardesse, a Tragicomedie, well done" (ed. Gifford, ix. 386); but the use of the singular verb shows that the two friends had already been fused into one complex literary personality, and that no weight can be allowed to the apparent assertion that the play in question was a joint work. Mr. Fleay, indeed, after quoting from the *Conversations*, continues: "There is not a trace of external evidence that Beaumont had a hand in the writing beyond Jonson's statement, and yet, again, the internal evidence of the metre so strongly confirms it that I have no doubt on the matter. Beaumont's dislike to have his name published as a playwright is quite enough to explain its absence in the title and its presence in these verses." In reply to an inquiry, Mr. Fleay has kindly informed me that he now withdraws this view and acquiesces in Fletcher's authorship. I ought to add that for my own part, whether on internal or external evidence, I do not see how the play can be ascribed to any one but Fletcher.

The date is a more difficult question. The play is mentioned together with *Phylaster* by John Davies of Hereford in his *Scourge of Folly*, Epigram 206 (see vol. i. p. 117). This was entered on the Stationers' Register on Oct. 10, 1610. Moreover, Sir William Scipwith, dedicatory verses to whom are prefixed to the first edition, died on May 3 that year. Unfortunately, not only is the earliest quarto undated, but no entry of it has been found in the books of the Stationers' Company. Mr. Fleay points out that the names of the publishers, Bonian and Walley, occur together in the Register from Dec. 22, 1608, to Sept. 1, 1609, but the partnership certainly lasted till 1610, for they printed a sermon preached at Paul's Cross by T. Myrnell on Jan. 14 that year. It is impossible to say more than that the play was in print by the spring of 1610. There is, therefore, no reason to suppose that the original performance took place before the winter of 1609-10. The plague having diminished towards the end of November, there is no difficulty about this date, even granting that the theatres were as often closed on that account as Mr. Fleay believes. It must be remembered, however, that Prof Thorndike in his study of the *Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspeare* (Worcester, Mass., 1901, p. 14), has shown good reasons for holding that Mr. Fleay greatly exaggerates the extent to which dramatic performances were interrupted by the plague in the early years of the seventeenth century. The exact dates of publication and production must, therefore, alike remain vague. Mr. Fleay's suggestion of before July 1608 for the latter seems to me a little early, and is in no way necessitated by the available evidence, but beyond a hypothetical 1609 it is difficult to go.

TEXT.—The undated first quarto is necessarily the basis of the text. This is the less to be regretted in that it presents on the whole very sound readings,

and was evidently issued with the author's authority if not actually under his supervision. The only difficulty arises through different copies presenting a number of variant readings, but it will soon be perceived that this is only due to certain copies containing one or more uncorrected sheets. Thus it will be seen from the collations that in several places the Dyce and Bodleian copies agree in an obviously erroneous reading which is corrected in the British Museum copy. Since it is clearly only a question of proof-reading, it has not been thought necessary to record all these often minute variations. It should be said that it is unusual to find a copy of the first quarto in which the preliminary matter is perfect. The correct collation of this is [A]⁴ ¶², that is six leaves, whose contents are as follows. 1, blank (?), wanting in all copies seen; 2, title-page, verso blank; 3, commendatory verses by Field on recto, by Beaumont on verso; 4, verses by Jonson on recto, by Chapman on verso; 5, dedicatory verses to Aston on recto, to Scipith on verso; 6, verses to Townesend on recto, and preface 'To the Reader' on verso. The text begins on B1 and ends on L1 verso; L2, presumably blank, being again wanting.

Every edition seems to have been regularly printed from its immediate predecessor. Copies of the second quarto, which appeared in 1629, also vary among themselves in certain readings, though less conspicuously than those of the first quarto. The most striking instance occurs at the very beginning of the play. In I. i. 8 the first quarto reads simply 'and games,' thus leaving the line short by two syllables. This the compositor of the second quarto copied, but while the sheets were being printed off the defect was noticed and the word 'merry' inserted before 'games.' The third quarto, published in 1634, was printed from an uncorrected copy of the second, but the defect was again noticed, and this time the word 'jolly' was supplied, and it was this reading which was copied in subsequent editions. These appeared in 1656 and 1665, and the play was included in the second folio in 1679.

ARGUMENT.—After a bucolic festival the Priest of Pan pronounces a benediction on the assembled shepherds and shepherdesses, who join in a hymn to the god. When the ceremony is over the assembly breaks up, and Perigot takes the opportunity of pressing his love-suit to Amoret. Convinced of his honest purpose, she agrees to meet him in the woods that night. Next Amarillis declares her love to Perigot. He, whose affection is fixed elsewhere, pities but cannot return her passion. Amarillis, finding her love thus repulsed, vows vengeance, and determines to cross his love for Amoret by the help of the Sullen Shepherd, a melancholy and lascivious swain, who enters opportunely. He protests his love to her, who is under no misapprehension as to its nature, and she agrees to yield to his desire on condition of his breaking the love between Perigot and Amoret, a task he willingly undertakes. Lastly enters Cloe, lamenting the want of a lover. Thenot, devoured by his passion for the unapproachable Clorn, rejects her advances. With Daphnis, in spite of his coy modesty, she has somewhat better success, and he promises to meet her that night in the woods, there to exchange chaste embraces. Little satisfied with this tryst, she eagerly accedes to the petition of Alexis, who now enters with a fervent suit, and agrees with him upon a similar assignation. The day closes with a beautiful evening song by the Priest.

Meanwhile the cloistral Clorn has been vowing virginity at the tomb of her dead lover, which is situated in a remote portion of the wood, and near which she has built herself a solitary bower. Her meditations are disturbed by the entrance of a Satyr, who at first dismays her by his uncouth, brutish appearance, but soon manifests a gentle and amiable disposition. This apparent transformation Clorn naively attributes to her supernatural power as an unstained

virgin. The Satyr becomes a slave to her beauty, offers her the fruits he is carrying to his master, Pan, and his master's mistress, Syrinx, and promises to bring her more. We next find her sorting the herbs and simples she has been gathering in the woods. Suddenly Thenot enters, and declares to her the devouring passion which binds him to her so long as she continues faithful to the memory of her former lover. The angry surprise with which she first meets his declaration soon changes to a tone of pity as she realizes his hopeless plight.

It is now night, and the various couples begin to assemble in the forest. Amarillis and the Sullen Shepherd plot how to disturb the love of Perigot and Amoret. Following her directions, the Sullen Shepherd lets her down into a magic well, from which, after uttering a spell, he draws her forth again in the shape of Amoret. She gives him a charm, wherewith to undo the spell and restore her once again to her own shape if necessary, and sets off to find Perigot. Meanwhile Amoret, in search of her lover, meets the Sullen Shepherd, who puts her on a false track. While he is wondering why he did not take advantage of her unprotected state, he is interrupted by the entrance of Cloe and Alexis. Cloe has already met Daphnis, but, eager for the company of a less bashful lover, has sent him off to wait for her in another part of the forest. The Sullen Shepherd, his desires now aflame and indifferent with whom he gratifies them, determines to seize Cloe, and, Alexis objecting, wounds him with his spear. At this moment the Satyr enters, at whose appearance Cloe and the Sullen Shepherd fly in opposite directions. The Satyr, finding Alexis wounded, carries him off to Clorin to be healed. Cloe re-enters, lamenting equally the loss of Alexis and his would-be murderer. As a last hope she goes off to meet Daphnis again. As soon as she is gone the Sullen Shepherd reappears but retires at the approach of Perigot and Amarillis in the shape of Amoret. They lie down, and Amarillis seeks to lure the shepherd to her embraces. At first he does not understand, supposing that she is merely trying his faith, but when at last she makes her meaning plain, he rises, and forswearing love for ever, seeks to fall upon his spear. First, however, she shall die. She flies from the wrath which follows at her heels. The Sullen Shepherd comes forward, and uttering the required charm, breaks the spell. Amarillis now reappears in her own shape and makes the baffled Perigot believe that the girl he was pursuing turned down a side path and so escaped him in the dark. Accepting his apologies she departs, while Perigot promptly meets the real Amoret, whom without more ado he wounds with his spear and leaves for dead on the ground. The Sullen Shepherd, to make things quite safe, throws the wounded nymph into the well and goes his way. From the fountain, however, rises the God of the River, bearing in his arms Amoret, whom he restores and heals. He seeks her love, begging her to come and share his watery realm, but learning that she already loves a young shepherd, he wishes her joy and descends again.

Meanwhile Perigot, in the act of killing himself, is prevented by Amarillis, who explains how Amoret is innocent of the designs attributed to her, and how it was she herself who tempted him in the disguise of her rival. To prove which, she offers to re-transform herself into Amoret's likeness. While he is waiting the real Amoret enters, and in spite of his former cruelty tries to regain his love. He, supposing her to be the deceitful Amarillis in disguise, rails in answer against women, and ends by seeking again to kill her with his spear. He then flies in alarm at the sight of the Satyr, who enters, and finding Amoret wounded, bears her too off to Clonn's bower. Meanwhile Amarillis, having previously, much to her surprise, met Amoret alive and well, and directed her on her fateful way to Perigot, now falls in with the Sullen Shepherd, who demands the fulfilment of her promise. She taunts him with having failed in his part of the bargain, and bids him go and see where Perigot and Amoret

are even now meeting in the wood hard by. He naturally replies that these are unreasonable excuses, since he knows Amoret to be dead, and endeavours to seize her by force. She eludes him, and the two begin a race through the forest.

By this time both Alexis and Amoret have been brought by the Satyr to the bower where Clorin is now tending their wounds. To her enters Thenot, who can find no solace for his unreasonable passion. Clorin has, however, resolved to cure him by pretending to yield to his suit, which she now, therefore, makes a show of doing. After in a final anguish imploring her even yet to remain constant to the dead, he is at last convinced of her infidelity, and departs, having lost his last remnant of faith in woman. Amoret's wound refusing to heal, Clorin now suspects the neighbourhood of impurity, and sends the Satyr to find it out. He soon discovers Daphnis and Cloe hid within the embraces of a hollow tree. Tested by a holy taper the youth is pronounced clear, but Cloe, who fails to stand the ordeal, is committed to the custody of the Satyr. Meanwhile the Priest and an old shepherd have been seeking to rouse the swains and nymphs to the labours of a new day, but finding every cottage deserted, have gone in search of the truants. Thenot, who represents that he has passed the night in performance of a vow, knows no news of them. Daphnis, however, reports how Amoret and Alexis are lying wounded at Clorin's bower. Amarillis enters at this point, and seeks protection from the Sullen Shepherd, who follows eager and unrepentant. The Priest hales them all off to Clorin. To her, too, Perigot resorts, finding that the blood-stain on his hand refuses to wash off. He is naturally surprised at finding Amoret there alive and well, but explanation and reconciliation ensue. The Priest then approaches, and being found pure by the ordeal of the taper, is allowed to lay the case of the transgressors before the wise shepherdess. Clorin pronounces sentence of banishment on the culprits, but Amarillis being found repentant, is pardoned, while the Sullen Shepherd departs into exile. Then with a song the couples depart, leaving Clorin and her attendant Satyr alone by the forest bower.

SOURCE.—No source in the proper sense of the word has yet been found for *The Faithful Shepherdess*, nor is it at all likely that any will be discovered in the future. While belonging to a literary tradition whose chief masterpieces were undoubtedly familiar to the author, Fletcher's pastoral shows almost complete independence with regard to the details of incident and construction. Dyce's statement "that if the pastoral dramas of Tasso and Guarini had never been written, we should never have possessed *The Faithful Shepherdess*," will certainly find no contradiction among those competent to form an opinion on the matter; but this means nothing more than that Fletcher's play belongs to a literary form which the success of the *Aminta* and *Pastor Fido* rendered fashionable, and it may be added that the English play shows every bit as much originality as its Italian predecessors. Mr Fleay is undoubtedly correct in calling it "a rival rather than an imitation of Tasso's *Aminta* and Guarini's *Pastor Fido*." These plays Fletcher is pretty sure to have known either in the original or in a French translation (of which several appeared before he began writing), and there is no reason to suppose that he ever devoted his attention to such poor stuff as France's translation of Tasso (1591), or the 'Dymocke' translation of Guarini (1602). He took, however, little from either play in the way of language or incident. A few parallels of no particular importance were first pointed out by Seward. These, like the reminiscences of Theocritus and Vergil, are no more than pastoral commonplaces. On the whole the language is based on that of Spenser in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and served as a model for that of Milton in *Comus*. Almost every critic who has touched on the

subject has detected in Cloe a reminiscence of Cornsca, but the instance is decidedly unfortunate, for there is nothing in the cynical courtesan of Guarini to suggest Fletcher's revolting study of diseased passion. It is easy to indicate points of resemblance between *The Faithful Shepherdess* and various Italian dramas, but the significance of such parallels is more than doubtful. The title, in which Fletcher challenged comparison with Guarini, is practically that of Contarini's *Fida Ninfa*, of which he may or may not have known. The absurd character of Thenot was anticipated in Argenti's play *Lo Sfortunato*, the benevolent Satyr in Epicuro's *Mirza*, which, like *The Faithful Shepherdess*, also introduces a supernatural agent, the magic well suggests the enchanted lake of Beccari's *Sacrificio*, while a river-god, of course, speaks the prologue to the *Pastor Fido*. But, in the main, having decided to write a pastoral play, Fletcher worked out his design independently. He stole nobody's plot, for his own play has none. It is impossible to read *The Faithful Shepherdess* without being struck by the almost entire want of dramatic effect, for the situation at the end is for all purposes exactly what it was at the beginning. On the other hand, any one who takes the trouble to analyze the play scene by scene cannot help being struck by the astounding ingenuity with which the web of intrigue is woven and opportunity afforded for striking scenes and situations. *The Faithful Shepherdess* stands apart in this from all its predecessors. The aim of pastoralists had invariably been the construction of a plot of definite sentimental interest, whereas Fletcher cared for nothing but a scenic framework to be filled in with poetic embroidery of marvellous beauty. And in this he had Milton for a disciple.

HISTORY.—On its original production *The Faithful Shepherdess* proved a failure, as is evident from the preface and verses prefixed to the original quarto. Its subsequent fortunes are recorded by Dyce. "Several years after the decease of Fletcher, this long-neglected pastoral was exhibited at Court. Its revival is thus noticed in the MSS. of Sir Henry Herbert: 'On Monday night, the sixth of January [1633-4] and the Twelfth Night was presented at Denmark-house, before the King and Queene, Fletcher's pastorall called The Faithfull Shepheadesse, in the clothes the Queene had given Taylor [*i. e.* Joseph Taylor, of King Charles' company] the year before of her own pastorall [*i. e.* Montagu's *Shepherd's Paradise*, acted by the Queene and her ladies on 8 Jan. 1632-3]. The scenes were fitted to the pastorall, and made, by Mr. Inigo Jones, in the great chamber, 1633.'—Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), III. 234 Gerrard, the gossiping correspondent of Lord Strafford, has a passage to the same effect in a letter dated Jan. 9, 1633: 'I never knew a duller Christmas than we had at Court this year, but one Play all the time at Whitehall, and no dancing at all. The Queen had some little Infirmary, a Bile, or some such Thing, which made her keep in, only on Twelfth-night she feasted the King at Somerset-house, and presented him with a Play, newly studied, long since printed, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, which the King's Players acted in the Robes she and her Ladies acted their Pastoral in the last year.'—*The Earl of Strafford's Letters and Dispatches*, I. 177. 'Instead of a Prologue, there was a Song in Dialogue, sung between a Priest and a Nymph, which was writ by Sir William D'Avenant; and an Epilogue was spoken by the Lady Mary Mordant, which the Reader may read in Covent-Garden Drollery, p. 86.'—Langbaine's *Account of Eng. Dram. Poets*, p. 208. In consequence, we may presume, of the favour which it had experienced at Court, *The Faithful Shepherdess* was again brought out at a regular theatre ['Query with the scenes?']—Fleay; from the third quarto we learn that soon after its revival before the King and Queen, it was acted 'divers times with great applause at the Private House in Black-Friars.' It may be added that the play was

again revived after the Restoration, and that Pepys records a successful performance in 1663, adding, however, that it was 'much thronged after for the scene's sake.' " Dyce concludes : " In 1638, Sir Richard Fanshaw published a translation of *The Faithful Shepherdess* into Latin verse,—*La Fida Pastora. Comædia Pastoralis. Autore F. F. Anglo-Britanno Adduntur nonnulla varii argumenti Carmina ab eodem*, 8vo [with an engraved monogram of Fanshaw's name on the title-page],—a performance of considerable merit on the whole, though containing not a little to which the critical scholar might object "

As mentioned by Langbaine, an epilogue to *The Faithful Shepherdess* is found in the 'Covent Garden Diolery, or a Collection, of all the Choise Songs, Poems, Prologues, and Epilogues, (Sung and Spoken at Courts and Theatres) never in Print before. Written by the refined'st Wits of the Age, and Collected by A.B. London, 1672 ' It is headed : 'Epilogue spoken by the Lady Mary Mordant, before the King and Queen, at Court, to the faithful Shepherdess , and runs :

When princes in distress would peace imploye,
They first take care to choose th' ambassador,
And think him fittest for a charge so great
Who best can please that king with whom they treat
Our play they threaten'd with a tragic fate,
I, sir, am chose for this affair of state.
And hope whatever errors we confess
You'll pardon to the young ambassadress.
If not, though now these little ladies are
In no condition to maintain a war,
Their beauties will in time grow up so strong,
That on your court they may revenge the wrong.

The volume also contains a number of other prologues and epilogues to Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, written for post-restoration revivals.

COMMENDATORY VERSES

TO MY LOVED FRIEND, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER, ON
HIS PASTORAL.

CAN my approvment, sir, be worth your thanks,
Whose unknown name, and muse in swathing clouts,
Is not yet grown to strength, among these ranks
To have a room, and bear off the sharp flouts
Of this our pregnant age, that does despise 5
All innocent verse that lets alone her vice ?

But I must justify what privately
I censured to you : my ambition is—
Even by my hopes and love to poesy—
To live to perfect such a work as this, 10
Clad in such elegant propriety
Of words, including a morality

So sweet and profitable ; though each man that hears,
And learning has enough to clap and hiss,
Arrives not to't, so misty it appears, 15
And to their filmèd reasons so amiss :
But let Art look in Truth, she like a mirror
Reflects her comfort ; Ignorance's terror

PREFATORY MATTER. The order of the commendatory verses, etc., in the different editions is as follows :—

Q1	Q2	Q3, etc.	F
Field	Field	Beaumont	(at the end of the
Beaumont	Beaumont	Field	play)
Jonson	Jonson	Jonson	Beaumont
Chapman	Chapman	Chapman	Jonson
Aston		Marmion	Dialogue
Skipworth		Dialogue	
Townshend			
Preface			

Verses by Field, in Qq.

Heading. *Master*] So Dyce. *M.* Q1, 2. *M^r.* Q3, etc.

8 *censured*] 1 e. expressed as my judgement.

Sits in her own brow, being made afraid
 Of her unnatural complexion,
 As ugly women, when they are array'd
 By glasses, loathe their true reflection.
 Thus how can such opinions injure thee,
 That tremble at their own deformity?

20

Opinion, that great fool, makes fools of all,
 And once I fear'd her, till I met a mind
 Whose grave instructions philosophical
 Toss'd it like dust upon a March strong wind :
 He shall for ever my example be,
 And his embracèd doctrine grow in me.

25

30

His soul—and such commend this—that commands
 Such art, it should me better satisfy,
 Than if the monster clapt his thousand hands,
 And drown'd the scene with his confusèd cry ;
 And if doubts rise, lo, their own names to clear 'em !
 Whilst I am happy but to stand so near 'em.

35

NATHAN FIELD.

31 *commands*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *command* Q1, 2. Dyce explains, 'and such souls as his do commend this poem.' But if these words are taken as a parenthesis, what is the construction of the next line? I suggest 'If the play be commended by such as in their souls understand such art'—taking *and* as *an*'—but this is very forced, and I leave the text as Dyce printed it.

36] 'In reference to the ensuing poems.' Weber.

Signature. *Nathan Field*] *N. F.* Q1. *Nath Field* Q2, etc. *Nathaniel Field* Dyce. But the above seems to be the best authenticated form of the name. Field was one of the first actors of his time. Born in 1587 he belonged to the children of the Chapel Royal in 1600-1, with whom he acted in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* and *Poetaster*. In 1610 we find him with the company of the Queen's Revels, in 1613 with Lady Elizabeth's men, and 1616-8 among the King's men. He wrote two plays, *A Woman is a Weathercock* (1612) and *Amends for Ladies* (1618), collaborated with Massinger on the *Fatal Dowry* (1632), and possibly other extant plays, and died in 1633. His portrait is at Dulwich. He very likely acted in the present play.

TO MY FRIEND, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER, UPON HIS
'FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.'

I KNOW too well that, no more than the man
That travels through the burning deserts can,
When he is beaten with the raging sun,
Half smother'd with the dust, have power to run
From a cool river, which himself doth find, 5
Ere he be slaked ; no more can he whose mind
Joys in the muses hold from that delight,
When nature and his full thoughts bid him write :
Yet wish I those, whom I for friends have known,
To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own. 10
Why should the man, whose wit ne'er had a stain,
Upon the public stage present his vein,
And make a thousand men in judgement sit,
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the laws 15
Which they should judge by, nor the party's cause?
Among the rout there is not one that hath
In his own censure an explicit faith :
One company, knowing they judgement lack,
Ground their belief on the next man in black ; 20
Others, on him that makes signs and is mute ;
Some like, as he does in the fairest suit ;
He, as his mistress doth ; and she, by chance ;
Nor wants there those who, as the boy doth dance

Verses by Beaumont, in Qq and F.

18 *censure*] 1 e. judgement, as always.

20 *man in black*] the habit of dressing in black, a fashion which had passed from Spain to Italy, would indicate a travelled man.

21] The efficiency of this procedure, as calculated to impress the company with the profound judgement of the person who practises it, is constantly emphasized by Jonson; e.g. 'when any thing's propounded aboue your capacitie, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent, they'le thinke you haue traual'd: though you aigue, a whole day, in silence thus, & discourse in nothing but laughter, 'twill passe' (*Every Man out of his Humour*, III. vi. folio 161b, p. 129).

24 *wants*] So Qq. *want* F, Dyce.

24-5] Music, dancing and other diversions were often introduced between the acts, as well as a so-called jig at the end, of Elizabethan plays.

Between the acts, will censure the whole play ; 25
 Some like, if the wax-lights be new that day ;
 But multitudes there are whose judgement goes
 Headlong according to the actors' clothes.
 For this, these public things and I agree
 So ill, that, but to do aright to thee, 30
 I had not been persuaded to have hurl'd
 These few ill-spoken lines into the world,
 Both to be read and censured of by those
 Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose ;
 Such as must spend above an hour to spell 35
 A challenge on a post, to know it well.
 But since it was thy hap to throw away
 Much wit, for which the people did not pay,
 Because they saw it not, I not dislike
 This second publication, which may strike 40
 Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,
 To be with so much wit and art adorn'd.
 Besides, one vantage more in this I see :
 Your censurers must have the quality
 Of reading, which I am afraid is more 45
 Than half your shrewdest judges had before.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

TO THE WORTHY AUTHOR, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER.

THE wise and many-headed bench, that sits
 Upon the life and death of plays and wits—
 Composed of gamester, captain, knight, knight's man,

26] This would seem to suggest, what we might on general grounds have conjectured, that the play was performed at one of the so-called private houses, which were roofed and lit by artificial light. If, as seems likely, the play was acted by the company of the Queen's Revels, the place of performance was either the Blackfriars or Whitefriars house (see *INTROD.*).

27 *judgement*] So Q4, etc., Dyce. *judgements* Q1-3.

30 *aright*] See Q1, 2. *a right* Q3, etc., Dyce.

Signature. *Francis*] So Dyce. *Fr.* Qq and F.

Verses by Jonson, in Qq and F.

Heading. *Master*] So Dyce. *M.* Q1, 2. *Mr.* Q3, etc.

Lady or pusill that wears mask or fan,
 Velvet or taffata cap, rank'd in the dark 5
 With the shop's foreman, or some such brave spark,
 That may judge for his sixpence—had, before
 They saw it half, damn'd thy whole play and more :
 Their motives were, since it had not to do
 With vices, which they look'd for and came to. 10
 I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,
 And wish that all the muses' blood were spilt
 In such a martyrdom, to vex their eyes
 Do crown thy murder'd poem, which shall rise
 A glorified work to time, when fire 15
 Or moths shall eat what all these fools admire.

BEN JONSON.

TO HIS LOVING FRIEND, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER,
 CONCERNING HIS PASTORAL, BEING
 BOTH A POEM AND A PLAY.

THERE are no sureties, good friend, will be taken
 For works that vulgar good-name hath forsaken :
 A poem and a play too ! why, 'tis like
 A scholar that's a poet ; their names strike
 Their pestilence inward, when they take the air, 5
 And kill outright ; one cannot both fates bear.
 But as a poet, that's no scholar, makes
 Vulgarity his whiffler, and so takes

4 *pusill*] i. e. mistress, lady of pleasure. distinguished by the wearing of mask or fan from the common courtesan. 'one who pretends to be a virgin' (Dyce). The word which is sometimes written *puzze*, is also found simply in the sense of wench, drab, and as such used in contradistinction to *Fr pucelle*. This has led to the supposition that the words are distinct and to the connection of *puzze* with It. *puzzolente*. There is no reason to suppose that this is so. Cf. the modern Fr. *pucelle de marolles*.

7 *sixpence*] 'i. e. the lowest sum taken at the theatre on the representation of *The Faithful Shepherdess*' (Dyce). But the 'brave spark' who was with a lady 'in the dark' evidently occupied one of the 'rooms' or boxes, and these were certainly not the cheapest places. Jonson is not wasting his scorn upon the groundlings. On theatre prices see Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.* (1831), III. p. 341, but the whole subject is difficult and obscure.

Verises by Chapman, in Qq.

Heading. *Master John*] So Dyce. *M. Jo.* Q1, 2. *Mr. Jo.* Q3, etc.

8 *whiffler*] i. e. usher ; properly the person who cleared the way for a procession.

Passage with ease and state through both sides' prease
 Of pageant-seers ; or as scholars please 10
 That are no poets more than poets learn'd,
 Since their art solely is by souls discern'd ;
 The others' falls within the common sense,
 And sheds, like common light, her influence ;
 So, were your play no poem, but a thing 15
 That every cobbler to his patch might sing,
 A rout of nifles, like the multitude,
 With no one limb of any art endued,
 Like would to like, and praise you. But because
 Your poem only hath by us applause, 20
 Renews the golden world, and holds through all
 The holy laws of homely pastoral,
 Where flowers and founts, and nymphs and semi-gods,
 And all the graces find their old abodes,
 Where forests flourish but in endless verse, 25
 And meadows nothing fit for purchasers ;
 This iron age, that eats itself, will never
 Bite at your golden world, that others ever
 Loved as itself. Then, like your book, do you
 Live in old peace, and that for praise allow. 30
G. CHAPMAN.

9 *prease*] i. e. press, crowd.

17 *nifles*] i. e. trifles.

25 *endless*] i. e. immortal

28 *world, that others ever*] *world ; that others, ever* Qq. *world ; that other's ever* Dyce, who however did not say how he understood the passage. I should paraphrase : ' which other, later ages have always loved as much as it loved itself,' or possibly Chapman is capable of having meant ' as much as they loved themselves.'

Signature G.] So Qq. *George Dyce.*

DEDICATORY VERSES

TO THAT NOBLE AND TRUE LOVER OF LEARNING,
SIR WALTER ASTON, KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

SIR, I must ask your patience and be true ;
This play was never liked, unless by few
That brought their judgements with 'em ; for, of late,
First the infection, then the common prate
Of common people, have such customs got, 5
Either to silence plays or like them not :
Under the last of which this interlude
Had fallen for ever, pressed down by the rude,
That like a torrent, which the moist south feeds,
Drowns both before him the ripe corn and weeds, 10
Had not the saving sense of better men
Redeem'd it from corruption. Dear sir, then,
Among the better souls, be you the best,
In whom, as in a centre, I take rest
And proper being ; from whose equal eye 15
And judgement nothing grows but purity.
Nor do I flatter, for, by all those dead,
Great in the Muses, by Apollo's head,
He that adds anything to you, 'tis done
Like his that lights a candle to the sun : 20
Then be, as you were ever, yourself still,
Moved by your judgement, not by love or will ;
And when I sing again—as who can tell
My next devotion to that holy well?—
Your goodness to the Muses shall be all 25
Able to make a work heroical.

Given to your service,
JOHN FLETCHER.

Dedicatory verses, in Qr only.

Sir Walter Aston, of Tixall, Staffordshire, born 1584, was made a Knight of the Bath on James' accession in 1603 (24 July), was in the first creation of baronets (22 May 1611), went twice as Ambassador to Spain, 1620-5 and 1635-8, and was raised to the Scottish peerage in 1627 as Baron Aston of Forfar. He was a patron of Drayton's, and died in 1639.

4 *the infection*] i.e. the plague, which frequently closed the theatres in the early years of the seventeenth century.

TO THE INHERITOR OF ALL WORTHINESS
SIR WILLIAM SCIPWITH.

ODE.

IF, from servile hope or love,
 'I may prove
 But so happy to be thought for
 Such a one, whose greatest ease
 Is to please, 5
 Worthy sir, I've all I sought for :
 For no itch of greater name,
 Which some claim
 By their verses, do I show it
 To the world ; nor to protest 10
 'Tis the best—
 These are lean faults in a poet—
 Nor to make it serve to feed
 At my need,
 Nor to gain acquaintance by it, 15
 Nor to ravish kind attornies
 In their journies
 Nor to read it after diet.
 Far from me are all these aims,
 Fittest frames 20
 To build weakness on and pity.
 Only to yourself, and such

Sir William Scipwith, or Skipwith, of Cotes in Leicestershire (and descended from the ancient family of the Skipwiths of Yorkshire), was high-sheriff in 1597, and was knighted by James at Worksop, 30 April 1603. His first wife was Margaret, daughter of Roger Cave of Stanford in Leicestershire ; his second, Jane, daughter and heir of John Roberts of Wollaston in Northamptonshire. He died 3 May 1610 ; on a tablet erected to his memory in the church of Prestwold, where he was buried, are lines by Sir John Beaumont. He was a person greatly esteemed and respected, and was celebrated among his friends for ' his witty conceits,' says Burton, cited by Nichols, ' in making fit and acute epigrams, poesies, mottos, and devices, but chiefly in devising apt and fit impreses agreeing and expressing the party's conceit and intendment.' See Nichols' *Leicestershire*, Vol. iii, Part I, pp. 359, 366. Some verses written by Sir William, printed from a MS., may be found *ibid.*, p. 367. [—Dyce.] Fuller commends his selection for the honour of knighthood. He was Member for Leicestershire in James' first parliament. His son Henry was knighted 19 July 1609, and created Baronet in 1622.

6 *I've*] So Dyce. *I have* Q.

DEDICATORY VERSES

17

Whose true touch
Makes all good, let me seem witty.
The admirer of your virtues,
JOHN FLETCHER.

TO THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN,
SIR ROBERT TOWNSEND.

If the greatest faults may crave
Pardon where contrition is,
Noble sir, I needs must have
A long one for a long amiss.
If you ask me, how is this? 5
Upon my faith, I'll tell you frankly,
You love above my means to thank ye.

Yet, according to my talent,
As sour fortune loves to use me,
A poor shepherd I have sent 10
In home-spun gray for to excuse me;
And may all my hopes refuse me,
But when better comes ashore,
You shall have better, newer, more!
Till when, like our desperate debtors, 15
Or our three-piled sweet protesters,
I must please you in bare letters,
And so pay my debts, like jesters;
Yet I oft have seen good feasters,
Only for to please the palate, 20
Leave great meat and choose a sallet.

All yours,
JOHN FLETCHER.

Sir Robert Townesend, or Townshend, was the youngest son of Sir Roger Townshend, who served against the Armada and was knighted at sea in 1588, and brother of Sir John, who was knighted at the siege of Cadiz in 1596-7, and fell in a duel in 1603. Sir Robert himself was knighted by James, 11 May 1603, and married Anne, daughter of William Lord Spencer, dying without issue. He served as Member for Castle Rising and Orford in all parliaments from 42 Elizabeth to the last of James I. [—Weber.]

16 *three-piled*] i. e. wearing the finest velvet.

20 *palate*] Dyce preserved the spelling *pallet* for the sake of the rime, but it hardly indicates any difference of pronunciation.

21 *sallet*] a form of *sallad* not unusual among Elizabeth's writers.

TO THE READER

IF you be not reasonably assured of your knowledge in this kind of poem, lay down the book, or read this, which I would wish had been the prologue. It is a pastoral tragi-comedy, which the people seeing when it was played, having ever had a singular gift in defining, concluded to be a play of country hired shepherds in gray cloaks, with curtailed dogs in strings, sometimes laughing together, and sometimes killing one another; and, missing Whitsun-ales, cream, wassail, and morris-dances, began to be angry. In their error I would not have you fall, lest you incur their censure. Understand, therefore, a pastoral to be a representation of shepherds and shepherdesses with their actions and passions, which must be such as may agree with their natures, at least not exceeding former fictions and vulgar traditions; they are not to be adorned with any art, but such improper ones as nature is said to bestow, as singing and poetry; or such as experience may teach them, as the virtues of herbs and fountains, the ordinary course of the sun, moon, and stars, and such like. But you are ever to remember shepherds to be such as all the ancient poets, and modern of understanding, have received them; that is, the owners of flocks, and not hirelings. A tragi-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths, which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it no comedy, which must be a representation of familiar people, with such kind of trouble as no life be questioned; so that a god is as lawful in this as in a tragedy, and mean people as in a comedy. Thus much I hope will serve to justify my poem, and make you understand it; to teach you more for nothing, I do not know that I am in conscience bound.

JOHN FLETCHER.

To the Reader. in Q1 only.

17 *improper*] i. e. common, not confined to particular ages, classes, or persons.

VERSES FIRST PRINTED IN 'THE
QUARTO OF 1634

UNTO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER JOSEPH TAYLOR,
UPON HIS PRESENTMENT OF 'THE FAITHFUL
SHEPHERDESS' BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN,
AT WHITE-HALL, ON TWELFTH-NIGHT LAST, 1633.

WHEN this smooth pastoral was first brought forth,
The age 'twas born in did not know its worth.
Since, by thy cost and industry revived,
It hath a new fame and new birth achieved,
Happy in that she found in her distress 5
A friend as faithful as her Shepherdess ;
For having cur'd her from her coarser rents,
And deckt her new with fresh habiliments,
Thou brought'st her to the court, and made her be
A fitting spectacle for majesty. 10
So have I seen a clouded beauty, drest
In a rich vesture, shine above the rest ;
Yet did it not receive more honour from
The glorious pomp than thine own action.
Expect no satisfaction for the same ; 15
Poets can render no reward but fame.
Yet this I'll prophesy : when thou shalt come
Into the confines of Elysium,
Amidst the choir of muses, and the lists
Of famous actors and quick dramatists, 20

Verses to Taylor, in Q3, etc.

Joseph Taylor, an actor of importance, was born Feb. 1585. He is first heard of as belonging to the Duke of York's men in 1610, in which year he also married. After this he was attached to several companies before he finally joined the King's men in 1619, with whom he remained till the closing of the theatres. He is mentioned as one of the principal members of the company in the Shakespeare folio of 1623, was one of the ten players who signed the dedication to Pembroke in the Beaumont and Fletcher folio of 1647, and together with Lowin published the *Wild Goose Chase* in 1652. Some commendatory verses by him are prefixed to Massinger's *Roman Actor*. He died in 1653. See the 'Variorum' *Shakespeare*, 1821, III. pp. 217, 512, and Collier's *Memoirs of Actors*, p. 249.

⁴ *achived*] A not uncommon variant of *achieved*, used for the sake of the rhyme.

So much admired for gesture and for wit,
 That there on seats of living marble sit,
 The blessed consort of that numerous train
 Shall rise with an applause to entertain
 Thy happy welcome, causing thee sit down, 25
 And with a laurel-wreath thy temples crown :
 And meantime, while this poem shall be read,
 Taylor, thy name shall be eternized ;
 For it is just that thou, who first didst give
 Unto this book a life, by it shouldst live. 30

SHAKERLEY MARMION.

THIS DIALOGUE, NEWLY ADDED, WAS SPOKEN BY WAY
 OF PROLOGUE, TO BOTH THEIR MAJESTIES, AT
 THE FIRST ACTING OF THIS PASTORAL AT SOMER-
 SET-HOUSE, ON TWELFTH-NIGHT, 1633.

Priest.

A BROILING lamb on Pan's chief altar lies,
 My wreath, my censer, verge, and incense by ,
 But I delay'd the precious sacrifice
 To show thee here a gentler deity.

Signature. *Shakerley Marmion*] So Dyce. *Shack. Marmyon* Q3, etc. Descended from the ancient family of the Marmions of Scivelby, Shakerley was born in 1602 at Aynho in Northamptonshire. He was at school at Thame in Oxfordshire, was entered as a gentleman-commoner at Wadham College, Oxford, and took the degree of M.A. in 1624. Either in consequence of his own or his father's extravagance—probably the latter, since Aynho was sold in 1618—he was forced to seek his fortune as a soldier in the Low Countries. He soon, however, returned to England, and seems to have had recourse to his pen for support. He became one of Jonson's literary sons, and contributed to the volume of elegies on his master's death entitled *Jonsonus Virbius* in 1638. In 1629 he had been convicted of stabbing. In 1638 he joined his friend Sir John Suckling's troop of horse, raised in the service of the king, and set out for Scotland. He was taken ill at York, and being removed to London died there in 1639. His 'Moral Poem entitled the Legend of Cupid and Psyche' was presented to the Prince Palatine in 1637. He also left three comedies, which have been printed, *Holland's Leaguer* (1632), *A Fine Companion* (1633), and *The Antiquary* (1641). They have been collected in Maidment and Logan's 'Dramatists of the Restoration'—of all places.

Dialogue, in Q3, etc. It was written by Sir William Davenant, in whose collected works (1673, sig. Qq2, p. 305) it was reprinted with numerous variations.

2 verge] 1 e. rod.

Nymph.

Nor was I to thy sacred summons slow ; 5
Hither I came as swift as th' eagle's wing,
Or threatening shaft from vex'd Diana's bow,
To see this island's god, the world's best king.

Priest.

Bless, then, that queen that doth his eyes invite 10
And ears t' obey her sceptre half this night.

Nymph.

Let's sing such welcomes as shall make her sway
Seem easy to him, though it last till day.

Both.

Welcome as peace t' unwallèd cities when
Famine and sword leave them more graves than men ;
As spring to birds, or noon-day's sun to th' old 15
Poor mountain Muscovite congeal'd with cold ;
As shore to th' pilot in a safe-known coast,
When's card is broken and his rudder lost.

6 *came . . . eagle's*] *came swift as the eagles* Dav. 1673.

8 *Pan sends his offering to this Island's King* Dav. 1673.

9-10 *Bless then that Queen whose Eyes have brought that light*

Which hither led and stays him here ;

He now doth shine within her Sphear,

And must obey her Scepter half this night. Dav. 1673.

11 *Let's sing*] *Sing we* Dav. 1673.

13 (heading) *Both*] So Dyce. Q3, etc. omit. *Chorus of both.* Dav. 1673.

13 *'unwallèd*] *to wealthy* Dav. 1673.

14 *leave them*] *have left* Dav. 1673.

15 *or noon-day's sun to th' old*] *or Phebus to the old* Dav. 1673.

17 *to th' pilot*] *to pilots* Dav. 1673.

18 *Their Cards being broken and their Rudders lost* Dav. 1673. *Card*, or course, means compass, or more properly the disk of the mariner's compass.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ



PERIGOT.	God or the River.
THENOT.	Satyr.
DAPHNIS.	
ALEXIS.	CLORIN.
Sullen Shepherd.	AMORET
Old Shepherd.	AMARILLIS.
Priest of Pan.	CLOE.
Shepherds.	Shepherdesses.

SCENE.—*Thessaly*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, from Dyce ; not in Qq or F.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Wood before CLORIN's Bower.

Enter CLORIN.

Clorin. Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly !
Thus I salute thy grave ; thus do I pay
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes 5
To thy still lovèd ashes ; thus I free
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
Of love ; all sports, delights, and merry games,
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth brows be girt 10
With youthful coronals, and lead the dance ;
No more the company of fresh fair maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, when the cool wind 15
Plays on the leaves : all be far away,

I. i.] The locality was added by Dyce.

Enter Clorin] *a Shepherdess having buried her love in an Arbour* add Q1,
etc. She does not enter from burying her love as this might seem to imply :
she had done so 'long since,' cf. I. iii. 62.

8 *merry*] So Q2 (B.M. copy). Omit Q1 and Q2 (Dyce copy). *jolly* Q3,
etc., Dyce.

to be girt] *be begirt* Q4, etc., Dyce. The alteration is unnecessary ; the
line wants the anacrusis.

Since thou art far away, by whose dear side
 How often have I sat crown'd with fresh flowers
 For summer's queen, whilst every shepherd's boy
 Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook, 20
 And hanging scrip of finest cordevan!
 But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
 And all are dead but thy dear memory;
 That shall outlive thee, and shall ever spring,
 Whilst there are pipes or jolly shepherds sing. 25
 And here will I, in honour of thy love,
 Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys
 That former times made precious to mine eyes;
 Only remembering what my youth did gain
 In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs: 30
 That will I practise, and as freely give
 All my endeavours as I gain'd them free.
 Of all green wounds I know the remedies
 In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
 Or charm'd with powerful words of wicked art, 35
 Or be they love-sick, or through too much heat
 Grown wild or lunatic, their eyes or ears
 Thicken'd with misty film of dulling rheum;
 These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
 In herbs apply'd by a virgin's hand. 40
 My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
 Berries and chesnuts, plantains, on whose cheeks
 The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
 Pull'd from the fair head of the straight-grown pine;
 On these I'll feed with free content, and rest, 45
 When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter a Satyr bearing fruits, etc.

Sat. Thorough yon same bending plain,
 That flings his arms down to the main,
 And through these thick woods, have I run,

21 *cordevan*] i. e. Cordova leather.

31 *will I*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *I will I* Q1.

46 s.d. bearing fruits, etc.] Not in Qq or F. *with a basket of fruit* Dyce.

47 *Thorough*] So Seward, 'and perhaps rightly,' says Dyce, 'though not warranted by the old eds.' *Through* Qq, F, Dyce. I cannot believe that Fletcher meant to begin with a three-beat line. Seward also compared *Mids. N. Dream*, II. i. 2, the song 'Over hill, over dale.'

SCENE I] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 25

Whose bottom never kiss'd the sun 50
 Since the lusty spring began ;
 All to please my master Pan,
 Have I trotted without rest
 To get him fruit ; for at a feast
 He entertains, this coming night, 55
 His paramour, the Syrinx bright —
 But, behold, a fairer sight !

[*Seeing CLORIN, he stands amazed.*

By that heavenly form of thine,
 Brightest fair, thou art divine,
 Sprong from great immortal race 60
 Of the gods ; for in thy face
 Shines more awful majesty
 Than dull weak mortality
 Dare with misty eyes behold,
 And live : therefore on this mould 65
 Lowly do I bend my knee
 In worship of thy deity.
 Deign it, goddess, from my hand
 To receive whate'er this land
 From her fertile womb doth send 70
 Or her choice fruits ; and but lend
 Belief to that the Satyr tells :
 Fairer by the famous wells
 To this present day ne'er grew,
 Never better nor more true. 75
 Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
 Is the learnèd poet's good,
 Sweeter yet did never crown
 The head of Bacchus ; nuts more brown
 Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them ; 80
 Deign, O fairest fair, to tak' them !

57 s.d. He stands amazed. Q1, etc.

60 *Sprong*] *Sprung* Q3, etc., Dyce.

80 'But the teeth of the squirrel is the only visible part that is not brown' is Seward's pertinent remark. Weber cited Hernck, *Oberon's Feast*.

the Red-capt worme, that's shut

Within the concave of a Nut,

Browne as his Tooth ; (ed. Grosart, 1876, ii. p. 26)

which, however, is clearly a reminiscence of the present passage. Dyce retained the text as it stands but did not explain it. Seward wanted to read 'Than the squirrel whose teeth crack them,' but this is both clumsy and point-

For these black-eyed Dryope
 Hath oftentimes commanded me
 With my clasped knee to climb :
 See how well the lusty time 85
 Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red,
 Such as on your lips is spread !
 Here be berries for a queen,
 Some be red, some be green ;
 These are of that luscious meat, 90
 The great god Pan himself doth eat :
 All these, and what the woods can yield,
 The hanging mountain, or the field,
 I freely offer, and ere long
 Will bring you more, more sweet and strong ; 95
 Till when, humbly leave I take,
 Lest the great Pan do awake,
 That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
 Under a broad beech's shade.
 I must go, I must run 100
 Swifter than the fiery sun. [Exit.

Clo. And all my fears go with thee !
 What greatness, or what private hidden power
 Is there in me, to draw submission
 From this rude man and beast ? Sure I am mortal, 105
 The daughter of a shepherd ; he was mortal,
 And she that bore me mortal . prick my hand,
 And it will bleed ; a fever shakes me, and
 The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink

less. K Deighton (*Conjectural Readings*, 1896, p. 37) thinks that the text as it stands can mean this, but the inversion is an impossible one. The difficulty may be solved by supposing a sort of pun : the nuts are as brown (in colour) as the squirrel's teeth are brown (bright, polished, as in 'brown sword') ; but this is far from satisfactory. The simple explanation seems to be that Fletcher's expression is confused, and that while meaning nuts as brown as the squirrel, he has said, as brown as the squirrel's teeth. 'Seward remarks that in these presents Fletcher had undoubtedly both Vergil and Theocritus in his eye, *Eccl.* III. 70, *Ed.* 7/10. Perhaps so : but I may just notice that the Satyr in Tasso's *Aminta* [I. ii.] speaks of the fruit which he had offered to Silvia.'—Dyce.

82 *black-eyed*] *black ey'd* Q1, etc. *black-eyed* Dyce. Dyce's reading, which is directly opposed to that of the old eds., is singularly cacophonous and quite unnecessary. Cf. l. 10 ; the licence is, of course, particularly frequent in the four-beat line.

97-9 Seward compares Theocritus, *Id.* I. 15.

108-9 Division as in Dyce. Qq and F divide after *me*.

SCENE II] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 27

Makes me a-cold : my fear says I am mortal. 110
 Yet I have heard—my mother told it me,
 And now I do believe it—if I keep
 My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
 No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
 Satyr, or other power than haunts these groves, 115
 Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
 Draw me to wander after idle fires ;
 Or voices calling me in dead of night,
 To make me follow, and so tole me on,
 Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin. 120
 Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
 Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats
 Are rougher than himself and more mis-shapen,
 Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there is a power
 In that great name of virgin, that binds fast 125
 All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
 That break their confines : then, strong chastity,
 Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell
 In opposition against fate and hell ! [Exit.

SCENE II.

In the neighbourhood of a village.

*Enter an Old Shepherd, with him four couples of Shepherds
 and Shepherdesses, among whom are PERIGOT and
 AMORET.*

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy festival
 In honour of our great god, and his rites

114, etc. Sewald compares *Comus*. ll. 205, etc., and 432, etc., and *Paradise
 Lost*, IX. 639.

115 *these*] *the* Q2, etc., Dyce.

119 *tole*] or *toll*, i. e. draw, entice.

120 So Q2, etc., Dyce. *Through mires and standing pooles* : Q1.

129 s.d. Omit Qq, F. Retires into the bower. Dyce.

SCENE II.] The scenes are not marked in the old eds., nor, of course, the
 localities.

s.d. among . . . Amoret, Added by Dyce.

Perform'd, prepare yourselves for chaste
 And uncorrupted fires ; that as the priest
 With powerful hand shall sprinkle on your brows 5
 His pure and holy water, ye may be
 From all hot flames of lust and loose thoughts free.
 Kneel, shepherds, kneel ; here comes the priest of Pan.
[They kneel.]

Enter Priest.

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away
[Sprinkling them with water.]
 Whatsoever this great day, 10
 Or the past hours, gave not good,
 To corrupt your maiden blood.
 From the high rebellious heat
 Of the grapes, and strength of meat,
 From the wanton quick desires 15
 They do kindle by their fires
 I do wash you with this water ;
 Be you pure and fair hereafter !
 From your livers and your veins
 Thus I take away the stains : 20
 All your thoughts be smooth and fair ;
 Be ye fresh and free as air !
 Never more let lustful heat
 Through your purged conduits beat,
 Or a plighted troth be broken, 25
 Or a wanton verse be spoken
 In a shepherdess's ear :
 Go your ways, ye are all clear.
[They rise and sing in praise of Pan.]

THE SONG.

Sing his praises that doth keep
 Our flocks from harm,
 Pan, the father of our sheep ; 30
 And arm in arm

3] 'Some word seems to have dropt out : qu, "Duly perform'd"?—Dyce.
 I have little doubt that we have the text as Fletcher wrote it.
 8 and 9 s.d. Added by Dyce
 19 *livers*] Supposed to be the seat of desire.

Tread we softly in a round,
 Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground
 Fills the music with her sound. 35

Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
 Thus do we sing !
 Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
 As the young spring ;
 Ever be thy honour spoke, 40
 From that place the Morn is broke
 To that place Day doth unyoke !

[*Exeunt omnes but PERIGOT and AMORET.*

Peri. Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-brow'd maid,
 Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
 Equal with his soul's good.

Amo. Speak ; I give 45
 Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still
 The same it ever was, as free from ill
 As he whose conversation never knew
 The court or city ; be thou ever true !

Peri. When I fall off from my affection, 50
 Or mingle my calm thoughts with foul desires,
 First, let our great god cease to keep my flocks,
 That, being left alone without a guard,
 The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat
 And want of water, rots, or what to us 55
 Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
 And in their general ruin let me go !

Amo. I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so :
 I do believe thee ; 'tis as hard for me
 To think thee false, and harder, than for thee 60
 To hold me foul.

Peri. Oh, you are fairer far
 Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
 That guides the wandering seaman through the deep ;
 Straighter than the straightest pine upon the steep
 Head of an agèd mountain, and more white 65
 Than the new milk we strip before day-light
 From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks ;
 Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
 Of young Apollo !

46 *shepherd, and*] So Q1, etc. *shepherd*; and Dyce. But I fancy that
and is conditional (*an'*, i. e. if).

64 *than the*] *then the* Q1. *then* Q2. *than* Q3, etc., Dyce.

Amo. Shepherd, be not lost ;
Ye are sail'd too far already from the coast 70
Of our discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
I have sent to heaven? did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not, then, 75
Give back again those sweets to other men,
You yourself vow'd were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I give my hand : be ever free 80
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy !

Peri. I take it as my best good ; and desire,
For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been 85
For their long service : say, sweet, shall it hold ?

Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me, if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may do,
Coupled with this day's heat, to move your blood :
Maids must be fearful. Sure you have not been 90
Wash'd white enough, for yet I see a stain
Stick in your liver : go and purge again.

Peri. Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth !
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine 95
Of the great Dian : only my intent
To draw you thither was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our souls.
For to that holy wood is consecrate 100
A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes

70 *Ye are*] *You are* Dyce, and so frequently.

102-4] Ben Jonson must have had these lines in mind when he wrote the passage in the *Sad Shepherd* about the 'white Faies' :

And span-long Elves, that dance about a poole !
With each a little Changeling, in their armes !

(l. 976, II. viii., ed. 1640, p. 150.)

SCENE II] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 31

Their stolen children, so to make them free
 From dying flesh and dull mortality : 105
 By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,
 And given away his freedom, many a troth
 Been plight, which neither envy nor old time
 Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,
 In hope of coming happiness ; 110
 By this fresh fountain many a blushing maid
 Hath crown'd the head of her long-lovèd shepherd
 With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
 Lays of his love and dear captivity ;
 There grows all herbs fit to cool looser flames 115
 Our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
 And quenching by their power those hidden sparks
 That else would break out, and provoke our sense
 To open fires ; so virtuous is that place.
 Then, gentle shepherdess, believe, and grant : 120
 In troth, it fits not with that face to scant
 Your faithful shepherd of those chaste desires
 He ever aim'd at, and——

Amo. Thou hast prevail'd : farewell. This coming night
 Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-wish'd delight. 125

Peri. Our great god Pan reward thee for that good
 Thou hast given thy poor shepherd ! Fairest bud
 Of maiden virtues, when I leave to be
 The true admirer of thy chastity,
 Let me deserve the hot polluted name 130
 Of a wild woodman, or affect some dame
 Whose often prostitution hath begot
 More foul diseases than ever yet the hot
 Sun bred through his burnings, whilst the Dog

110-1] Divided as in Dyce. Qq, F divide after *this*.

115 *grows*] So Qq, F. *grow* Dyce. For a singular verb preceding a plural subject, cf *Philaster*, I. i. 1.

131 *a wild*] So Q1, Dyce. *the wild*, Q2, etc.

133 *ever*] So Qq, F. *e'er* Dyce.

134, etc. Evidently, as Seward observed, suggested by the lines in *he Shepherd's Calendar* (VII. 21) describing the sun in July.

The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
 with Dogge of noysome breath,
 Whose balefull barking bringes in hast
 pyne, plagues, and dreery death.

Seward also compares Vergil, *Aeneid*, X. 273.

134 *through*] So Qq, F. *th[rough]* Dyce. Cf. I. i. 10.

Pursues the raging Lion, throwing fog 135
 And deadly vapour from his angry breath,
 Filling the lower world with plague and death!
 [*Exit* AMORET.]

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. Shepherd, may I desire to be believed,
 What I shall blushing tell?

Peri. Fair maid, you may.

Amar. Then, softly thus: I love thee, Perigot; 140
 And would be gladder to be loved again
 Than the cold earth is in his frozen arms
 To clip the wanton spring. Nay, do not start,
 Nor wonder that I woo thee, thou that art
 The prime of our young grooms, even the top 145
 Of all our lusty shepherds. What dull eye,
 That never was acquainted with desire,
 Hath seen thee wrastle, run, or cast the stone,
 With nimble strength and fair delivery,
 And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily 150
 Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring veins?
 Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
 That freedom back was lent unto thy voice?
 Then, do not blame me, shepherd, if I be
 One to be number'd in this company, 155
 Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.

Peri. Fair shepherdess, much pity I can lend
 To your complaints; but sure I shall not love:
 All that is mine, myself and my best hopes,
 Are given already. Do not love him, then, 160
 That cannot love again; on other men
 Bestow those heats, more free that may return
 You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.

Amar. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
 For my affection, most unkind of men? 165
 If I were old, or had agreed with art

137 s d. So Q2, etc., Dyce. Enter another Shepheardesse that is in love with Perigot. Q1.

143 *clip*] i. e. embrace.

148 *wrastle*] So Qq, F. *wrestle* Dyce.

To give another nature to my cheeks,
 Or were I common mistress to the love
 Of every swain, or could I with such ease
 Call back my love as many a wanton doth, 170
 Thou mightst refuse me, shepherd ; but to thee
 I am only fix'd and set ; let it not be
 A sport, thou gentle shepherd, to abuse
 The love of silly maid.

Peri. Fair soul, you use
 These words to little end : for know, I may 175
 Better call back that time was yesterday,
 Or stay the coming night, than bring my love
 Home to myself again, or recreant prove.
 I will no longer hold you with delays :
 This present night I have appointed been 180
 To meet that chaste fair that enjoys my soul,
 In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.
 Be not deceived no longer, choose again :
 These neighbouring plains have many a comely swain,
 Fresher and freer far than I e'er was ; 185
 Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.
 Farewell : be happy in a better choice ! *[Exit.*

Amar. Cruel, thou hast struck me deader with thy
 voice
 Than if the angry heavens with their quick flames
 Had shot me through. I must not leave to love, 190
 I cannot ; no, I must enjoy thee, boy,
 Though the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and that
 Be infinite. There is a shepherd dwells
 Down by the moor, whose life hath ever shown
 More sullen discontent than Saturn's brow 195
 When he sits frowning on the births of men ;
 One that doth wear himself away in loneliness,
 And never joys, unless it be in breaking
 The holy plighted troths of mutual souls ;
 One that lusts after every several beauty, 200
 But never yet was known to love or like,
 Were the face fairer or more full of truth
 Than Phoebe in her fulness, or the youth
 Of smooth Lyæus ; whose nigh-starvèd flocks

204 *Lyæus*] i. e. Bacchus.

Are always scabby, and infect all sheep 205
 They feed withal ; whose lambs are ever last,
 And die before their weaning ; and whose dog
 Looks, like his master, lean and full of scurf,
 Not caring for the pipe or whistle. This man may,
 If he be well wrought, do a deed of wonder, 210
 Forcing me passage to my long desires :
 And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose
 As my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Fresh beauty, let me not be thought
 uncivil,
 Thus to be partner of your loneness : 'twas 215
 My love, that ever-working passion, drew
 Me to this place, to seek some remedy
 For my sick soul. Be not unkind and fair,
 For such the mighty Cupid in his doom
 Hath sworn to be avenged on ; then, give room 220
 To my consuming fires, that so I may
 Enjoy my long desires, and so allay
 Those flames that else would burn my life away.

Amar. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were
 sound
 As thy words seem to be, means might be found 225
 To cure thee of thy long pains ; for to me
 That heavy youth-consuming misery
 The love-sick soul endures never was pleasing :
 I could be well content with the quick easing
 Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure 230
 Thy faith and farther service to be sure.

Sull. Shep. Name but that great work, danger, or
 what can
 Be compass'd by the wit or art of man,
 And, if I fail in my performance, may
 I never more kneel to the rising day ! 235

Amar. Then, thus I try thee, shepherd. This
 same night
 That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair
 Have promised equal love, and do appoint

SCENE III] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 35

To make yon wood the place where hands and hearts
Are to be tied for ever : break their meeting 240
And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.

Sull. Shep. Tell me their names, and if I do not
move,

By my great power, the centre of their love
From his fix'd being, let me never more
Warm me by those fair eyes I thus adore. 245

Amar. Come ; as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy work. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CLOE.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the times or men, that
thus,

After this holy feast, I pass unknown
And unsaluted? 'Twas not wont to be
Thus frozen with the younger company
Of jolly shepherds ; 'twas not then held good 5
For lusty grooms to mix their quicker blood
With that dull humour, most unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull chastity.
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fold 10
Drive not a flock sufficient great to gain
The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring swain.
Yet, if I may believe what others say,
My face has foil enough ; nor can they lay
Justly too strict a coyness to my charge ; 15

SCENE III.] Not marked in Qq, F. Dyce adds *Another part of the Wood*, but there is no reason to suppose a change of scene.

Similar reflexions, as Weber remarks, are to be found in the soliloquy of Corisca in the *Pastor Fido* (I. iii.). Seward, as usual, compares Theocritus and Vergil (*Id.* VI, 34, *Ecl.* II. 19).

12 *wealth-alluring*] 'The true reading is undoubtedly *wealth-allured*.'—Heath, MS. Notes. 'I believe the text is as Fletcher gave it.'—Dyce. The licence by which an active takes the place of a passive participle is not uncommon in Elizabethan writers. Cf. Franz, *Shak. Gram.*, § 504.

14 *foil*] So Q1, Dyce. *soile*, Q2, etc. '*Feuille* . . . the foyle of precious stones, or looking-glasses ; and hence a grace, beautie, or glorie given unto.'—Cotgrave, quoted by Dyce.

My flocks are many, and the downs as large
 They feed upon : then, let it ever be
 Their coldness, not my virgin-modesty
 Makes me complain.

Enter THENOT.

The. Was ever man but I
 Thus truly taken with uncertainty? 20
 Where shall that man be found that loves a mind
 Made up in constancy, and dares not find
 His love rewarded? Here, let all men know,
 A wretch that lives to love his mistress so.

Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay. Where hast
 thou been? 25

Or whither goest thou? Here be woods as green
 As any ; air as fresh and sweet
 As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
 Face of the curl'd streams ; with flowers as many
 As the young spring gives, and as choice as any ; 30
 Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
 Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines, caves, and dells ;
 Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
 Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
 For thy long fingers ; tell thee tales of love, 35
 How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
 First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
 She took eternal fire that never dies ;
 How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
 His temples bound with poppy, to the steep 40
 Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
 Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
 To kiss her sweetest.

The. Far from me are these
 Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease ;
 I have forgot what love and loving meant ; 45
 Rimes, songs, and merry rounds, that oft are sent

²⁰ *uncertainty*] i. e. inconsistency, the desire of things incompatible (cf. II. iii. 157).

²⁶, etc. Seward compares Theocritus (*Id.* V. 45) and Vergil (*Ecl.* IX. 40).

²⁷ *air as fresh*] So Q1, 3. *air is fresh* Q 2. *air likewise as fresh* Q4, etc., Dyce.

³² *o'ergrown*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *are grown* Q1, 2.

⁴⁶ *rounds*] i. e. roundelays.

SCENE III] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 37

To the soft ear of maid, are strange to me :
 Only I live t' admire a chastity,
 That neither pleasing age, smooth tongue, or gold,
 Could ever break upon, so sure a mould 50
 Is that her mind was cast in ; 'tis to her
 I only am reserved ; she is my form I stir
 By, breathe and move ; 'tis she, and only she,
 Can make me happy, or give misery.

Cloe. Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know 55
 To whom this dear observance you do owe ?

The. You may, and by her virtue learn to square
 And level out your life ; for to be fair,
 And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
 Of gaudy youth and swelling vanity. 60
 Then, know, she's called the Virgin of the Grove,
 She that hath long since buried her chaste love,
 And now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul
 She hath vow'd herself into the holy roll
 Of strict virginity : 'tis her I so admire, 65
 Not any looser blood or new desire. [*Exit.*]

Cloe. Farewell, poor swain ! thou art not for my
 bend ;
 I must have quicker souls, whose words may tend
 To some free action : give me him dare love
 At first encounter, and as soon dare prove ! 70

THE SONG.

Come, shepherds, come !
 Come away without delay,
 Whilst the gentle time doth stay.
 Green woods are dumb,
 And will never tell to any 75
 Those dear kisses, and those many
 Sweet embraces that are given ;
 Dainty pleasures, that would even
 Raise in coldest age a fire,
 And give virgin-blood desire. 80

49 *pleasing age*] i. e. youth.

50 *break upon*] i. e. break in upon.

so *sure a mould*] So Q1. so *sure the Molde* Q2-5, Dyce. so *pure a Mold* F.

66 s.d. Added by Dyce.

67 *bend*] i. e. bent, purpose.

70 s.d. Sings. Dyce.

72 Printed as two lines in Dyce.

Then, if ever,
 Now or never,
 Come and have it :
 Think not I
 Dare deny,
 If you crave it. 85

Enter DAPHNIS.

[*Aside.*] Here comes another. Better be my speed,
 Thou god of blood ! But certain, if I read
 Not false, this is that modest shepherd, he
 That only dare salute, but ne'er could be 90
 Brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,
 Whisper, or boldly ask that wishèd thing
 We all are born for ; one that makes loving faces,
 And could be well content to covet graces,
 Were they not got by boldness. In this thing 95
 My hopes are frozen ; and, but fate doth bring
 Him hither, I would sooner choose
 A man made out of snow, and freer use
 An eunuch to my ends ; but since he's here,
 Thus I attempt him.—Thou, of men most dear, 100
 Welcome to her that only for thy sake
 Hath been content to live ! Here, boldly take
 My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
 Was given away to any ; and but sit
 Down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull 105
 Fresh blossoms from the boughs, or quickly cull
 The choicest delicacies from yonder mead,
 To make thee chains or chaplets, or to spread
 Under our fainting bodies, when delight
 Shall lock up all our senses. How the sight 110
 Of those smooth rising cheeks renew the story
 Of young Adonis, when in pride and glory
 He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
 Of willing Venus ! Methinks stronger charms
 Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow 115
 More sweetness than the painters can allow
 To their best pieces. Not Narcissus, he
 That wept himself away in memory

97 'A word probably has dropt out.'—Dyce. Perhaps.
 99 *he's*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *hee is*, Q1, 2.
 112 Seward again compares Theocritus, *Id.* III.

SCENE III] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 39

Of his own beauty, nor Silvanus' boy,
Nor the twice-ravish'd maid, for whom old Troy 120
Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to thee
Be otherwise compared, than some dead tree
To a young fruitful olive.

Daph. I can love,
But I am loath to say so, lest I prove
Too soon unhappy.

Cloe. Happy, thou wouldst say. 125
My dearest Daphnis, blush not; if the day
To thee and thy soft heats be enemy,
Then take the coming night; fair youth, 'tis free
To all the world. Shepherd, I'll meet thee then
When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men, 130
In yonder grove: speak, shall our meeting hold?
Indeed ye are too bashful; be more bold,
And tell me ay.

Daph. I am content to say so,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so
Much from your fairness, that you would be true. 135

Cloe. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.

Daph. Fresh maid, adieu.
Yet one word more: since you have drawn me on
To come this night, fear not to meet alone
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Though your bright self would ask it, for his fill 140
Of this world's goodness; do not fear him, then,
But keep your pointed time. Let other men
Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever
Fair as the soul it carries, and unchaste never. [*Exit.*

Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before. 145
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things,
Whose veins, like a dull river far from springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit
For stream or motion, though the strong winds hit 150
With their continual power upon his sides?
Oh, happy be your names that have been brides,

119 *Silvanus' boy*] i. e. Cyparissus, beloved of Silvanus, metamorphosed into
a cypress, because he slew Silvanus' favourite stag.

120 *twice-ravish'd maid*] Helen was carried off as a child by Theseus.

123-4] Divided as in Q2, etc., and Dyce. Q1 divides after *olive*.

And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine!
 And far more heavy be thy grief and tine,
 Thou lazy swain, that mayst relieve my needs, 155
 Than his, upon whose liver always feeds
 A hungry vulture!

Enter ALEXIS.

Alex. Can such beauty be
 Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
 Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze
 Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze 160
 The better part contemplates, giving rein,
 And wishèd freedom to the labouring vein?
 Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
 The cause of your retirement, why ye go
 Thus all alone? Methinks the downs are sweeter, 165
 And the young company of swains more meeter,
 Than these forsaken and untrodden places.
 Give not yourself to loneliness, and those graces
 Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended
 To live amongst us swains.

Cloe. Thou art befriended, 170
 Shepherd: in all my life I have not seen
 A man, in whom greater contents have been,
 Than thou thyself art I could tell thee more,
 Were there but any hope left to restore
 My freedom lost. Oh, lend me all thy red, 175
 Thou shamefast Morning, when from Tithon's bed
 Thou risest ever maiden!

Alex. If for me,
 Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,

154 *tine*] i e. sorrow. *time*, Q2, etc.

156 This naturally suggests to our minds Prometheus, but Fletcher is quite as likely to have had the giant Tityos in mind, who was condemned to the same torment. Greene frequently alludes to him, classing him among the other worthies of Hades; but the two characters may very likely have been confused.

167, etc. Weber compares *Comus*, l. 393. 'The resemblance between these passages, which after all is but a faint one, had been already pointed out by Waiton.'—Dyce.

166 *more*] *far*, Q4, etc. The double comparative, however, was common.

167 *these*] *those* Q2, etc.

172 *have*] So Q4, Dyce. *hath* Q1-3.

176 *shamefast*] So Qq, F. *shamefac'd* Dyce.

SCENE III] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 41

Speak, and be satisfied. Oh, guide her tongue,
My better angel; force my name among 180
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be——

Cloe. Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the sea,
Taking his rest by the white Thetis' side,
Meet me in the holy wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, shepherd.

Alex. If I stay behind, 185
An everlasting dulness, and the wind,
That as he passeth by shuts up the stream
Of Rhine or Volga, whilst the sun's hot beam
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn
To coldness more than ice! Oh, how I burn 190
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.

Cloe. My name shall be your word.

Alex. Fly, fly, thou day! [*Exit.*

Cloe. My grief is great, if both these boys should
fail:

He that will use all winds must shift his sail. [*Exit.*

181 I am not sure whether it is necessary to regard the speech as unfinished.
Alexis may possibly mean 'that it may have the foremost place there.'

192 s.d. so Q3, &c. Marked at line 191 in Q1, 2.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Pasture.

Enter an Old Shepherd ringing a bell, and the Priest of Pan following.

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
 Fold your flocks up, for the air
 'Gins to thicken, and the sun
 Already his great course hath run.
 See the dew-drops how they kiss 5
 Every little flower that is ;
 Hanging on their velvet heads,
 Like a rope of crystal beads :
 See the heavy clouds low falling,
 And bright Hesperus down calling 10
 The dead Night from under ground ;
 At whose rising mists unsound,
 Damps and vapours fly apace,
 Hovering o'er the wanton face
 Of these pastures, where they come, 15
 Striking dead both bud and bloom :
 Therefore, from such danger lock
 Every one his lovèd flock ;
 And let your dogs lie loose without,
 Lest the wolf come as a scout 20
 From the mountain, and, ere day,
 Bear a lamb or kid away ;
 Or the crafty thievish fox
 Break upon your simple flocks.

II. i. Locality added by Dyce.

ringing a bell] So Dyce. with a bell ringing Qq, F.

9 *low*] So Q4, etc., Dyce. *lowde*, Q1-3. Dyce queries whether *lowde* and *down* in l. 10 have not got transposed. The passage is certainly suspicious for the construction of ll. 10-1 is very unusual, and I should be inclined to adopt Dyce's suggestion, except that one would hardly lay stress on a star calling loudly—the metaphor is daring enough without that.

SCENE II] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 43

To secure yourselves from these, 25
 Be not too secure in ease ;
 Let one eye his watches keep,
 Whilst the tother eye doth sleep ;
 So you shall good shepherds prove,
 And for ever hold the love 30
 Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
 And soft silence, fall in numbers
 On your eyelids ! So, farewell :
 Thus I end my evening's knell. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Wood before CLORIN'S Bower.

Enter CLORIN, sorting herbs.

Clo. Now let me know what my best art hath done,
 Helped by the great power of the virtuous moon
 In her full light. Oh, you sons of earth,
 You only brood, unto whose happy birth
 Virtue was given, holding more of nature 5
 Than man, her first-born and most perfect creature,
 Let me adore you ! you, that only can
 Help or kill nature, drawing out that span
 Of life and breath even to the end of time ;
 You, that these hands did crop long before prime 10
 Of day, give me your names, and, next, your hidden
 power.
 This is the clote, bearing a yellow flower ;
 And this, black hoarhound ; both are very good
 For sheep or shepherd bitten by a wood

SCENE II.] Not marked in Qq, F. Locality added by Dyce.

s.d.] So Dyce. Enter *Clorin*, the *Shepherdess*, sorting of herbs, and telling the natures of them. Qq, F.

12 *clote*] i. e. burdock ; the name is also dialectally applied to the yellow water lily.

13 *black hoarhound*] This is a better form than *horehound*, as printed in the old eds. and Dyce, but *hoarhoun* would be better still (M.E. *hōrhowne*). Hoarhound is *Marrubium vulgare*, but Black, Fetid or Stinking Hoarhound is *Ballota nigra*.

14 *wood*] i. e. mad.

Dog's venom'd tooth : these rhamnus' branches are, 15
 Which, stuck in entries, or about the bar
 That holds the door fast, kill all enchantments, charms—
 Were they Medea's verses—that do harms
 To men or cattle : these for frenzy be
 A speedy and a sovereign remedy, 20
 The bitter wormwood, sage, and marigold,
 Such sympathy with man's good they do hold :
 This tormentil, whose virtue is to part
 All deadly killing poison from the heart :
 And, here, narcissus root, for swellings best : 25
 Yellow lysimachus, to give sweet rest
 To the faint shepherd, killing, where it comes,
 All busy gnats, and every fly that hums :
 For leprosy, darnel and celandine,
 With calamint, whose virtues do refine 30
 The blood of man, making it free and fair
 As the first hour it breathed, or the best air :
 Here, other two ; but your rebellious use
 Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse ;
 Therefore, foul standergrass, from me and mine 35
 I banish thee, with lustful turpentine ;
 You that entice the veins and stir the heat
 To civil mutiny, scaling the seat
 Our reason moves in, and deluding it
 With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit 40

15 *rhamnus*] So Dyce. *Ramius* Q1 (Dyce & Bodl. copies). *Ramius* Q1 (B.M. copy), etc. *Rhamnus catharticus* is buckthorn.

17 *fast*] So Q1 (B.M. copy), etc. Omit Q1 (Dyce & Bodl. copies) and Dyce. It is clear from the readings of the Dyce copy (only a few of which are here cited) that it contains an uncorrected sheet. Those of the B.M. copy are therefore to be preferred. In the present case *fast* is undoubtedly right, but the corrector may have intended and omitted to strike out *all* in the second half of the line, which as it stands is hypermetrical.

26 *lysimachus*] i. e. 'willow-herb or loose-strife,' according to Gerarde's *Herbal* as cited by Dyce. The name *loose-strife* is now applied to various species of *Lysimachia* which have yellow flowers ; but by willow-herb we understand the *Epilobium* (usually *spicatum* or *longifolium*), which has bright purple-pink flowers.

29 *celandine*] *Sellondine* Q1, etc.

30 *calamint*] i. e. an aromatic plant of the family of labiates.

30, etc. Weber compares *Comus*, l. 668, etc., which seems hardly to the purpose.

35 *standergrass*] i. e. satyrion (Weber), *cynosorchis* or hounds-cod (Gerarde's *Herbal*), modern *Orchis mascula*—presumably all meaning the same.

36 *turpentine*] i. e. the terebinth, a tree growing about the Mediterranean, from which turpentine was originally obtained.

Of burning lust be quench'd, by appetite ·
 Robbing the soul of blessedness and light ·
 And thou, light varvin, too, thou must go after,
 Provoking easy souls to mirth and laughter ;
 No more shall I dip thee in water now, 45
 And sprinkle every post and every bough
 With thy well-pleasing juice, to make the grooms
 Swell with high mirth, as with joy all the rooms.

Enter THENOT.

The. This is the cabin where the best of all
 Her sex that ever breathed, or ever shall 50
 Give heat or happiness to the shepherd's side,
 Doth only to her worthy self abide.
 Thou blessed star, I thank thee for thy light,
 Thou by whose power the darkness of sad night
 Is banish'd from the earth, in whose dull place 55
 Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
 Of all the world, making the blue sea smile,
 To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
 Thy brother of his brightness, giving day
 Again from chaos ; whiter than that way 60
 That leads to Jove's high court, and chaster far
 Than chastity itself, yon blessed star
 That nightly shines ! thou, all the constancy
 That in all women was or e'er shall be ;
 From whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire 65
 That poets style the mother of desire,
 Infusing into every gentle breast
 A soul of greater price, and far more blest,
 Than that quick power which gives a difference
 'Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense ! 70

43 *varvin*] i. e. vervain (as Dyce prints).

48 *as*] So Q1 (B.M. copy), etc. and Q1 (Dyce & Bodl. copies) and Dyce.

61 Cf. *Comus*, l. 1.

62 *yon*] So Q1 (B.M. copy), Q3, etc. *you* Q1 (Dyce & Bodl. copies) 2, Dyce.
 The fact that the reading was corrected in the B.M. quarto places it beyond doubt. Lines 53 to 60, 'Thou blessed star . . . Again from chaos' are addressed to the moon. Thenot then addresses Clorn as 'whiter than that [milky] way,' referring back again to the moon as 'chastity itself,' which he explains by the appositional phrase 'yon blessed star that nightly shines. K. Deighton (*Conjectural Readings*, 1896, p. 38) proposes the violent and very unsatisfactory emendation, 'Thou blessed star That brightly outshin'st all the constancy'

66 *That poets style*] So Q2, etc. *That poets stile* Q1 (B.M. copy). *That stiled is the* Q1 (Dyce & Bodl. copies).

Clo. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place?
 No way is trodden; all the verdant grass
 The spring shot up stands yet unbruised here
 Of any foot; only the dappled deer,
 Far from the feared sound of crookèd horn, 75
 Dwells in this fastness.

The. Chaster than the morn,
 I have not wander'd, or by strong illusion
 Into this virtuous place have made intrusion:
 But hither am I come, believe me, fair,
 To seek you out, of whose great good the air 80
 Is full, and strongly labours, whilst the sound
 Breaks against heaven, and drives into a stound
 The amazèd shepherd, that such virtue can
 Be resident in lesser than a man.

Clo. If any art I have, or hidden skill, 85
 May cure thee of disease or fester'd ill,
 Whose grief or greenness to another's eye
 May seem impossible of remedy,
 I dare yet undertake it.

The. 'Tis no pain
 I suffer through disease, no beating vein 90
 Conveys infection dangerous to the heart,
 No part impostumed, to be cured by art,
 This body holds; and yet a feller grief
 Than ever skilful hand did give relief
 Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you, 95
 Fair, beauteous virgin.

Clo. Then, shepherd, let me sue
 To know thy grief: that man yet never knew
 The way to health that durst not show his sore.

The. Then, fairest, know, I love you.

Clo. Swain, no more!

71, etc. Warton and Weber compare *Comus*, l. 497, etc.

82 *stound*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *stound* Q1, 2.

87 *grief or greenness*] The usual meaning of *grief* is pain, but it here seems to have the unusual sense of gravity. *Greenness* should mean freshness, but appears to be used for *mortification*. Possibly Fletcher had some popular etymology of *gangrene* in mind. The phrase, however, was not uncommon in this connection, meaning a recent and painful wound, and Fletcher may have applied it without pausing to consider whether it was appropriate to the case in hand.

92 *impostumed*] So Qq, F. *imposthum'd* Dyce (a very undesirable alteration).

Thou hast abused the strictness of this place, 100
 And offer'd sacrilegious foul disgrace
 To the sweet rest of these interrèd bones ;
 For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
 Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
 Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright 105
 Thy very soul with horror.

The. Let me not,
 Thou all perfection, merit such a blot
 For my true, zealous faith.

Clo. Dar'st thou abide
 To see this holy earth at once divide,
 And give her body up? for sure it will, 110
 If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
 This hallow'd place: therefore repent and go,
 Whilst I with prayers appease his ghost below,
 That else would tell thee what it were to be
 A rival in that virtuous love that he 115
 Embraces yet.

The. 'Tis not the white or red
 Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
 My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
 Though it be full and fair, your forehead high
 And smooth as Pelops' shoulder; not the smile 120
 Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
 The easy soul; your hands and fingers long,
 With veins enamell'd richly; nor your tongue,
 Though it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp,
 Your hair woven into many a curious warp, 125
 Able in endless error to infold
 The wandering soul; not the true perfect mould
 Of all your body, which as pure doth show

110 *her body*] i. e. the body she holds.

113 *prayers*] So Dyce. *praies* Q1 ('a misprint for prayers.'—Dyce). *praise* Q2, etc.

120 Pelops, son of Tantalus, was as a child cut up by his father and boiled as food for the gods. Of these all abstained except Demeter, who absent-mindedly ate a shoulder. At the command of Zeus the remaining fragments were replaced by Hermes in the cauldron, whence Clotho drew out the restored boy, whose missing shoulder Demeter replaced by one of ivory.

124 *Arion's*] The Dyce & Bodl. copies of Q1 misprint *Orion's*.

126 *infold*] So Q3, etc. *unfould* Q1, 2. *enfold* Dyce.

127 *wandering*] So Q1 (B.M. copy), etc., Dyce *errant* Q1 (Dyce & Bodl. copies), 'objectionable on account of *error* in the preceding line,' as Dyce says.

In maiden-whiteness as the Alpsian snow :
 All these, were but your constancy away, 130
 Would please me less than a black stormy day
 The wretched seaman toiling through the deep.
 But, whilst this honour'd strictness you dare keep,
 Though all the plagues that e'er begotten were
 In the great womb of air were settled here, 135
 In opposition, I would, like the tree,
 Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
 Even in the arm of danger.

Clo. Wouldst thou have
 Me raise again, fond man, from silent grave
 Those sparks, that long ago were buried here 140
 With my dead friend's cold ashes ?

The. Dearest dear,
 I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant :
 Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.
 Remember how he loved ye, and be still
 The same opinion speaks ye : let not will, 145
 And that great god of women, appetite,
 Set up your blood again ; do not invite
 Desire and fancy from their long exile,
 To seat them once more in a pleasing smile :
 Be, like a rock, made firmly up 'gainst all 150
 The power of angry heaven, or the strong fall
 Of Neptune's battery. If ye yield, I die
 To all affection ; 'tis that loyalty
 Ye tie unto this grave I so admire :
 And yet there's something else I would desire, 155
 If you would hear me, but withal deny.
 Oh, Pan, what an uncertain destiny
 Hangs over all my hopes ! I will retire ;
 For, if I longer stay, this double fire
 Will lick my life up.

129 *Alpsian*] So Q1 (B.M. copy), etc. *Alpen* Q1 (Dyce & Bodl. copy), Dyce.
 The form *Alpsian* is also found ; both meaning Alpine.

133 *dare*] So Q1 (B.M. copy), etc. *do* Q1 (Dyce & Bodl. copy), Dyce.

139 *fond*] i. e. foolish.

146 *women*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *wowen* Q1.

148 *fancy*] i. e. love.

from] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *for* Q1, 2.

149 *seat*] So Q1, 2, Dyce. *set* Q3, etc.

157 *uncertain*] Cf. I. iii. 20.

SCENE III] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 49

Clo. Do ; and let time wear out 160
 What art and nature cannot bring about.
The. Farewell, thou soul of virtue, and be blest
 For ever, whilst I wretched rest
 Thus to myself ! Yet grant me leave to dwell
 In kenning of this arbour ; yon same dell, 165
 O'ertopp'd with mourning cypress and sad yew,
 Shall be my cabin, where I'll early rue,
 Before the sun hath kiss'd this dew away,
 The hard uncertain chance which fate doth lay
 Upon this head.
Clo. The gods give quick release 170
 And happy cure unto thy hard disease ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. I do not love this wench that I should meet ;
 For never did my unconstant eye yet greet
 That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair
 Than the new blossoms when the morning air
 Blows gently on them, or the breaking light, 5
 When many maiden-blushes to our sight
 Shoot from his early face : were all these set
 In some neat form before me, 'twould not get
 The least love from me ; some desire it might,
 And present burning. All to me in sight 10
 Are equal ; be they fair, or black, or brown,
 Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown

160 *and*] omit Q4, etc.

163 *whilst I*] So Q1, 2. *whilst here I* Q3. *whilst that here I* Q4, etc., Dyce.

166 *yew*] So F, Dyce. *Ewe*, Qq.

171 s.d. Exit *Thenot*, *Clorin* retiring into the Bower. Dyce.

SCENE III.] Not marked in old eds. Locality added by Dyce.

2 *never*] So Q1, 2, 3. *ne'r* Q4, etc. *ne'er* Dyce.

7 *Shoot*] So Q4, etc., Dyce. *Shootes* Q1-3.

10 *And*] So Q1. Or Q2, etc., Dyce.

My appetite with any ; swear as oft,
 And weep, as any ; melt my words as soft
 Into a maiden's ears, and tell how long 15
 My heart has been her servant, and how strong
 My passions are ; call her unkind and cruel ;
 Offer her all I have to gain the jewel
 Maidens so highly praise ; then loathe, and fly :
 This do I hold a blessed destiny. 20

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. Hail, shepherd ! Pan bless both thy flock
 and thee,

For being mindful of thy word to me !

Sull. Shep. Welcome, fair shepherdess ! Thy loving
 swain

Gives thee the self-same wishes back again ;
 Who till this present hour ne'er knew that eye 25
 Could make me cross mine arms, or daily die
 With fresh consumings. Boldly tell me, then,
 How shall we part their faithful loves, and when ?
 Shall I belie him to her ? shall I swear
 His faith is false and he loves every where ? 30
 I'll say he mock'd her the other day to you ;
 Which will by your confirming show as true,
 For she is of so pure an honesty,
 To think, because she will not, none will lie.
 Or else to him I'll slander Amoret, 35
 And say, she but seems chaste ; I'll swear she met
 Me 'mongst the shady sycamores last night,
 And loosely offer'd up her flame and sprite
 Into my bosom ; made a wanton bed
 Of leaves and many flowers, where she spread 40
 Her willing body to be press'd by me ;
 There have I carved her name on many a tree,
 Together with mine own. To make this show
 More full of seeming, Hobinal, you know,
 Son to the aged shepherd of the glen, 45
 Him I have sorted out of many men,

19 *praise*] So Q1-3. *prize* Q4. *prize* Q5, F, Dyce. The reading of Q4 shows that of the later eds. is due to corruption, not correction.

33-4 *she* . . . *she*] So Dyce (after Seward). *he* . . . *he* Qq, F.

38 *sprite*] i. e. spirit. *spright* Qq, F.

SCENE III] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 51

To say he found us at our private sport,
 And roused us fore our time by his resort :
 This to confirm, I've promised to the boy
 Many a pretty knack and many a toy ; 50
 As grins to catch him birds, with bow and bolt
 To shoot at nimble squirrels in the holt ;
 A pair of painted buskins, and a lamb
 Soft as his own locks or the down of swan.
 This I have done to win ye ; which doth give 55
 Me double pleasure : discord makes me live.

Amar. Loved swain, I thank ye. These tricks might
 prevail

With other rustic shepherds, but will fail
 Even once to stir, much more to overthrow,
 His fixèd love from judgement, who doth know 60
 Your nature, my end, and his chosen's merit ;
 Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit,
 Which I have found : give second, and my love
 Is everlasting thine.

Sull. Shep. Try me, and prove.

Amar. These happy pair of lovers meet straightway, 65
 Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,
 In the thick grove bordering upon yon hill,
 In whose hard side nature hath carved a well,
 And, but that matchless spring which poets know,
 Was ne'er the like to this : ' by it doth grow, 70
 About the sides, all herbs which witches use,
 All simples good for medicine or abuse,
 All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day,
 With all their colours ; there the month of May
 Is ever dwelling, all is young and green ; 75
 There's not a grass on which was ever seen
 The falling autumn or cold winter's hand ;
 So full of heat and virtue is the land
 About this fountain, which doth slowly break,
 Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek 80

51 *grins*] i. e. snares. *grinnes* Qq. *gins* F, Dyce, a distinct word with the same meaning.

52 *nimble squirrels*] So Q1 (B.M. copy), etc., Dyce. *Conies, squirrels* Q1 (Dyce & Bodl. copies).

63 *second*] i. e. support, more common as a verb than a substantive.

69 *that matchless spring*] i. e. Helicon.

That waters all the valley, giving fish
 Of many sorts to fill the shepherd's dish.
 This holy well, my grandame that is dead,
 Right wise in charms, hath often to me said,
 Hath power to change the form of any creature, 85
 Being thrice dipp'd over the head, into what feature
 Or shape 'twould please the letter-down to crave,
 Who must pronounce this charm too, which she gave
 Me on her death-bed ; told me what, and how,
 I should apply unto the patient's brow 90
 That would be changed, casting them thrice asleep,
 Before I trusted them into this deep :
 All this she show'd me, and did charge me prove
 This secret of her art, if crost in love
 I'll this attempt now, shepherd ; I have here 95
 All her prescriptions, and I will not fear
 To be myself dipp'd. Come, my temples bind
 With these sad herbs, and when I sleep, you find,
 As you do speak your charm, thrice down me let,
 And bid the water raise me Amoret ; 100
 Which being done, leave me to my affair,
 And ere the day shall quite itself outwear,
 I will return unto my shepherd's arm ;
 Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
 And pluck me up myself, whom freely take, 105
 And the hott'st fire of thine affection slake.

Sull. Shep. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me.
 I long the truth of this well's power to sec. [*Exeunt.*]

86 *over*] So Q1. *o're* Q2, etc., Dyce.

88 Dyce added the direction *Showing a scroll*.

90 *patient's*] Dyce printed *patients*. *Brow* seems to necessitate the singular, and *them* in ll. 91-2 is easily accounted for as the indefinite use of the plural where the gender is doubtful. Cf. Jonson's use in the *Sad Shepherd* as quoted above, I. ii. 102-4.

91 *thrice*] K. Deighton (*Conjectural Readings*, 1896, p. 89) points out that this is pretty nearly if not quite nonsense. He proposes to read 'That would be changed, casting them asleep' ; but this does not explain how the error arose. I am a little suspicious, myself, of the phrase 'casting asleep,' but have no emendation to offer.

102 *day*] Ought we not to read *night*?

SCENE IV.

*Another part of the Wood.**Enter DAPHNIS.*

Daph. Here will I stay, for this the covert is
 Where I appointed Cloe. Do not miss,
 Thou bright-eyed virgin; come, oh come, my fair!
 Be not abused with fear, or let cold care
 Of honour stay thee from thy shepherd's arm 5
 Who would as hard be won to offer harm
 To thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the day,
 Or yon great round to move another way:
 My language shall be honest, full of truth,
 My flame as smooth and spotless as my youth; 10
 I will not entertain that wandering thought,
 Whose easy current may at length be brought
 To a loose vastness.

Alexis. [within.] Cloe!

Daph. 'Tis her voice,
 And I must answer.—Cloe!—Oh, the choice
 Of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains 15
 Our hands shall give! I charge you, all my veins,
 Through which the blood and spirit take their way,
 Lock up your disobedient heats, and stay
 Those mutinous desires that else would grow
 To strong rebellion; do not wilder show 20
 Than blushing modesty may entertain.

Alexis. [within.] Cloe!

Daph. There sounds that blessed name again,
 And I will meet it.

Enter ALEXIS.

Let me not mistake;
 This is some shepherd. Sure, I am awake:
 What may this riddle mean? I will retire, 25
 To give myself more knowledge. [*Retires.*]

SCENE IV.] Marked in Q1 only of the odd eds. Locality added by Dyce.

10 *flame*] So Q1. *flames* Q2, e.c., Dyce.

23 s.d. Qq place this at the end of l. 22, F and Dyce at the end of l. 23.

26 s.d. Added by Dyce

Alexis. Oh, my fire,
 How thou consum'st me !—Cloe, answer me !
Alexis, strong *Alexis*, high and free,
 Calls upon Cloe. See, mine arms are full
 Of entertainment, ready for to pull 30
 That golden fruit which too too long hath hung
 Tempting the greedy eye. Thou stayest too long ;
 I am impatient of these mad delays :
 I must not leave unsought those many ways
 That lead into this centre, till I find 35
 Quench for my burning lust. I come, unkind ! [*Exit.*
Daph. Can my imagination work me so much ill,
 That I may credit this for truth, and still
 Believe mine eyes ? or shall I firmly hold
 Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold 40
 Illusion ? Sure, such fancies oft have been
 Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen
 Daring to blind the virtuous thought with error ;
 But be they far from me with their fond terror !
 I am resolved my Cloe yet is true. 45
Cloe. [*within.*] Cloe !
Daph. Hark ! Cloe ! Sure, this
 voice is new,
 Whose shrillness, like the sounding of a bell,
 Tells me it is a woman.—Cloe, tell
 Thy blessed name again.
Cloe. [*within*] Here !
Daph. Oh, what a grief is this, to be so near, 50
 And not encounter !

Enter CLOE.

Cloe. Shepherd, we are met :
 Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,
 Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,
 Soak through your startups.

39-40 *hold Her*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *hold her Her* Q1.

43 *thought*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *though* Q1, 2.

44 *fond*] i. e. foolish.

49 *Here* !] So Qq, F. *Cloe ! here* ! Dyce.

54 *startups*] i. e. 'a sort of rustic shoes with high tops, galoches, or half-gaiters.'—Dyce.

SCENE IV] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 55

Daph. Fairest, are you found?
 How have we wander'd, that the better part 55
 Of this good night is perished? Oh, my heart!
 How have I long'd to meet ye, how to kiss
 Those lily hands, how to receive the bliss
 That charming tongue gives to the happy ear
 Of him that drinks your language! But I fear 60
 I am too much unmanner'd, far too rude,
 And almost grown lascivious, to intrude
 These hot behaviours; where regard of fame,
 Honour and modesty, a virtuous name,
 And such discourse as one fair sister may 65
 Without offence unto the tother say,
 Should rather have been tender'd. But, believe,
 Here dwells a better temper: do not grieve,
 Then, ever kindest, that my first salute
 Seasons so much of fancy; I am mute 70
 Henceforth to all discourses but shall be
 Suited to your sweet thoughts and modesty.
 Indeed, I will not ask a kiss of you,
 No, not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
 To those blest pair of fix'd stars for smiles; 75
 All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles,
 And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me
 Be strangers; only to your chastity
 I am devoted ever.

Cloe. Honest swain,
 First let me thank you, then return again 80
 As much of my love.—[*Aside.*] No, thou art too cold,
 Unhappy boy, not temper'd to my mould;
 Thy blood falls heavy downward. 'Tis not fear
 To offend in boldness wins; they never wear
 Deserv'd favours that deny to take. 85
 When they are offer'd freely. Do I wake,
 To see a man of his youth, years, and feature,
 And such a one as we call goodly creature,
 Thus backward? What a world of precious art
 Were merely lost, to make him do his part! 90

66 *tother*] *brother* Qq, F, Dyce, who, however, conjectured *other*.
 70 *fancy*] i. e. amorousness.
 90 *merely*] i. e. utterly.

But I will shake him off, that dares not hold :
 Let men that hope to be beloved be bold.—
 Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
 So happily, our lives and fortunes set
 Upon one stake, to give assurance now, 95
 By interchange of hands and holy vow,
 Never to break again. Walk you that way,
 Whilst I in zealous meditation stray
 A little this way: when we both have ended
 These rites and duties, by the woods befriended 100
 And secrecy of night, retire and find
 An aged oak, whose hollowness may bind
 Us both within his body; thither go;
 It stands within yon bottom.

Daph. Be it so. [*Exit.*

Cloe. And I will meet there never more with thee, 105
 Thou idle shamefastness!

Alexis. [*within.*] Cloe!

Cloe. 'Tis he!

That dare, I hope, be bolder.

Alexis. [*within.*] Cloe!

Cloe. Now,
 Great Pan, for Syrinx' sake, bid speed our plough! [*Exit.*

100 *rites*] So F, Dyce. *rights* Qq.

106 *shamefastness*] So Qq, F. *shamefacedness* Dyce. Cf. I. iii. 176.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Part of the wood with the holy well.

Enter the Sullen Shepherd, with AMARILLIS in a sleep.

Sull. Shep. From thy forehead thus I take
 These herbs, and charge thee not awake
 Till in yonder holy well
 Thrice, with powerful magic spell
 Fill'd with many a baleful word, 5
 Thou hast been dipp'd. Thus, with my cord
 Of blasted hemp, by moonlight twined,
 I do thy sleepy body bind.
 I turn thy head into the east,
 And thy feet into the west, 10
 Thy left arm to the south put forth,
 And thy right unto the north.
 I take thy body from the ground,
 In this deep and deadly sound,
 And into this holy spring 15
 I let thee slide down by my string.—

[Lets her down into the well]

Take this maid, thou holy pit,
 To thy bottom ; nearer yet ;
 In thy water pure and sweet
 By thy leave I dip her feet ; 20
 Thus I let her lower yet,
 That her ankles may be wet ;

III. 1.] Locality added by Dyce.
 s.d. with] So Qq, F. carrying Dyce, but they were more probably discovered.

9-10 *into . . . into*] So Qq, F. *unto . . . unto* Dyce, but I do not think the change is necessary, in spite of the reading of l. 12.

14 *sound*] So Q1, 2. *swound* Q3, 4, 5, F, Dyce. Both are common forms of *swoon*.

16 s.d. Added by Dyce.

Yet down lower, let her knee
 In thy waters washèd be.
 There stop — Fly away, 25
 Every thing that loves the day!
 Truth, that hath but one face,
 Thus I charm thee from this place.
 Snakes that cast your coats for new,
 Chameleons that alter hue, 30
 Hares that yearly sexes change,
 Proteus altering oft and strange,
 Hecatè with shapes three,
 Let this maiden changèd be,
 With this holy water wet, 35
 To the shape of Amoret!
 Cynthia, work thou with my charm!—
 Thus I draw thee, free from harm,
 [*Draws her out of the well, in the shape of AMORET.*
 Up out of this blessèd lake
 Rise both like her and awake! [*She awakes.* 40
Amar. Speak, shepherd, am I Amoret to sight?
 Or hast thou miss'd in any magic rite,
 For want of which any defect in me
 May make our practices discover'd be?
Sull. Shep. By yonder moon, but that I here do
 stand, 45
 Whose breath hath thus re-form'd thee, and whose
 hand
 Let thee down dry, and pluck'd thee up thus wet,
 I should myself take thee for Amoret!
 Thou art, in clothes, in feature, voice and hue,
 So like, that sense can not distinguish you. 50
Amar. Then, this deceit, which cannot crossèd be,

25-6 Printed as one line in Q1.

31 A common belief, supported by the old writers on natural history, and no doubt favoured by their supposed connection with witches. Upon the question see Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, Bk III. ch. 17.

33 *shapes*] Apparently a dissyllable

35-6 Printed as one line in Q1.

38 s.d. Added by Dyce.

40 s.d. Omitted by Dyce.

42 *rite*] So F, Dyce. *right* Qq

46 *re-form'd*] *rejoin'd* Q1. *transformed* Q2, etc., Dyce. But *re-form'd* in the sense of 're-fashioned' has practically the same meaning as *transform'd*, and there seems no reason why the original reading should not be retained.

SCENE I] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 59

At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
 Hither she needs must come, by promise made ;
 And, sure, his nature never was so bad,
 To bid a virgin meet him in the wood, 55
 When night and fear are up, but understood
 'Twas his part to come first. Being come I'll say,
 My constant love made me come first and stay ;
 Then will I lead him further to the grove :
 But stay you here, and, if his own true love 60
 Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong path,
 Which say her lover lately trodden hath ;
 I'll not be far from hence. If need there be,
 Here is another charm, whose power will free
 The dazzled sense, read by the moonbeams clear, 65
 And in my own true shape make me appear.

Enter PERIGOT.

Sull. Shep. Stand close : here's Perigot ; whose constant heart
 Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.

[Retires with AMARILLIS.]

Per. This is the place, fair Amoret ; the hour
 Is yet scarce come. Here every sylvan power 70
 Delights to be, about yon sacred well,
 Which they have bless'd with many a powerful spell ,
 For never traveller in dead of night,
 Nor strayed beasts have fall'n in ; but when sight
 Hath fail'd them, then their right way they have 75
 found

By help of them, so holy is the ground.
 But I will farther seek, lest Amoret
 Should be first come, and so stray long unmet.—
 My Amoret, Amoret ! *[Exit.]*

Amar. Perigot !

Per. [within.] My love !

Amar. I come, my love ! *[Exit.]*

Sull. Shep. Now she hath got 80
 Her own desires, and I shall gainer be

64 Dyce adds the direction *Gives a scroll*

65 *moonbeams*] So Q1, 2, Dyce. *Moones beames* Q3, etc
 s.d. Added by Dyce.

Of my long-look'd-for hopes, as well as she.
 How bright the moon shines here, as if she strove
 To show her glory in this little grove
 To some new-lovèd shepherd !

Enter AMORET.

[*Aside.*] Yonder is 85
 Another Amoret. Where differs this
 From that ? but that she Perigot hath met,
 I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit.
 Herbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,
 If mortal men could know your properties ! 90
Amo. Methinks it is not night ; I have no fear,
 Walking this wood, of lion or of bear,
 Whose names at other times have made me quake,
 When any shepherdess in her tale spake
 Of some of them, that underneath a wood 95
 Have torn true lovers that together stood ;
 Methinks there are no goblins, and men's talk,
 That in these woods the nimble fairies walk,
 Are fables : such a strong heart I have got,
 Because I come to meet with Perigot.— 100
 My Perigot ! Who's that ? my Perigot ?

Sull. Shep. Fair maid !

Amo. Aye me, thou art not Perigot ?

Sull. Shep. But I can tell ye news of Perigot :

An hour together under yonder tree
 He sat with wreathèd arms, and called on thee, 105
 And said, ' Why, Amoret, stayest thou so long ? '
 Then starting up, down yonder path he flung,
 Lest thou hadst miss'd thy way. Were it daylight
 He could not yet have borne him out of sight.

Amo. Thanks, gentle shepherd ; and beshrew my 110
 stay,

That made him fearful I had lost my way !
 As fast as my weak legs, that cannot be
 Weary with seeking him, will carry me,

85 s d. Placed by Qq, F, Dyce at the end of l. 84.

92 of *bear*] So Q1, Dyce. *the Bear* Q2, etc.

111 *him*] Mason's conjecture. *me* Qq, F, Dyce. But the emendation seems to me necessary.

SCENE I] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 61

I'll follow ; and, for this thy care of me,
Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee ! *[Exit* 115

Sull. Shep. How bright she was, how lovely did she
show !

Was it not pity to deceive her so ?
She pluck'd her garments up, and tripp'd away,
And with a virgin-innocence did pray
For me that perjured her. Whilst she was here, 120
Methought the beams of light that did appear
Were shot from her ; methought the moon gave none
But what it had from her. She was alone
With me ; if then her presence did so move,
Why did not I assay to win her love ? 125
She would not sure have yielded unto me—
Women love only opportunity,
And not the man ; or if she had denied,
Alone, I might have forced her to have tried
Who had been stronger : oh, vain fool, to let 130
Such bless'd occasion pass ! I'll follow yet ;
My blood is up ; I cannot now forbear.
I come, sweet Amoret !

Enter ALEXIS and CLOE.

[Aside.] Soft, who is here ?

A pair of lovers ? He shall yield her me :
Now lust is up, alike all women be. *[Retires.* 135

Alexis. Where shall we rest ? But for the love of me,
Cloe, I know, ere this would weary be.

Cloe. Alexis, let us rest here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace
Of every shepherd ; for, I understood, 140
This night a number are about the wood :
Then, let us choose some place, where, out of sight,
We freely may enjoy our stol'n delight.

114.] So Q1, Dyce. Line omitted Q2. *I'll seek him out ; and for thy Court-
tesie* Q3, etc.

120 *perjured her*] i. e. swore false to her.

126 *not*] I have left the text as it stands, since it gives a sense if we suppose
the Sullen Shepherd to be debating the various possibilities ; but I have very
little doubt that the correct reading is *for*. K. Deighton (*Conjectural Readings*,
1896, p. 40) suggests *most*.

133 s.d. Placed by Qq, F, and Dyce at the end of l. 132.

135 s.d. Added by Dyce.

Alexis. Then, boldly here, where we shall ne'er be found :
 No shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallow'd ground ; 145
 No maid seeks here her stray'd cow or sheep ;
 Fairies and fauns and satyrs do it keep.
 Then, carelessly rest here, and clip and kiss,
 And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.

Cloe. Then, lie by me : the sooner we begin, 150
 The longer ere the day descry our sin.

Sull. Shep. Forbear to touch my love ; or, by yon flame,
 The greatest power that shepherds dare to name,
 Here where thou sit'st, under this holy tree,
 Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be ! 155

Alexis. If Pan himself should come out of the lawns,
 With all his troops of satyrs and of fauns,
 And bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes,—
 A greater oath than thine—I would not rise !

Sull. Shep. Then, from the cold earth never thou shalt
 move, 160
 But lose at one stroke both thy life and love.

[*Wounds him with his spear.*]

Cloe. Hold, gentle shepherd !

Sull. Shep. Fairest shepherdess,
 Come you with me ; I do not love ye less
 Than that fond man, that would have kept you there
 From me of more desert.

Alexis. Oh, yet forbear 165
 To take her from me ! Give me leave to die
 By her !

*Enter the Satyr ; the Sullen Shepherd runs one way,
 and CLOE another.*

Sat. Now, whilst the moon doth rule the sky,
 And the stars, whose feeble light
 Give a pale shadow to the night,

147 *keep*] i. e. 'frequent, haunt,' according to Dyce. But there does not seem to be any authority for the transitive use of the word in this sense. Fletcher must mean that fauns and satyrs look after or possess it. Dyce prints *fauns* (and again in l. 157), he presumably means *fauns*.

148 *clip*] i. e. embrace.

152 *flame*] i. e. the moon.

161 s.d. Added by Dyce.

167 s.d. *The Satyr enters, he runs one way, and she another.* Qq, F.

169 *Give*] So Qq, F. *Gives* Dyce, but such licence is very common.

SCENE I] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 63

Are up, great Pan commanded me 170
 To walk this grove about, whilst he,
 In a corner of the wood,
 Where never mortal foot hath stood,
 Keeps dancing, music, and a feast,
 To entertain a lovely guest ; 175
 Where he gives her many a rose,
 Sweeter than the breath that blows
 The leaves, grapes, berries of the best ,
 I never saw so great a feast.
 But, to my charge. Here must I stay, 180
 To see what mortals lose their way,
 And by a false fire, seeming-bright,
 Train them in and leave them right,
 Then must I watch if any be
 Forcing of a chastity ; 185
 If I find it, then in haste
 Give my wreathèd horn a blast,
 And the fairies all will run,
 Wildly dancing by the moon,
 And will pinch him to the bone, 190
 Till his lustful thoughts be gone.
Alexis. Oh, death !
Sat. Back again about this ground ;
 Sure, I hear a mortal sound.—
 I bind thee by this powerful spell,
 By the waters of this well, 195
 By the glimmering moonbeams bright,
 Speak again, thou mortal wight !
Alexis. Oh !
Sat. Here the foolish mortal lies,
 Sleeping on the ground.—Arise !—
 The poor wight is almost dead ; 200
 On the ground his wounds have bled,
 And his clothes foul'd with his blood.
 To my goddess in the wood

180] Warton and Weber compare *Comus*, l. 78, etc., a passage evidently imitated from the above.

191 and 197] *Alexis'* exclamations being extra metrical are not reckoned in the line numbering.

197] Q1 repeats l. 197 in one line after *Oh!*, and prefixes *Sat.* here instead of to l. 198.

Will I lead him, whose hands pure
 Will help this mortal wight to cure. 205
[Exit with ALEXIS.]

Re-enter CLOE.

Cloe. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my breast
 Doth pant ; each bush, methinks, should hide a beast.
 Yet my desire keeps still above my fear .
 I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I where ;
 For from one cause of fear I am most free, 210
 It is impossible to ravish me,
 I am so willing. Here upon this ground
 I left my love, all bloody with his wound ;
 Yet, till that fearful shape made me begone,
 Though he were hurt, I furnish'd was of one ; 215
 But now both lost.—Alexis, speak or move,
 If thou hast any life ; thou art yet my love !—
 He's dead, or else is with his little might
 Crept from the bank for fear of that ill sprite.—
 Then, where art thou that struck'st my love ? Oh, stay! 220
 Bring me thyself in change, and then I'll say
 Thou hast some justice : I will make thee trim
 With flowers and garlands that were meant for him ;
 I'll clip thee round with both mine arms, as fast
 As I did mean he should have been embraced. 225
 But thou art fled.—What hope is left for me ?
 I'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,
 Who I did mean to mock ; though hope be small
 To make him bold, rather than none at all.
 I'll try him ; his heart, and my behaviour too, 230
 Perhaps may teach him what he ought to do. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter the Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. This was the place. 'Twas but my feeble
 sight,
 Mix'd with the horror of my deed, and night,
 That shaped these fears, and made me run away,
 And lose my beauteous hardly-gotten prey.— 235

206 *yon*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *you* Q1, 2

220 *stay*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *stray* Q1.

228 *Who*] So Qq. *Whom* F, Dyce. The licence, however, is common.
 See Franz, *Shak. Gram.*, § 201.

Speak, gentle shepherdess ! I am alone,
 And tender love for love.—But she is gone
 From me, that, having struck her lover dead,
 For silly fear left her alone, and fled.
 And see, the wounded body is removed 240
 By her of whom it was so well beloved.

Enter PERIGOT, and AMARILLIS in the shape of AMORET.

But all these fancies must be quite forgot,
 I must lie close ; here comes young Perigot,
 With subtle Amarillis in the shape
 Of Amoret. Pray love, he may not scape ! [*Retires.*] 245

Amar. Belovèd Perigot, show me some place,
 Where I may rest my limbs, weak with the chase
 Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.

Peri. Beshrew my tardy steps ! Here shalt thou rest
 Upon this holy bank : no deadly snake 250
 Upon this turf herself in folds doth make ;
 Here is no poison for the toad to feed ;
 Here boldly spread thy hands ; no venom'd weed
 Dares blister them ; no slimy snail dare creep
 Over thy face when thou art fast asleep ; 255
 Here never durst the babbling cuckoo spit ;
 No slough of falling star did ever hit
 Upon this bank : let this thy cabin be ;
 This other, set with violets, for me.

Amar. Thou dost not love me, Perigot.

Peri. Fair maid, 260
 You only love to hear it often said ;
 You do not doubt.

Amar. Believe me, but I do.

Peri. What, shall we now begin again to woo ?
 'Tis the best way to make your lover last,
 To play with him when you have caught him fast. 265

Amar. By Pan I swear, belovèd Perigot,
 And by yon moon, I think thou lov'st me not.

Peri. By Pan I swear—and, if I falsely swear,
 Let him not guard my flocks ; let foxes tear

241 s.d. Dyce removed this to after l. 245.

242 *all*] So Q1, Dyce. Omit Q2, etc.

245 s.d. Added by Dyce.

266 *belovèd*] So Q1, Dyce. *I loved* Q2, etc.

My earliest lambs, and wolves, whilst I do sleep, 270
Fall on the rest ; a rot among my sheep—

I love thee better than the careful ewe
The new-yea'n'd lamb that is of her own hue ;
I dote upon thee more than that young lamb
Doth on the bag that feeds him from his dam ! 275

Were there a sort of wolves got in my fold,
And one ran after thee, both young and old
Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife
To save thee, whom I love above my life.

Amar. How should I trust thee, when I see thee 280
choose

Another bed, and dost my side refuse ?

Peri. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might be shown
'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.

Amar. Come, Perigot will show his power, that he
Can make his Amoret, though she weary be, 285
Rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his.
Here, take thy Amoret ; embrace and kiss.

Peri. What means my love ?

Amar. To do as lovers should,
That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.
There's ne'er a shepherdess in all the plain 290
Can kiss thee with more art ; there's none can feign
More wanton tricks.

Peri. Forbear, dear soul, to try
Whether my heart be pure ; I'll rather die
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.

Amar. Still think'st thou such a thing as chastity 295
Is amongst women ? Perigot, there's none
That with her love is in a wood alone,
And would come home a maid : be not abused
With thy fond first belief ; let time be used.—
Why dost thou rise ?

Peri. My true heart thou hast slain ! 300

Amar. Faith, Perigot, I'll pluck thee down again.

Peri. Let go, thou serpent, that into my breast
Hast with thy cunning dived !—Art not in jest ?

Amar. Sweet love, lie down.

276 *sort*] i. e. pack, lot.

280 *should*] So Q1, Dyce. *shall* Q2, etc.

303 *dived*! *Art not*] *dive'd* ; *art not* Q2, etc. *dive'd art*, *art not* Q1.

Peri. Since this I live to see,
Some bitter north wind blast my flocks and me ! 305

Amar. You swore you loved, yet will not do my will.

Peri. Oh, be as thou wert once, I'll love thee still !

Amar. I am as still I was, and all my kind ;
Though other shows we have, poor men to blind.

Peri. Then, here I end all love ; and, lest my vain 310
Belief should ever draw me in again,
Before thy face, that hast my youth misled,
I end my life ! my blood be on thy head !

[*Offers to kill himself.*

Amar. Oh, hold thy hands, thy Amoret doth cry !

Peri. Thou counsel'st well ; first, Amoret shall die, 315
That is the cause of my eternal smart !

Amar. Oh, hold !

Peri. This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart !

[*Exeunt ; PERI, running after AMAR. The Sull.*

Shep. steps out and uncharms her.

Sull. Shep. Up and down, every where,
I strew the herbs, to purge the air :
Let your odour drive hence 320
All mists that dazzle sense.
Herbs and springs, whose hidden might
Alters shapes, and mocks the sight,
Thus I charge ye to undo
All before I brought ye to ! 325
Let her fly, let her scape ;
Give again her own shape !

[*Retires.*

Re-enter AMARILLIS in her own shape, and PERIGOT following.

Amar. Forbear, thou gentle swain ! thou dost mistake ;
She whom thou follow'dst fled into the brake ;
And as I cross'd thy way, I met thy wrath ; 330
The only fear of which near slain me hath.

Peri. Pardon, fair shepherdess : my rage and night
Were both upon me, and beguiled my sight ;

313 s.d. Not in Qq, F.

317 s.d. Qq, F place the direction *He runs after her* at the end of l. 316 and mark no Exits.

327 s.d. *Retires*] Added by Dyce.

Perigot following] Not in Qq, F.

But far be it from me to spill the blood
Of harmless maids that wander in the wood! 335
[*Exit* AMARILLIS.]

Enter AMORET.

Amo. Many a weary step, in yonder path,
Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,
To seek her Perigot; yet cannot hear
His voice.—My Perigot! She loves thee dear
That calls.

Peri. See yonder where she is! how fair 340
She shows! and yet her breath infects the air.

Amo. My Perigot!

Peri. Here.

Amo. Happy!

Peri. Hapless! first
It lights on thee: the next blow is the worst.

[*Wounds her.*]

Amo. Stay, Perigot! my love, thou art unjust.

Peri. Death is the best reward that's due to lust. 345
[*Exit.*]

Sull. Shep. [*Aside.*] Now shall their love be cross'd;
for, being struck,
I'll throw her in the fount, lest being took
By some night-traveller, whose honest care
May help to cure her—Shepherdess, prepare
Yourself to die!

Amo. No mercy I do crave; 350
Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have.
Tell him that gave me this, who loved him too,
He struck my soul, and not my body through;
Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be
At peace, if he but think he injured me. 355

Sull. Shep. In this fount be thy grave. Thou wert
not meant
Sure for a woman, thou art so innocent.—

[*Flings her into the well.*]

335 s.d. Amarillis] Omit Q1.

342 *Hapless! first*] So Dyce. *Hapless first*: Qq, F.

343 s.d. Added by Dyce.

346 *struck*] Probably, as Dyce remarks, Fletcher wrote *strook*.

349 *her*—] As it stands the sentence is incomplete, but Fletcher may have intended to write *his* in place of *whose* in the line before.

SCENE I] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 69

She cannot scape, for, underneath the ground,
In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,
Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth look, 360
The struggling water breaks out in a brook. [*Exit.*]

The God of the River riseth with AMORET in his arms.

God. What powerful charms my streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force that I their god,
Three times striking with my rod, 365
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fishes shoot into the banks;
There's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead, 370
Fall'n into my river-head,
Hallow'd so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'Tis a female young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher : 375
See, upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaster bound.
Yet, she's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat —
If thou be'st a virgin pure, 380
I can give a present cure :
Take a drop into thy wound,
From my watery locks, more round
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure.— 385
See, she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid,
I must have this bleeding stayed.
From my banks I pluck this flower 390

362 This speech of the River God's was used as a model by William Browne for the episode in his *Britannia's Pastorals* (II i, ii), where Marra having thrown herself into the river is rescued by the god. The parallels first mentioned by Warton were pointed out in detail by F. W. Moorman in his work on Browne (*Quellen und Forschungen*, 81, Strassburg, 1897, p. 21, etc.).

367, etc. Cf. *Brit. Past.*, I. ii 151, etc.

382, etc. Seward compares *Comus*, l. 911, etc.

383 *locks*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *locke* Q1.

With holy hand, whose virtuous power
 Is at once to heal and draw.
 The blood returns. I never saw
 A fairer mortal. Now doth break
 Her deadly slumber.—Virgin, speak. 395
Amo. Who hath restored my sense, given me new
 breath,
 And brought me back out of the arms of death ?
God. I have heal'd thy wounds.
Amo. Aye, me !
God. Fear not him that succour'd thee.
 I am this fountain's god : below, 400
 My waters to a river grow,
 And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
 That only prosper in the wet,
 Through the meadows do they glide,
 Wheeling still on every side, 405
 Sometimes winding round about,
 To find the evenest channel out.
 And if thou wilt go with me,
 Leaving mortal company,
 In the cool streams shalt thou lie, 410
 Free from harm as well as I :
 I will give thee for thy food
 No fish that useth in the mud ;
 But trout and pike, that love to swim
 Where the gravel from the brim 415
 Through the pure streams may be seen ;
 Orient pearl fit for a queen,
 Will I give, thy love to win,
 And a shell to keep them in ;
 Not a fish in all my brook 420
 That shall disobey thy look,
 But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
 And from thy white hand take a fly :
 And, to make thee understand
 How I can my waves command, 425

392 *draw*] i. e. 'to cause a flow of (blood, matter, "humours") to a particular part ; to promote suppuration.' *N.E.D.*

400, etc. Seward compares *Comus*, l. 890, etc.

412, etc. Cf. *Brit. Past.*, I. ii. 53, etc.

417, etc. Cf. *Brit. Past.*, I. ii. 39, etc.

They shall bubble, whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string.

THE SONG.

Do not fear to put thy feet,
Naked in the river sweet ;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad, 430
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod ,
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob ; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee. 435

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,
I know myself unworthy to be woo'd
By thee, a god ; for ere this, but for thee,
I should have shown my weak mortality :
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain, 440
I am betroth'd unto a shepherd-swain,
Whose comely face, I know, the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.

God. May he prove to thee as true !
Fairest virgin, now adieu : 445
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,
And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning's watering ;
Which I would not ; for of late 450
All the neighbour-people sate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old
Offer'd to my deity ;
For which this year they shall be free 455
From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass ;
Nor shall their meads be overflown
When their grass is newly mown.

Amo. For thy kindness to me shown, 460
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course ;

427 *string*] So Q1, 2, Dyce. *spring* Q3, etc. An ingenious but unnecessary emendation.

s.d. *Sings.* Dyce.

446, etc. Seward compares *Comus*, l. 842, etc., and l. 922, etc.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter PERIGOT.

Peri. She is untrue, unconstant, and unkind ;
She's gone, she's gone ! Blow high, thou north-west
wind.

And raise the sea to mountains ; let the trees
That dare oppose thy raging fury leese
Their firm foundation ; creep into the earth, 5
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth
Of some new prodigy ; whilst I constant stand,
Holding this trusty boar-spear in my hand,
And falling thus upon it !

Enter AMARILLIS, *running*.

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand ! thou art too hot 10
Against thyself. Believe me, comely swain,
If that thou diest, not all the showers of rain
The heavy clouds send down can wash away
That foul unmanly guilt the world will lay
Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands : 15
Believe me, she is constant ; not the sands
Can be so hardly number'd as she won.
I do not trifle, shepherd ; by the moon,
And all those lesser lights our eyes do view,
All that I told thee, Perigot, is true : 20
Then, be a free man ; put away despair
And will to die ; smooth gently up that fair,
Dejected forehead ; be as when those eyes

4 *leese*] i. e. lose.

9 s.d. So Q2, etc., Dyce. Perigot to Enter. Amaryllis, running. Q1, evidently a misprint for Enter to Perigot, Amaryllis, running.

SCENE II.

*The Wood before CLORIN's Bower.**Enter Satyr with ALEXIS, hurt.*

Sat. Softly gliding as I go,
 With this burthen full of woe,
 Through still silence of the night,
 Guided by the glow-worm's light,
 Hither am I come at last. 5
 Many a thicket have I past ;
 Not a twig that durst deny me,
 Not a bush that durst descry me
 To the little bird that sleeps
 On the tender spray ; nor creeps 10
 That hardy worm with pointed tail,
 But if I be under sail,
 Flying faster than the wind,
 Leaving all the clouds behind,
 But doth hide her tender head 15
 In some hollow tree, or bed
 Of seeded nettles ; not a hare
 Can be started from his fare
 By my footing ; nor a wish
 Is more sudden, nor a fish 20
 Can be found with greater ease
 Cut the vast unbounded seas,
 Leaving neither print nor sound,
 Than I, when nimbly on the ground
 I measure many a league an hour. 25
 But, behold, the happy bower
 That must ease me of my charge,
 And by holy hand enlarge
 The soul of this sad man, that yet
 Lies fast bound in deadly fit : 30
 Heaven and great Pan succour it !—

SCENE II.] Not marked in old eds. Locality added by Dyce.

8 *descry*] i. e. reveal, betray.26 *bower*] So Qq. *power* F and Dyce, quite unnecessarily.

SCENE II] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 77

As his who brags himself born only heir 65
 To all humanity. Let me see the wound:
 This herb will stay the current, being bound
 Fast to the orifice, and this restrain
 Ulcers and swellings, and such inward pain
 As the cold air hath forced into the sore ; 70
 This to draw out such putrefying gore
 As inward falls.

Sat. Heaven grant it may do good !

Clo. Fairly wipe away the blood :
 Hold him gently, till I fling
 Water of a virtuous spring 75
 On his temples ; turn him twice
 To the moonbeams ; pinch him thrice ;
 That the labouring soul may draw
 From his great eclipse.

Sat. I saw
 His eyelids moving.

Clo. Give him breath ; 80
 All the danger of cold death
 Now is vanish'd ; with this plaster,
 And this unction do I master
 All the fester'd ill that may
 Give him grief another day. 85

Sat. See, he gathers up his sprite,
 And begins to hunt for light ;
 Now a' gapes and breathes again :
 How the blood runs to the vein
 That erst was empty !

Alexis. O my heart ! 90
 My dearest, dearest Cloe ! Oh, the smart
 Runs through my side ! I feel some pointed thing
 Pass through my bowels, sharper than the sting
 Of scorpion.—Pan, preserve me !—What are you ?
 Do not hurt me : I am true 95
 To my Cloe, though she fly,
 And leave me to this destiny :
 There she stands, and will not lend
 Her smooth white hand to help her friend.

66 *the*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *this* Q1. *thy* Q2.

88 *a'*] So Q1-3. *he* Q4, etc., Dyce.

Of fairies all her beauty ;
 I would do it, so much duty 135
 Do I owe those precious eyes.

Clo. I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the cries
 Of any other, that be hurt or ill,
 Draw thee unto them, prithee, do thy will
 To bring him hither. 140

Sat. I will ; and when the weather
 Serves to angle in the brook,
 I will bring a silver hook,
 With a line of finest silk,
 And a rod as white as milk, 145
 To deceive the little fish :
 So I take my leave, and wish
 On this bower may ever dwell
 Spring and summer !

Clo. Friend, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Part of the Wood.

Enter AMORET.

Amo. This place is ominous ; for here I lost
 My love and almost life, and since have crost
 All these woods over ; never a nook or dell,
 Where any little bird or beast doth dwell,
 But I have sought it ; never a bending brow 5
 Of any hill, or glade the wind sings through,

134 *fairies*] Possibly intended as a trisyllable. Q1 has *Fayryes*. Fletcher may have had the form *fairy* in mind.

140 It has been usual to make one line of this and the next, but a rime is undoubtedly intended. Q1, 2 print *hether*, as in many other passages. and the form should perhaps have been retained Fletcher, however, freely rimes *yet* with *sat*, etc. (I. iii. 103, III. i. 18, etc.).

146 *deceive*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *deserve* Q1.

149 s.d. Exit Qq, F. Exit *Satyr*. Scene closes. Dyce. No doubt the Satyr goes off at the side and Clorin retires into the recess, the curtain closing

SCENE III Not marked in old eds. s.d. old eds. add *seeking her love*.

3 Seward, etc. compare *Comus*, l. 311, etc.

5 *it*] So Q1, 2, Dyce. *him* Q3, etc.

Lanch'd up her breast, which bloodless fell and cold ;
 And, if belief may credit what was told,
 After all this, the Melancholy Swain
 Took her into his arms, being almost slain,
 And to the bottom of the holy well 45
 Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.
 'Tis she, the very same ; 'tis Amoret,
 And living yet ; the great powers will not let
 Their virtuous love be crossed.—Maid, wipe away
 Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay 50
 The storm that yet goes high, which, not deprest,
 Breaks heart and life and all before it rest.
 Thy Perigot——

Amo. Where, which is Perigot ?

Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much, God wot,
 Thee and thy fortune. Go, and comfort him ; 55
 And thou shalt find him underneath a brim
 Of sailing pines, that edge yon mountain in.

Amo. I go, I run. Heaven grant me I may win
 His soul again ! *[Exit.]*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay, Amarillis, stay !
 You are too fleet ; 'tis two hours yet to day. 60
 I have perform'd my promise ; let us sit
 And warm our bloods together, till the fit
 Come lively on us.

Amar. Friend, you are too keen ;
 The morning riseth, and we shall be seen ;
 Forbear a little.

Sull. Shep. I can stay no longer. 65

Amar. Hold, shepherd, hold ! learn not to be a wronger
 Of your word. Was not your promise laid,
 To break their loves first ?

Sull. Shep. I have done it, maid.

Amar. No ; they are yet unbroken, met again,
 And are as hard to part yet as the stain 70
 Is from the finest lawn.

41 *Lanch'd*] i. e. lanced.

57 *sailing*] i. e. of which masts are made. Chaucer and Spenser both use the epithet.

Calls on thy lovèd name.

Peri. What art thou dare 15
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care
Dwell on the face of darkness?

Amo. 'Tis thy friend,
Thy Amoret, come hither, to give end
To these consumings. Look up, gentle boy :
I have forgot those pains and dear annoy 20
I suffer'd for thy sake, and am content
To be thy love again. Why hast thou rent
Those curlèd locks, where I have often hung
Ribbons and damask-roses, and have flung
Waters distill'd, to make thee fresh and gay, 25
Sweeter than nosegays on a bridal day?
Why dost thou cross thine arms, and hang thy face
Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace
From those two little heavens, upon the ground,
Showers of more price, more orient, and more round, 30
Than those that hang upon the moon's pale brow?
Cease these complainings, shepherd : I am now
The same I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you ask of me ;
Indeed, I can and will.

Peri. So spoke my fair ! 35
Oh, you great working powers of earth and air,
Water and forming fire, why have you lent
Your hidden virtues of so ill intent ?
Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,
Had Amoret ; such words, so smooth and new, 40
Came flowing from her tongue ; such was her eye,
And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
Forth like a bleeding shaft ; all is the same,
The robe and buskins, painted hook, and frame
Of all her body. Oh me, Amoret ! 45

Amo. Shepherd, what means this riddle? who hath
set
So strong a difference 'twixt myself and me,
That I am grown another? Look, and see
The ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist

15 *art*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. Omit Q1.

41 *flowing*] So Q1, Dyce. *flying* Q2, etc.

The rise or falling of a woman's mind.

Amo. Can there be any age, or days, or time,
 Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
 As wronging simple maid? Oh, Perigot,
 Thou that wast yesterday without a blot; 90
 Thou that wast every good and every thing
 That men call blessèd; thou that wast the spring
 From whence our looser grooms drew all their best,
 Thou that wast always just and always blest
 In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name 95
 Of virtuous given thee, and made good the same
 Even from thy cradle; thou that wast that all
 That men delighted in! Oh, what a fall
 Is this, to have been so, and now to be
 The only best in wrong and infamy! 100
 And I to live to know this! and by me,
 That loved thee dearer than mine eyes, or that
 Which we esteem our honour, virgin-state;
 Dearer than swallows love the early morn,
 Or dogs of chase the sound of merry horn; 105
 Dearer than thou can'st love thy new love, if thou hast
 Another, and far dearer than the last;
 Dearer than thou can'st love thyself, though all
 The self-love were within thee that did fall
 With that coy swain that now is made a flower, 110
 For whose dear sake Echo weeps many a shower!
 And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
 Loved worthily to get a wanton's name?
 Come, thou forsaken willow, wind my head,
 And noise it to the world, my love is dead! 115
 I am forsaken, I am cast away,
 And left for every lazy groom to say
 I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
 Than the quick clouds we see, or the chill frost
 When the hot sun beats on it! Tell me yet, 120
 Can'st thou not love again thy Amoret?

Peri. Thou art not worthy of that blessèd name:
 I must not know thee: fling thy wanton flame
 Upon some lighter blood that may be hot

103 *esteem*] So Q1, Dyce. *csteem'd* Q2, etc.

110 *swain*] i. e. Narcissus.

SCENE IV] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 87

A living soul within thee, thus to free
Thy body from it. [*He hurts her again.*]

Amo. So, this work hath end.
Farewell, and live ; be constant to thy friend
That loves thee next.

Enter Satyr ; PERIGOT runs off.

Sat. See, the day begins to break, 165
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire ; the wind blows cold,
Whilst the morning doth unfold ;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs 170
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit ;
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay :
Therefore here I end my watch 175
Lest the wandering swain should catch
Harm, or lose himself.

Amo. Ah me !

Sat. Speak again, whate'er thou be ;
I am ready ; speak, I say ;
By the dawning of the day, 180
By the power of night and Pan,
I enforce thee speak again !

Amo. Oh, I am most unhappy !

Sat. Yet more blood !
Sure, these wanton swains are wood.
Can there be a hand or heart 185
Dare commit so vild a part
As this murder ? By the moon,
That hid herself when this was done,
Never was a sweeter face :
I will bear her to the place 190
Where my goddess keeps, and crave
Her to give her life or grave. [*Exeunt.*]

162 s.d.] Dyce chose to substitute *Wounds her with his spear.*

166 *shoots*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *shoots* Q1, 2.

184 *wood*] i. e. mad

186 *vild*] So Q1-3 and Dyce. *vile* Q4, etc.

191 *keeps*] i. e. dwells.

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166 *shoots*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *shuts* Q1, 2.

184 *wood*] i. e. mad.

186 *vild*] So Q1-3 and Dyce. *vile* Q4, etc.

191 *keeps*] i. e. dwells.

The. Thy brightness doth amaze ;
 So Phoebus may at noon bid mortals gaze ; 30
 Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,
 I dare not meet the beams with my weak sight.

Clo. Why dost thou pine away thyself for me ?

The. Why dost thou keep such spotless constancy ?

Clo. Thou holy shepherd, see what for thy sake 35
 Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake. [*He starts up.*]

The. Stay there, thou constant Clorin ! if there be
 Yet any part of woman left in thee,
 To make thee light, think yet before thou speak.

Clo. See, what a holy vow for thee I break ; 40
 I, that already have my fame far spread
 For being constant to my lover dead.

The. Think yet, dear Clorin, of your love ; how true,
 If you had died, he would have been to you.

Clo. Yet, all I'll lose for thee——

The. Think but how blest 45
 A constant woman is above the rest !

Clo. And offer up myself, here on this ground,
 To be disposed by thee.

The. Why dost thou wound
 His heart with malice against women more,
 That hated all the sex but thee before ? 50
 How much more pleasant had it been to me
 To die than to behold this change in thee !
 Yet, yet return ; let not the woman sway !

Clo. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
 Who for thy sake hath ventured all her fame. 55

The. Thou hast not ventured, but bought certain
 shame :

Your sex's curse, foul falsehood, must and shall,
 I see, once in your lives, light on you all.
 I hate thee now. Yet turn !

Clo. Be just to me :
 Shall I at once lose both my fame and thee ? 60

The. Thou hadst no fame ; that which thou didst
 like good
 Was but thy appetite that sway'd thy blood

35 *holy*] Surely this must be wrong.
 52 *to behold*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *behold* Q1, 2.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

*A Village.**Enter Priest and Old Shepherd.*

Priest. Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep !
 See, the blushing morn doth peep
 Through the windows, whilst the sun
 To the mountain-tops is run,
 Gilding all the vales below 5
 With his rising flames, which grow
 Greater by his climbing still.
 Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
 Bag and bottle for the field !
 Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield 10
 To the bitter north-east wind.
 Call the maidens up, and find
 Who lay longest, that she may
 Go without a friend all day ;
 Then reward your dogs, and pray 15
 Pan to keep you from decay :
 So unfold, and then away !—
 What, not a shepherd stirring ? Sure, the grooms
 Have found their beds too easy, or the rooms
 Fill'd with such new delight and heat, that they 20
 Have both forgot their hungry sheep and day.
 Knock, that they may remember what a shame
 Sloth and neglect lays on a shepherd's name.
Old Shep. It is to little purpose ; not a swain
 This night hath known his lodging here, or lain 25
 Within these cotes : the woods, or some near town
 That is a neighbour to the bordering down,
 Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lusty sport,

SCENE II] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 93

And dying, know I cannot injured be ;
I am a maid ; let that name fight for me.

Sat. Fairest virgin, do not fear
Me, that doth thy body bear, 20
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be ;
Men are ruder far than we.—

See, fair goddess, in the wood
They have let out yet more blood :
Some savage man hath struck her breast; 25

So soft and white, that no wild beast
Durst ha' touched, asleep or wake ;
So sweet, that adder, newt, or snake,
Would have lain, from arm to arm,
On her bosom to be warm 30

All a night, and, being hot,
Gone away, and stung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her breast
A man, sure, is a kind of beast.

Clo. With spotless hand on spotless breast 35
I put these herbs, to give thee rest :
Which till it heal thee, there will bide,
If both be pure ; if not, off slide.—
See, it falls off from the wound !
Shepherdess, thou art not sound, 40
Full of lust.

Sat. Who would have thought it ?
So fair a face !

Clo. Why, that hath brought it.

Amo. For aught I know or think, these words
my last,

Yet, Pan so help me as my thoughts are chaste !

Clo. And so may Pan bless this my curc, 45
As all my thoughts are just and pure !
Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,
That will not let my medicines work.—
Satyr, search if thou canst find it.

Sat. Here away methinks I wind it : 50
Stronger yet.—Oh, here they be ;
Here, here, in a hollow tree,

21 *heal'd*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *held* Q1.

27 *ha'*] So F. *a* Qq. *have* Dyce.

SCENE II] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 95

Stay, fair nymph ; fly not so fast ;
 We must try if you be chaste.—
 Here's a hand that quakes for fear ;
 Sure, she will not prove so clear. 90

Clo. Hold her finger to the flame ;
 That will yield her praise or shame.

Sat. To her doom she dares not stand,
 But plucks away her tender hand ;
 And the taper darting sends 95
 His hot beams at her fingers' ends.—
 Oh, thou art foul within, and hast
 A mind, if nothing else, unchaste !

Alex. Is not that Cloe ? 'Tis my love, 'tis she !
 Cloe, fair Cloe !

Cloe. My Alexis !

Alex. He. 100

Cloe. Let me embrace thee.

Clo. Take her hence,

Lest her sight disturb his sense.

Alex. Take not her ; take my life first !

Clo. See, his wound again is burst :

Keep her near, here in the wood, 105

Till I have stopt these streams of blood.

Soon again he ease shall find,

If I can but still his mind.

This curtain thus I do display,

To keep the piercing air away. [*Exeunt.* 110

101-2 So divided in Q3, etc., and Dyce. Q1, 2 divide after *thee*
 110 s.d. Not in old eds Dyce has elaborate directions. After l. 106 he
 prints : *Satyr* leads off *Cloe* ; and after l. 110 : Draws a curtain before the
 bower. Scene closes.—It is clear that the *Satyr* and *Cloe* exeunt at the side
 while *Clorin* retires into the recess, whither *Alexis* and *Amoret* have been
 already conveyed, and the traverse is closed.

SCENE III] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 97

The. Right holy sir, I have not known this night
 What the smooth face of mirth was, or the sight
 Of any looseness ; music, joy, and ease,
 Have been to me as bitter drugs to please 30
 A stomach lost with weakness, not a game
 That I am skilled at throughly : nor a dame,
 Went her tongue smoother than the feet of time,
 Her beauty ever living like the rime
 Our blessed Tityrus did sing of yore ; 35
 No, were she more enticing than the store
 Of fruitful summer, when the loaden tree
 Bids the faint traveller be bold an' free ;
 'Twere but to me like thunder gainst the bay,
 Whose lightning may enclose, but never stay 40
 Upon his charmed branches ; such am I
 Against the catching flames of woman's eye.

Priest. Then, wherefore hast thou wandered ?

The. 'Twas a vow
 That drew me out last night, which I have now
 Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give 45
 Fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.

Priest. 'Tis good to hear ye, shepherd, if the heart
 In this well-sounding music bear his part.
 Where have you left the rest ?

The. I have not seen,
 Since yesternight we met upon this green 50
 To fold our flocks up, any of that train ;
 Yet have I walked these woods round, and have lain
 All this long night under an aged tree ;
 Yet neither wandering shepherd did I see,
 Or shepherdess ; or drew into mine ear 55
 The sound of living thing, unless it were
 The nightingale, among the thick-leaved spring
 That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
 Whole nights away in mourning ; or the owl,
 Or our great enemy, that still doth howl 60
 Against the moon's cold beams.

35 *Tityrus*] It has been usual to suppose that Fletcher, like Spenser, applied this name, long consecrated to Vergil, to Chaucer.

39 The bay or laurel was supposed safe from lightning.

52 *these*] So Q1, F. *those* Q2-5, Dyce.

53 *long*] So Q1, Dyce. Omit Q2. *same* Q3, etc.

60 *enemy*] i. e. the wolf. Cf. *Fairy Queen*, I. v. 274.

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SCENE III] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 99

Be comforted : the holy gods are still 90
 Revengers of these wrongs.

Amar. Thou blessèd man,
 Honour'd upon these plains, and loved of Pan,
 Hear me, and save from endless infamy
 My yet-unblasted flower, virginity !
 By all the garlands that have crown'd that head, 95
 By thy chaste office, and the marriage-bed
 That still is bless'd by thee ; by all the rites
 Due to our god, and by those virgin lights
 That burn before his altar ; let me not
 Fall from my former state, to gain the blot 100
 That never shall be purged ! I am not now
 That wanton Amarillis : here I vow
 To Heaven, and thee, grave father, if I may
 Scape this unhappy night, to know the day
 A virgin, never after to endure 105
 The tongues or company of men unpure !
 I hear him come ; save me !

Priest. Retire a while
 Behind this bush, till we have known that vile
 Abuser of young maidens. [*They retire.*]

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay thy pace,
 Most lovèd Amarillis ; let the chase 110
 Grow calm and milder ; fly me not so fast :
 I fear the pointed brambles have unlaced
 Thy golden buskins. Turn again, and see
 Thy shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
 Able to give thee all content and ease : 115
 I am not bashful, virgin ; I can please
 At first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,
 And give thee many kisses, soft and warm
 As those the sun prints on the smiling cheek

93, etc. Warton and Weber compare *Comus*, l. 883, etc.
 97 *rites*] So Dyce. *rights* Qq, F.
 98 *virgin lights*] i. e. tapers of virgin wax.
 105 So Q1, 2, Dyce. *A virgin, never to endure* Q3. *To live a virgin,*
never to endure, Q4, etc.
 108 *bush*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *bushk* Q1 (for *busk*?).
 109 s.d.] Added by Dyce.
 119 *on the*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *on thy* Q1, 2.

SCENE IV.

*Part of the Wood.**Enter PERIGOT, with his hand bloody.*

Peri. Here will I wash it in the morning's dew,
 Which she on every little grass doth strew
 In silver drops against the sun's appear :
 'Tis holy water, and will make me clear.
 My hand will not be cleansed — My wrongèd love, 5
 If thy chaste spirit in the air yet move,
 Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
 All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand ;
 And though I struck thee undeservedly,
 Let my revenge on her that injured thee 10
 Make less a fault which I intended not,
 And let these dew-drops wash away my spot !—
 It will not cleanse. Oh, to what sacred flood
 Shall I resort, to wash away this blood ?
 Amidst these trees the holy Clorin dwells, 15
 In a low cabin of cut boughs, and heals
 All wounds : to her I will myself address,
 And my rash faults repentantly confess ;
 Perhaps she'll find a means, by art or prayer,
 To make my hand, with chaste blood stainèd, fair. 20
 That done, not far hence, underneath some tree
 I'll have a little cabin built, since she
 Whom I adored is dead ; there will I give
 Myself to strictness, and, like Clorin, live. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Not marked in old eds. Locality added by Dyce.

1 *the*] So Q1, Dyce. *this* Q2, etc.3 *appear*] It seems just possible that the word might have the sense of 'appearance,' though no other instance is recorded. But I strongly suspect that we ought to read *sun* for *sun's*.24 *strictness*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *stricknesse* Q1, 2.

Come near.

Peri. I dare not.

Clo. Satyr, see

Who it is that calls on me.

Sat. There, at hand, some swain doth stand,

Stretching out a bloody hand. 30

Peri. Come, Clorin, bring thy holy waters clear,

To wash my hand.

Clo. What wonders have been here

To-night ! Stretch forth thy hand, young swain ;

Wash and rub it, whilst I rain

Holy water.

Peri. Still you pour, 35

But my hand will never scour.

Clo. Satyr, bring him to the bower :

We will try the sovereign power

Of other waters.

Sat. Mortal, sure,

'Tis the blood of maiden pure 40

That stains thee so.

[*The Satyr leadeth him to the bower, where he spieth
AMORET, and kneeleth down ; she knoweth him.*

Peri. Whate'er thou be,
Be'st thou her sprite, or some divinity,
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,
Pardon poor Perigot !

Amo. I am thy love, 45

Thy Amoret, for evermore thy love :
Strike once more on my naked breast, I'll prove
As constant still. Oh, couldst thou love me yet,
How soon should I my former griefs forget !

Peri. So over-great with joy that you live, now 50
I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doth seize me. Hast thou still power to forgive ?

Amo. Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live :
More welcome now than hadst thou never gone
Astray from me !

29 *There, at*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *Thers a Q1. Thers at Q2.*

46 *Strike*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *Stick Q1, 2.*

47 *couldst*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *canst Q1, 2.*

48 *should*] So Q3, etc. *could Q1, 2, Dyce.*

SCENE V] THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS 105

All this confusion fell ; for to this place,
Thou holy maiden, have I brought the race 85
Of these offenders, who have freely told
Both why and by what means they gave this bold
Attempt upon their lives.

Clo. Fume all the ground,
And sprinkle holy water, for unsound
And foul infection gins to fill the air : 90
[t gathers yet more strongly ; take a pair
Of censers fill'd with frankincense and myrrh,
Together with cold camphire : quickly stir
Hee, gentle Satyr, for the place begins
To sweat and labour with the abhorred sins 95
Of those offenders : let them not come nigh,
For full of itching flame and leprosy
Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,
And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black
And so unheard-of venom.—Hie thee fast, 100
Thou holy man, and banish from the chaste
These manlike monsters ; let them never more
Be known upon these downs, but, long before
The next sun's rising, put them from the sight
And memory of every honest wight : 105
Be quick in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weak patients break into new gores.

[*Exit* Priest.

Peri. My dear, dear Amoret, how happy are
Those blessèd pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong 110
For time, or steel, or envy to do wrong !
How do you feel your hurts ? Alas, poor heart,
How much I was abused ! Give me the smart,
For it is justly mine.

Amo. I do believe :
It is enough, dear friend ; leave off to grieve, 115
And let us once more, in despite of ill,
Give hands and hearts again.

84 *fell*] So Q2, etc., and Dyce. *full* Q1.

88 *lives*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *live* Q1.

91 *take a pair*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. Omit Q1.

93 *camphire*] i. e. camphor, a reputed antaphrodisiac.

That may raise thee, and re-cure
 All thy life that was impure.
 Hold your hand unto the flame ;
 If thou be'st a perfect dame,
 Or hast truly vowed to mend, 150
 This pale fire will be thy friend.—
 See, the taper hurts her not !
 Go thy ways ; let never spot
 Henceforth seize upon thy blood :
 Thank the gods, and still be good. 155

Clo. Young shepherdess, now ye are brought again
 To virgin-state, be so, and so remain
 To thy last day, unless the faithful love
 Of some good shepherd force thee to remove ;
 Then labour to be true to him, and live 160
 As such a one that ever strives to give
 A blessed memory to after-time ;
 Be famous for your good, not for your crime.—
 Now, holy man, I offer up again
 These patients, full of health and free from pain : 165
 Keep them from after-ills ; be ever near
 Unto their actions ; teach them how to clear
 The tedious way they pass through from suspect ;
 Keep them from wrong in others, or neglect
 Of duty in themselves ; correct the blood 170
 With thrifty bits and labour ; let the flood,
 Or the next neighbouring spring, give remedy
 To greedy thirst and travail, not the tree
 That hangs with wanton clusters ; let not wine,
 Unless in sacrifice or rites divine, 175
 Be ever known of shepherds ; have a care,
 Thou man of holy life ! Now do not spare
 Their faults through much remissness, nor forget
 To cherish him whose many pains and sweat
 Hath given increase and added to the downs ; 180

168 *suspect*] i. e. suspicion.

169 *wrong in*] So Q1, 2. *wronging* Q3, etc., Dyce. The original reading gives a better parallel to the next line. The meaning is 'evil communications'

171 *bits*] i. e. fare

175 *rites*] So F and Dyce. *rights* Qq

That honest Dorus taught ye—Dorus, he
That was the soul and god of melody. 215

[*They all sing.*]

THE SONG.

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes, 220

Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground

With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame. 225

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honoured. Daffadillies,
Roses, pinks, and lovèd lilies, 230

Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,

Ever honoured, ever young !
Thus great Pan is ever sung. 235

[*Exeunt all except CLORIN and the Satyr.*]

Sat. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessèd,
Eyes of stars, and golden-tressèd
Like Apollo ; tell me, sweetest, 240
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr ? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make 245
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light ?
Shall I dive into the sea,

214 *Dorus*] This can only refer to Spenser, from a passage in whose *Shepherd's Calendar* (IV. ll. 140-1) Fletcher clearly imitated ll. 228-9 in the following song

235 s.d. all . . . *Satyr*] Not in old eds.

240, etc. Weber remarked that Fletcher here imitated Ariel's lines in the *Tempest* (I. ii. 190) ; but the imitation, if any, must almost certainly be the other way. Cf. also the final speech in *Comus*.

246 *of night*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *of the night* Q1.

THE MAD LOVER

EDITED BY R. WARWICK BOND

THE MAD LOVER

TEXT.—The text of the Folios is very respectable, save in the matter of metrical arrangement. They recognize, however, that the whole play is intended as verse, and they give more stage-directions than usual. I count sixteen mistakes common to both: five of them are cases of speeches wrongly assigned (II. 1. 49, III. iv. 115, vi. 20-1, IV. ii. 20-2, V. iv. 206), the others of importance being II. 1. 105 'Provision,' 139 punctuation, iii. 70 'my fortunes,' V. iv. 225 'royaltie,' 235 'now is got up to the gudge'.

F2 is distinctly the better text. Besides giving the list of Dramatis Personæ, 'Scene—Paphos,' and the names of the chief actors—all of which are wanting in F1—it corrects its predecessor for the better in thirty-nine places, many of them important, e.g. II. i. 165 'creep' for 'weep,' III. iv. 146 'poets' for 'Poets.' It makes some dozen other indifferent changes, and thirteen which are for the worse, e.g. 'strong' for 'strange' II. 1. 36, 'behold' for 'lament' III. ii. 110. F1 also preserves two brief passages (III. iii. 16-19, IV. ii. 32-3) excised in F2 for decency's sake; and in V. iv. 250 the words 'Room before there. Knock,' besides the names of two boy-actors ('Ed. Hor.' II. ii. 20, 'Ric. Bav.' III. i. 1), which have disappeared in its successor.

S.d. here are always reproduced from Ff, unless otherwise noted. Asides are very rarely marked in them.

The fragmentary copy of the Svo. edition of 1711 in the Brit. Museum does not contain this play. Seward reports it as generally following the errors of F2. It can be of very small importance for the Text.

Of the Editors, Seward corrected several of the sixteen mistakes preserved by F2, and made some other emendations not wholly fortunate, e.g. II. 1. 139, ii. 58, iii. 31; Weber marked localities, and inserted many stage-directions, to the number of which Dyce added. Almost invariably we follow Dyce's metrical arrangement.

ARGUMENT.—The rough, imperious, soldier Memnon, returning victorious to Court, is smitten with a desperate passion for the Princess Calis, who sport pretends to accept in the most literal and verbal sense his offer of his heart. His suicide is momentarily delayed by the offer of his captain, Syphax, to plead his cause; but Syphax himself falls in love with Calis, and engages one of her ladies, his sister Cleanthe, to assist him. The latter bribes a priestess of Venus to trick the princess into a quasi-religious union with him: but the plot is overheard by Chlax, a comic soldier and favourite of the priestess, and defeated by his substitution of Syphax' old flame, Cloe; while Calis on her visit to the shrine, is answered by Venus in person that she must enjoy a dead love. Meanwhile Memnon has summoned a surgeon to cut out his heart; but, on the arrival of his younger brother Polydore from Athens, consents to await the result of a stratagem. While efforts are made to distract him by a masque and by the introduction of a prostitute disguised as the Princess—an imposture he easily penetrates—Polydore tries to excite Calis' compassion by a mock funeral and the presentation of an animal's heart as Memnon's. He only succeeds, however, in kindling in her a passion for himself; the trick of the funeral leaks out; and the King himself presses his sister upon him. But, since he remains firm to his brother's interest, the King undertakes to plead Memnon's cause with Calis. To leave her heart the more free, Polydore feigns death; and only revives when Memnon, in recognition of so much

and died in B.C. 333. He is mentioned in Plutarch's *Life of Alexander* as the best commander Darius had upon the sea-coasts, who, had he lived, might much have hindered Alexander's progress. The *Apophthegmata* further relates how he rebuked a medæan soldier who reviled Alexander, smiting him on the head with his lance—an incident which may have suggested Memnon's choïer in our play. In Plutarch, however, he is said to have been married to Barsina. It is noteworthy that Demagoras was the name of the commander of a Rhodian galley in the war against Mithridates (Plut. *Life of Lucullus*); while Polydorus was the name of a Rhodian sculptor who is said to have shared in the creation of the Laocœon group. The admiration of the two brothers for Calis may be faintly reminiscent of the *Persiles and Sigismunda* of Cervantes, on which Fletcher and Massinger drew largely in *The Custom of the Country*. In that tale Persiles conceals his passion for Sigismunda because she is beloved by his elder brother Maximinus, and falls dangerously ill in consequence. On his mother informing the lady, she and Persiles journey to Rome. They are followed thither by Maximinus; but the latter falls a victim to the climate, and on his deathbed joins the lovers' hands.

"The Design of Cleanthe's Suborning the Priestess to give a false Oracle in favour of her Brother Syphax, is borrowed from the Story of Mundus and Paulina, describ'd at large by Josephus, Lib. 18, cap. 3." Langbaine's *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 211. "The same story is told [more discursively, but without addition of detail] by Bandello (edit. Lucca, vol. III. nov. XIX.). Josephus relates, that Paulina, the beautiful and chaste wife of Saturninus, whose virtues paralleled her own, was greatly offended by the importunities of Mundus, a man of equestrian rank. When Mundus found that Paulina rejected every solicitation, and even refused two hundred thousand drachmæ, which he had offered her for one night, he resolved to furnish himself to death. But a freed woman, who had belonged to his father, named Ide, becoming acquainted with the circumstances, undertook to put the lady in his power, requiring fifty thousand drachmæ to execute her purpose. She knew that Paulina was much addicted to the worship of Isis, and accordingly proceeded to the temple of the goddess, where she obtained a promise of assistance from several of the priests, paying them one half of the fifty thousand drachmæ immediately, and promising the other whenever the design was accomplished. One of the priests went to the house of Paulina, and informed her that the god Anubis was fallen in love with her, and had desired her to come to him. Greatly flattered at the condescension of that deity, she obtained her husband's consent, who was perfectly persuaded of her chastity. In the evening she went to the temple, where, after having supped, and the lights being put out, she was met by Mundus, who lay with her the whole night. The morning being come, and the fictitious god having disappeared, she returned home, and boasted of her connection with Anubis to all her acquaintance, who strongly suspected some trick of priestcraft. Three days afterwards, she met Mundus, who thanked her for having saved him the promised sum of two hundred thousand drachmæ, and, acquainting her with the deceit he had practised, went his way. Overwhelmed with grief, she discovered the trick to her husband, and conjured him not to suffer such an indignity to pass unrevenged. Saturninus accordingly made the matter known to the emperor Tiberius, who, after a full inquiry, caused the guilty priests and Ide to be crucified, the temple of Isis to be demolished, and her statue to be thrown into the Tiber. Mundus, having acted by the impulse of love, was punished only with banishment. From this abstract, it will be seen that the poet was indebted for a slight hint only to the historian."—Dyce (slightly altered from Weber).—Fletcher, putting Paphos for Rhodes, makes Venus the goddess.

Dr. Koppel (Münchener Beiträge, Heft 11, 1895, p. 78) noted the resemblance of the situation between Polydore and Calis to that between Rosalind-

PROLOGUE

To please all is impossible, and to despair
 Ruins ourselves, and damps the writer's care :
 Would we knew what to do, or say, or when
 To find the minds here equal with the men !
 But we must venture ; now to sea we go, 5
 Fair fortune with us, give us room, and blow :
 Remember ye're all venturers, and in this play
 How many twelve-pences ye have 'stow'd this day ;
 Remember, for return of your delight

PROLOGUE] It is printed with Epilogue at end of play in both Ff. Mr. Fleay, 'Chronology of Fletcher and Massinger' (*Eng. Studien*, vol. ix.), says, 'The Prologue and Epilogue are by Fletcher,' as they may be, but see l. 4 note. The metaphor of a voyage for traffic is common to both.

1 *all us*] Both Ff *all*'s.

2 *writer*'s] Dyce. Both Ff *writers*, which Colman alone printed as *writers*'s, favouring the joint authorship: Seward and Weber *writers*, shirking the decision.

4 *To find the minds here equal with the men*] "'So many men, so many minds' is an old saying. It seems here to be implied that one man has many minds" (Colman). Rather, that if each man brought a *mind* with him, the play could not fail to please: but *men* may refer to the *writers*.

8 *twelve-pences*] From the mass of contradictory evidence quoted by Collier (*Hist. of Dram. Poetry*, III. 147 sqq.) we may select (1) the passage in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, 'it shall be lawful for any man to judge his sixpennyworth, his twelvepennyworth, so to his eighteenpence, two shillings, half a crown, to the value of his place'; (2) the mention of 'half-crown boxes' in Fletcher's *Wit without Money*, I. i. 103, generally assigned to ?1614; (3) the sneer of Loveless in *The Scornful Lady*, IV. i. 240 (1609 or 1610), that now he is rid of the company of his expensive mistress he 'can see a play For eighteenpence'; and, noting the 'all' of the preceding line, conclude that twelvepence is here chosen as the average price of a good seat, rather than of the best, at the date of our play, i. e. about 1618, when prices no doubt ranged somewhat higher than in Shakespeare's time. The Prologue may, however, be addressed chiefly to the more critical portion of the audience, the 'twelvopenny stool gentlemen' of Middleton's *Roaring Girl* (printed 1611), i. e. the young bloods who had paid a shilling for their seat upon the stage in addition to what they had paid at the door.

8 *'stow'd*] So Ff and Seward, i. e. bestowed. Succeeding edd. *stow'd*, meaning we suppose that they have stowed their money in the play as a cargo in the hold of a ship.

THE MAD LOVER

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Flourish. Enter ASTORAX, King of Paphos, his sister CALIS, Train, and CLEANTHE, LUCIPPE, Gentlewomen, at one door; at the other EUMENES, a Soldier.

Eum. Health to my sovereign!

King. Eumenes, welcome;

Welcome to Paphos, soldier, to our love!

And that fair health ye wish us, through the camp

May it disperse itself, and make all happy!

How does the general, the valiant Memnon? 5

And how his wars, Eumenes?

Eum. The gods have given you, royal sir, a soldier,

Better ne'er sought a danger; more approved

In way of war, more master of his fortunes,

Expert in leading 'em; in doing valiant, 10

In following all his deeds to victories,

And holding fortune certain there.

King. Oh, soldier,

Act I. . . . Palace] This Play is divided into Acts, and the first scene of each Act is marked in the Ff Weber, 1812, completed the numbering of the scenes and marked their localities.

s.d. Flourish. Enter . . . Soldier:] So Ff, variously altered by the editors. 10 'em] So Ff, and so pointed. We have mentally to repeat *more* with *Expert*, and *valiant* with *In following* Seward, placing a colon after *fortunes*, read *on* for 'em; but he was not followed.

12 soldier,] qy. soldier! 1. c. Memnon? (A. II. B.)

He that must eat must sweat."—"Bring up the rear
there!"

Or, "Charge that wing of horse home!" [Flourish.

King.

Go to, go to:

Valiant and wise are twins, sir.

*Enter MEMNON and a train of Courtiers and Soldiers,
POLYBIUS, PELIUS, and CHILAX.*

Welcome, welcome;

Welcome, my fortunate and famous general! 45

High in thy prince's favour as in fame,

Welcome to peace and Paphos!

Mem.

Thank your grace;

And would to God my dull tongue had that sweetness

To thank you as I should! but pardon me;

My sword and I speak roughly, sir: your battles, 50

I dare well say, I have fought well; for I bring ye

That lazy end you wish for, peace, so fully,

That no more name of war is: who now thinks

Sooner or safer these might have been ended,

Begin 'em, if he dare, again; I'll thank him. 55

Soldier and soldier's mate these twenty-five years,

At length your general (as one whose merit

Durst look upon no less), I have waded through

Dangers would damp these soft souls but to hear of:

The maidenheads of thousand lives hang here, sir. 60

[Pointing to his sword.

Since which time, prince, I know no court but martial,

No oily language but the shock of arms,

No dalliance but with death; no lofty measures,

But weary and sad marches, cold and hunger,

'Larums at midnight Valour's self would shake at; 65

Yet I ne'er shrunk: balls of consuming wildfire,

That lick'd men up like lightning, have I laugh'd at,

And toss'd 'em back again like children's trifles;

42 *swear*] So F1, i.e. earn his food by work. F2 *fight*; and so the editors, except Dyce.

55 *he*] F2. F1 *ye*.

59 *would damp*] F2. F1 *would damp't* i.e. would have damped.

60 *hang*] F2. F1 *hangs*. Colman would make this line follow l. 76 *Mothers*, etc., but the interval seems too great for such a transposition.

60 s.d. Pointing, etc.] Added Weber.

63 *measures*] dances. Cf. *Rich. III*, I. i. 8 'marches . . . measures.'

Old bed-rid beldames, without teeth or tongues,
That would not fly his fury. How he looks!

Cle. This way devoutly.

Calis. Sure, his lordship's viewing 95
Our fortifications.

Lucip. If he mount at me,
I may chance choke his battery.

Calis. Still his eye
Keeps quarter this way: Venus grant his valour
Be not in love!

Cle. If he be, presently
Expect a herald and a trumpet with ye, 100
To bid ye render; we two perdues pay for't else.

King. I'll leave ye to my sister and these ladies,
To make your welcome fuller. My good soldier,
We must now turn your sternness into courtship.
When ye have done there, to your fair repose, sir; 105
I know you need it, Memnon.—Welcome, gentlemen!

[*Flourish and exit KING with Gentlemen.*]

Lucip. Now he begins to march. Madam, the van's
yours;
Keep your ground sure; 'tis for your spurs.

Mem. Oh, Venus!

[*He kneels amazed and forgets to speak.*]

Calis. How he stares on me!

Cle. Knight him, madam, knight him;
He will grow to th' ground else.

Eum. Speak, sir; 'tis the princess. 110

Polyb. Ye shame yourself; speak to her.

Calis. Rise and speak, sir.
Ye are welcome to the court, to me, to all, sir.

Lucip. Is he not deaf?

Calis. The gentleman's not well.

Eum. Fie, noble general!

Lucip. Give him fresh air; his colour goes. How do ye? 115

101 *perdues*] Used generally of men posted in ambush or sent on a forlorn hope, here simply of being in a desperate position. (Cf. *King and No King*, I. i. 8, note.) *else*] i. e. if you won't surrender.

104 *courtship*] i. e. courtly behaviour.—Dyce.

106 s.d. with Gentlemen] Added Dyce.

108 s.d. He kneels . . . speak] So Ff.

108 *'tis for your spurs*] i. e. it is your first exploit; and, to establish your character, you must behave with spirit.—Mason.

This fellow has been a rare hare-finder :
See how his eyes are set !

Calis. Some one go with me ;
I'll send him something for his head : poor gentleman,
He's troubled with the staggers.

Lucip. Keep him dark, 145
He will run March-mad else ; the fumes of battles
Ascend into his brains.

Cle. Clap to his feet
An old drum-head, to draw the thunder downward.

Calis. Look to him, gentlemen.—Farewell, lord : I
am sorry

We cannot kiss at this time ; but, believe it, 150
We'll find an hour for all —God keep my children
From being such sweet soldiers !—Softly, wenches,
Lest we disturb his dream.

[*Exeunt CALIS and Ladies.*]

Eum. Why, this is monstrous.

Polyb. A strange forgetfulness ; yet still he holds it.

Pel. Though he ne'er saw a woman of great fashion 155
Before this day, yet methinks 'tis possible
He might imagine what they are, and what
Belongs unto 'em ; mere report of others——

Eum. Pish, his head had other whimsies in't.—My
lord !
Death, I think y' are struck dumb : my good lord-
general !

Polyb. Sir ! 160

Mem. That I do love ye, madam, and so love ye,

142 *rare hare-finder . . . eyes are set*] In the Prologue to *Sir Thopas* the Host says to Chaucer—

‘Thou lokest as thou woldest finde an hare,

For ever upon the ground I see thee stare.’

Both passages contain a reference to the popular notion that a hare crossing a person's way disordered his senses. See Sir Th. Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, Bk. V. ch. 23, and also *Wit at Several Weapons*, II. iii, where a similar absence of mind in Pompey provokes the remark, ‘some hare has clost him.’

145 *the staggers*] ‘A kind of horses' apoplexy, is mentioned in *All's Well that Ends Well* [Act II. sc. iii]. One species of it is a raging impatience, which makes the animal dash himself with destructive violence against posts or walls.” —Reed.

145 *Keep him dark*] It is usual to muffle the animal's head in a cloth.

158 *unto 'em ; mere*] Silently altered by Seward to—

“to 'em, by *mere*.”

Knowledge to treat with her, and full discretion,
 Being at flood still in ye ; and in peace,
 And manly conversation, smooth and civil,
 Where gracefulness and glory twin together 190
 Thrust yourself out an exile ? Do you know, sir,
 What state she carries ? what great obedience
 Waits at her beck continually ?

Mem. She ne'er commanded
 A hundred thousand men, as I have done,
 Nor ne'er won battle. Say I would have kiss'd her. 195

Eum. There was a dainty offer too, a rare one !

Mem. Why, she is a woman, is she not ?

Eum. She is so

Mem. Why, very well ; what was she made for, then ?
 Is she not young and handsome, bred to breed ?
 Do not men kiss fair women ? if they do, 200
 If lips be not unlawful ware, why, a princess
 Is got the same way that we get a beggar,
 Or I am cozen'd ; and the selfsame way
 She must be handled ere she get another.
 That's rudeness, is it not ?

Pel. To her 'tis held so, 205
 And rudeness in that high degree——

Mem. 'Tis reason :
 But I will be more punctual. Pray, what thought she ?

Eum. Her thoughts were merciful ; but she laugh'd at ye,
 Pitying the poorness of your compliment,
 And so she left ye. Good sir, shape yourself 210
 To understand the place and noble persons
 You live with now.

Polyb. Let not those great deserts
 The king hath laid up of ye, and the people,
 Be blasted with ill bearing.

Eum. The whole name

187 *treat with her*] i. e. with war, not with Calis.

190 *twin*] Both *Ff* *twyn* : Colman *twine* perhaps rightly.

191-3 Otherwise arranged *Ff*. Usually, where their arrangement is faulty, we have silently rearranged as Dyce. Numerous cases where they print a short speech as one line rather than two hemistichs, cause no dislocation, and are not worth a note.

192 *she carries ? what*] Seward chose to print '*she carries ?* and *what*' and so Colman.

207 *punctual*] i. e. punctilious.—Dyce.

214 *ill bearing*] i. e. ill behaviour.—Weber.

For starve nor beg they must not. My small means
 Are gone *in fumo* ; here to raise a better—
 Unless it be with lying or dog-flattering, 240
 At which our nation's excellent, observing dog-days,
 When this good lady broils and would be basted
 By that good lord, or such like moral learnings—
 Is here impossible. Well, I will rub among 'em ;
 If any thing for honesty be gotten, 245
 Though't be but bread and cheese, I can be satisfied .
 If otherwise the wind blow, stiff as I am
 Yet I shall learn to shuffle. There's an old lass
 That shall be nameless, yet alive, my last hope,
 Has often got me my pocket full of crowns. 250
 If all fail—

Enter Fool and PICUS.

Jack-daws, are you alive still? then
 I see the coast clear, when fools and boys can prosper.

Pic. Brave lieutenant!

Fool. Hail to the man of worship!

Chi. You are fine, sirs,

Most passing fine at all points.

Fool. As ye see, sir, 255

Home-bred and handsome ; we cut not out our clothes,
 sir,

At half-sword, as your tailors do, and pink 'em
 With pikes and partizans ; we live retired, sir,
 Gentleman-like, and jealous of our honours.

Chi. Very fine fool, and fine boy ; peace plays with
 you 260

As the wind plays with feathers, dances ye ;
 You grind with all gusts, gallants.

Pic. We can bounce, sir,

(When you soldadoes bend i' th' hams) and frisk too.

246 *Though't* F2. *Thou't* F1.

248 *an old lass*] i. e. the Priestess. Cf. his remark III. vi. 15, 'all's mine,
 all' of the money she receives from Cleanthe.

257 *pink*] i. e. work in eylet-holes, pierce in small holes.—Dyce.

258 *partizans*] i. e. halberds.

262 *gusts*] i. e. of wind, as a windmill.—Weber.

262 *bounce*] Needlessly altered by Seward, on Theobald's suggestion, to
bound, which Colman adopted.

Now the drum's dubb's [done], and the sticks turn'd
bed-staves, 280

All the old foxes hunted to their holes,
The iron age return'd to Erebus,
And *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*
Thrust out o' th' kingdom by the head and shoulders,
What trade do you mean to follow?

Chi. That's a question 285

Fool. Yes, and a learned question, if ye mark it.
Consider, and say on.

Chi. Fooling, as thou dost ;
That's the best trade, I take it.

Fool. Take it straight, then.
For fear your fellows be before ye : hark ye, lieutenant,
Fooling's the thing, the thing worth all your fightings ; 290
When all's done, ye must fool, sir.

Chi. Well, I must, then,

Fool. But do you know what fooling is ? true fooling ?
The circumstances that belong unto it ?
For every idle knave that shews his teeth,
Wants and would live, can juggle, tumble, fiddle, 295
Make a dog-face, or can abuse his fellow,
Is not a fool at first dash ; you shall find, sir,
Strange turnings in this trade ; to fool is nothing,
As fooling has been ; but to fool the fair way,
The new way, as the best men fool their friends ; 300

280 *drum's dubb's [done]*] F1 *Drums doubbes* F2 *Drums dubb's*. The possible loss of *done* (added by Weber and Dyce) or *d'er* (added by Colman) was suggested by Seward, who gave in his own text the awkward *Drum dubb* 28 ; though Mason's *drum's dubb* is a possible, if inferior, emendation

280 *bed-staves*] Nares' explanation, 'wooden pins,' given on *King and No King*, IV. iii. 129, is Dr. Johnson's, and is dismissed by the *N.E.D.* as without authority. It gives "The stout sticks or staves laid (loose) across the bed-stocks in old wooden bedsteads, to support the bedding (the precursors of the modern laths), are in Scotland called *bed-rungs* (*rung* = staff, cudgel) and in some parts of England *bed-sticks* they often served as improvised weapons." The *N.E.D.* quotes 1626 *Alleyne's Will* (N.) 'All the furniture in the twelve poor schollars chamber, that is to say, six bedsteads, sixe mattresses, sixe feather beds . . . three dozen of bedstaves, and six pewter chamber potts': and *a.* 1652, Brome, *City Wit*, IV. iii. 'Say there is no virtue in cudgels and bedstaves.'

281 *foxes*] broad-swords. Cf. *King and No King*, IV. iii. 102, 'My fox bites as deep.'

282 *return'd to Erebus*] dismissed to darkness.

283 *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*] "This word often occurs as the longest in existence. It is found in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, and in Nashe's *Leuten Stuff*."—Weber.

And money when two Wednesdays meet together,
Where to be lousy is a gentleman,
And he that wears a clean shirt has his shrowd on. 330

Chi. I'll be your scholar, come, if I like fooling.

Fool. You cannot choose but like it: fight you one
day,

I'll fool another; when your surgeon's paid,
And ail your leaks stopt, see whose slops are heaviest.

I'll have a shilling for a can of wine, 335

When you shall have two sergeants for a counter.

Pic. Come, learn of us, lieutenant; hang your iron up;
We'll find you cooler wars.

Chi. Come, let's together;
I'll see your tricks, and, as I like 'em——

SCENE II.

Park belonging to the Palace.

Enter MEMNON, EUMENES, POLYBIUS, and PELIUS

Mem. Why were there not such women in the camp,
then,

Prepared to make me know 'em?

Eum. 'Twas no place, sir.

Polyb. Why should they live in tumults? they are
creatures

Soft, and of sober natures.

Mem. Could not your wives,
Your mothers, or your sisters, have been sent for 5
To exercise upon?

330 *has his shrowd on*] i. e. it is a dangerous advertisement of his wealth.—
A most vigorous speech.

334 *slops*] i. e. large loose breeches, or trowsers.—Weber Cf *Scornful*,
Lady, I. i. 226.

336 *When you shall have two sergeants for a counter*] “A quibble on the
word *counter*, as applied to a *prison* and a *false piece of money*; and the mean-
ing of the passage, ‘I shall have a shilling for a can of wine, you only a *counter*,
and will be in custody of *two sergeants*, i. e. officers belonging to the *Counter*’
—Reed.

339 *like 'em*] As the folios have a full point as well as a break at the end
of this speech, it probably concluded with some word which the compositor was
unable to decypher.—Dyce.

Sc. II. 1 *were*] Both the folios *was*.

Mem. What?

Eum. Do what you list, draw your sword childishly
Upon your servants that are bound to tell ye. 30
I am weary of my life.

Polyb. And I.

Pel. And all, sir.

Eum. Go to the princess, make her sport, cry to her,
"I am the glorious man of war!"

Mem. Pray ye, leave me :
I am sorry I was angry ; I'll think better :
Pray, no more words.

Eum. Good sir——

Mem. Nay, then——

Pel. We are gone, sir. 35

[*Exeunt EUMENES, POLYBIUS, and PELIUS.*]

Enter CALIS, LUCIPPE, and CLEANTHE.

Calis. How came he hither? see, for Heaven's sake,
wenches,

[*MEMNON walks aside full of strange gestures.*]

What faces and what postures he puts on!

I do not think he is perfect.

Cle. If your love,
Have not betray'd his little wits, he's well enough ;
As well as he will be.

Calis. Mark how he muses! 40

Lucip. H'as a battalia now in's brains. he draws
out now ;

Have at ye, harpers!

Cle. See, see, there the fire fails!

35 s.d. *Calis*] Princess Calist. F1. Princess, *Calis*, F2.

36 s.d. *Memnon* . . . gestures] So Ff.

37 faces] F1. F2 face.

38 perfect] "I e in his senses. So Lear,

'I think I am not in my *perfect* mind.'—Colman.

42 *Have at ye, harpers*] So Ff. Dyce, after printing *harpies* corrects it in his Addenda to *harpers*,—not (with Weber) as synonymous with the former, but as meaning 'players on the harp': and he quotes, to illustrate this proverbial expression, Cotton's *Virgil Travestie*, B. i. 'Quoth he, blind harpers. have among ye!' and the title of a short poem by Martin Parker, printed 1641,—*The Poet's Blind Man's bough, or Have among you, my blind Harpers.*

'Blind as a Harpar' occurs in Lyly's *Sapho and Phao*, IV. iii. 35.

42 *fails*] So Ff, *Memnon*, having given signs of immediate attack, is stopped by hesitation or want of words. Seward's correction *falls*, adopted by succeeding editors, does not 'carry on the metaphor,' but rather changes it.

And leap into the meaning.

Mem. Then again

I teil you, I do love ye.

Calis. Why?

Mem. No questions :

Pray, no more questions. I do love you infinitely.

Why do you smile? am I ridiculous?

Calis. [*Aside.*] I am monstrous fearful.—No, I joy
you love me.

Mem. Joy on, then, and be proud on't ; I do love
you :—

Stand still ; do not trouble me, you women—

He loves you, lady, at whose feet have kneel'd

Princes to beg their freedoms; he whose valour

Has over-run whole kingdoms.

Calis. That makes me doubt, sir. 75

'Twill over-run me too.

Mem. He whose sword—

Cle. Talk not so big, sir ; you will fright the princess.

Mem. Ha !

Lucip. No, forsooth.

Calis. I know ye have done wonders.

Mem. I have, and will do more and greater, braver ,
And, for your beauty, miracles. Name that kingdom, 80
And take your choice—

Calis. Sir, I am not ambitious.

Mem. Ye shall be ; 'tis the child of gicry. She that
I love,

Whom my desires shall magnify, time stories,

And all the empires of the earth.

Cle. I would fain ask him—

Lucip. Prithee, be quiet ; he will beat us both else. 85

67 *Calis.* *Why?* " *Mr. Seward, we think injudiciously, gives this interrogation to Cleanthe.*"—Colman.

70 s.d. *Aside*] Weber : a dash in Colman.

73 *have*] F2. F1 *has*.

81 *take*] F2. F1 *take*.

83 *magnify, time stories,*] So both Ff and so punctuated in F2 which, in spite of Dyce, has a full stop after *earth* (F1 colon). So, too, Seward and Colman, but with dash, and no stop, after *earth* Mason suggested, and Weber and Dyce adopted, *story*, mentally repeating *shall* and explaining 'whom both time and all the world shall celebrate' : but this leaves *She* as a *nominativus pendens*, as Dyce owned by a break at *earth* (Weber full stop) Dyce suspected the true reading to be *time's story*, an expression which occurs in *The Loyal Subject*, IV. v., but would here be out of all connection with the words which follow.

Calis. He will think these three years, 105
Ere he prove such an ass. I liked his offer :
There was no other way to put him off else.

Mem. I will do it. Lady, expect my heart.

Calis. I do, sir.

Mem. Love it ; for 'tis a heart that——
And so I leave ye.

[*Exit.*

Cle. Either he is stark mad,
Or else, I think, he means it.

110

Calis. He must be stark mad,
Or he will never do it : 'tis vain-glory
And want of judgment that provokes this in him ;
Sleep and society cures all. His heart !
No, no, good gentleman ; there's more belongs to 't : 115
Hearts are at higher prices. Let's go in,
And there examine him a little better :
Shut all the doors behind, for fear he follow.
I hope I have lost a lover, and am glad on 't. [*Exeunt.*

109 for '*tis a heart that*] "These words are not to be found in the first folio, but were added in the second, probably from an authentic source"—Weber All the editors give them, and the apostrophe accords with Memnon's want of words ; but their omission would improve the metre

112 *Or he*] F1. F2 *Or else he.*

119 s.d. *Exeunt*] Ex. Lady. Ff.

Is for a sowter's soul, not an old soldier's.
My brave old regiments—ay, there it goes—
That have been kill'd before me—right—

Enter CHILAN.

Chi. [*Aside.*] He's here.
And I must trouble him.
Men. Then those I have conquer'd 25
To make my train full—
Chi. Sir—
Men. My captains then—
Chi. Sir, I beseech ye—
Men. For to meet her there,
Being a princess and a king's sole sister,
With great accommodation, must be cared for.
Chi. Weigh but the soldier's poverty.
Men. Mine own troop first,— 30
For they shall die—
Chi. [*Aside.*] How; what's this?
Men. Next—
Chi. [*Aside.*] Shall I speak louder?—Sir—
Men. A square battalia—
Chi. You do not think of us.
Men. Their armours gilded—
Chi. Good noble sir—
Men. And round about such engines
Shall make hell shake.
Chi. Ye do not mock me?
Men. For, sir, 35
I will be strange as brave—
Chi. Ye may consider,
You know we have served you long enough.
Men. No soldier
That ever landed on the blest Elysium
Did or shall march as I will—

22 *sowter's*] i. e. cobbler's —Weber.

24 s d. *Aside*] *Asides* in this scene first marked by Dyce, save by Weber at ll 32, 74, 157, 174.

24 *He s*] F2. is F1, by common omission of pronoun subject.

30 *soldier's*] Ff *soldiers*. Colman and succeeding edd *soldiers*. but the collective term 'soldier' occurs below, 'pay the soldier,' l. 93, *Hum. Lieut.*, IV. n. 91, *King and No King*, I. i. 59.

36 *strange as brave*] F1, i. e. as singular as magnificent. F2 reads '*strong as brave*,' which preceding edd have preferred.

Chi. Money, Money, an't like your lordship.
Mem. Why, all the carriage,
 Shall come behind ; the stuff, rich hangings, treasure ;
 Or, say we have none—
Chi. I may say so truly, 60
 For hang me, if I have a groat. I have served well,
 And like an honest man : I see no reason——
Mem. Thou must needs die, good Chilax.
Chi. Very well, sir.
Mem. I will have honest, valiant souls about me ;
 I cannot miss thee.
Chi. Die !
Mem. Yes, die ; and Pelius, 65
 Eumenes, and Polybius : I shall think
 Of more within these two hours.
Chi. Die, sir !
Mem. Ay, sir !
 And ye shall die.
Chi. When, I beseech your lordship ?
Mem. To-morrow see ye do die.
Chi. A short warning :
 Troth, sir, I am ill prepared.
Mem. I die myself then ; 70
 Beside, there's reason——
Chi. Oh !
Mem. I pray thee, tell me,
 For thou art a great dreamer——
Chi. I can dream, sir,
 If I eat well and sleep well.
Mem. Was it never
 By dream or apparition open'd to thee——
Chi. [*Aside.*] He's mad.
Mem. What the other world was, or Elysium ? 75
 Didst never travel in thy sleep ?
Chi. To taverns,
 When I was drunk o'ernight ; or to a wench ;
 There's an Elysium for ye, a young lady

65 *miss thee*] i. e. dispense with thee.

73 *sleep well*] Seward altered the Ff reading to *sleep ill*, arguing that bad sleep accompanied by dreams is the natural result of eating well ; but succeeding edd. did not follow him

You must to th' pot too.

Syph. How!

Chi. Do you know Elysium? 100
A tale he talks the wild-goose-chase of.

Syph. Elysium!

I have read of such a place.

Chi. Then get ye to him,

Ye are as fine company as can be fitted.

Your worship's fairly met. [*Exit CHILAX.*]

Syph. [*Aside.*] Mercy upon us,
What ails this gentleman?

Mem. Incision—— 105

Syph. [*Aside.*] How his head works!

Mem. Between two ribs:

If he cut short, or mangle me, I'll take him

And twirl his neck about.

Syph. [*Aside.*] Now gods defend us!

Mem. In a pure cup transparent, with a writing
To signify——

Syph. [*Aside.*] I never knew him thus: 110
Sure, he's bewitch'd or poison'd.

Mem. Who's there?

Syph. I, sir.

Mem. Come hither. Syphax?

Syph. Yes; how does your lordship?

Mem. Well, God-a-mercy, soldier, very well:
But, prithee, tell me——

Syph. Any thing I can, sir.

Mem. What durst thou do to gain the rarest beauty 115
The world has?

Syph. That the world has! 'tis worth doing.

100 *to the pot*] i. e. be sacrificed, proverbial phrase from a stew-pot into which all manner of ingredients are thrown. Cf. *Coriol.*, I. iv. 47, 'they have shut him in. To th' pot, I warrant him.' Peele's *Edw. I.*, sc. v. (ed. Bullen. 1. 129), 'goes this wretch, this traitor, to the pot.'

104 *Your . . . met*] In both Ff 'Exit Chilax' is printed level with *fiat* but the prefix 'Si.' is only placed before *Mercy* etc. Colman, unbolstered, thought the greeting more properly addressed to Memnon by Syphax.

105 *Incision*] Seward's correction, and obviously necessary.—Both the folios have *Provision*.—Earlier in this scene (l. 17) Memnon says,

'But I must be *incised* first, cut and open'd.'

And again in Act III. sc. ii.,

'You can *incise*

To a hair's breadth, without defacing?' (Dyce.)

Cf note on *Hum. Lieut.*, IV. iv. 166.

111 *he's*] F2. *is* F1.

Are but the heats of half an hour, and hated ,
 Desires stirred up by Nature to increase her ; 140
 Licking of one another to a lust ;
 Coarse and base appetites, earth's mere inheritors,
 And heirs of idleness and blood : pure love,
 That that the soul affects, and cannot purchase
 While she is loaden with our flesh, that love, sir, 145
 Which is the price of honour, dwells not here ;
 Your ladies' eyes are lampless to that virtue ;
 That beauty smiles not on a cheek wash'd over,
 Nor scents the sweets of ambers : below, Syphax,
 Below us in the other world, Elysium, 150
 Where's no more dying, no despairing, mourning,
 Where all desires are full, deserts down loaden,
 There, Syphax, there, where loves are ever living !

Syph. Why do we love in this world, then ?

Mem.

To preserve it,

The Maker lost his work else : but mark, Syphax, 155
 What issues that love bears.

Syph.

Why, children, sir.

[*Aside.*] I never heard him talk thus, thus divinely
 And sensible before.

Mem.

It does so, Syphax ;

Things, like ourselves, as sensual, vain, unvented,
 Bubbles and breaths of air ; got with an itching 160
 As blisters are, and, bred, as much corruption
 Flows from their lives ; sorrow conceives and shapes 'em,
 And oftentimes the deaths of those we love most :
 The breeders bring them to the world to curse 'em ;
 Crying they creep amongst us like young cats ; 165

139 *hated*] i. e. hated as soon as satisfied : so Dyce. Ff and the other edd. place the semicolon after *hour*, and no point at the end of the line, making *hated* ('hateful') for which Seward read *heatid*, an epithet of *desires*.

147 *lampless to*] 'dark compared to'; cf. *King and No King*, IV. n. 53, 'The wind is fix'd to thee'; but 'unreflective of' would agree better with ll. 148-9

149 *sweets of ambers*] F1. F2 has *sweet*, etc. *Ambers* is ambergris, a secretion of the spermaceti whale: cf. IV. v. 49. The first of the *Miscellany Tracts* of Sir Thos. Browne mentions 'Amber, musk and civet' as perfumes.

150 *world*] F1 misprints *word*.

152 *down loaden*] with rewards.

159 *unvented*] So Ff, meaning possibly 'unfanned,' 'unsifted'; but more probably 'unsold,' so 'valueless'; 'vent' being often used for 'vend' (cf. 'rent' for 'rend'), and so Whitney in *The Century Dictionary*, 'unuttered.'

160 *breaths of air*] So F2. F1 *breath of ayres*.

163 *deaths*] F1. F2 *death*. i. e. often the death of our wives accompanies child-bearing.

165 *creep*] F2. F1 *sneaks*.

Syph. 'Twould be far nearer :
Besides, the sweets here would induce the last love,
And link it in.

Mem. Thou say'st right : but our ranks here 195
And bloods are bars between us ; she must stand
off too,

As I perceive she does.

Syph. Desert and duty
Makes even ail, sir.

Mem. Then the king, though I
Have merited as much as man can, must not let her,
So many princes covetous of her beauty. 200
I would with all my heart—but 'tis impossible.

Syph. Why, say she marry after ?

Mem. No, she dares not,
The gods dare not do ill. Come.

Syph. Do you mean it ?

Mem. Lend me thy knife, and help me off

Syph. For heaven sake,
Be not so stupid mad, dear general ! 205

Mem. Despatch, I say.

Syph. As ye love that ye look for,
Heaven and the blessed life——

Mem. Hell take thee, coxcomb !
Why dost thou keep me from it ? thy knife, I say !

Syph. Do but this one thing, on my knees I beg it,—
Stay but two hours till I return again ; 210
For I will to her, tell her all your merits.

Your most unvalued love, and last your danger.

If she relent, then live still, and live loving,
Happy, and high in favour ; if she frown——

Mem. Shall I be sure to know it ?

Syph. As I live, sir, 215
My quick return shall either bring ye fortune,
Or leave you to your own fate.

Mem. Two hours ?

Syph. Yes, sir.

Mem. Let it be kept. Away ! I will expect it.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

196 bloods . . . stand off] Cf *Alfs Well*, II iii 125-8.

200 her] So F2. Omitted in F1. 201 would] F2 would. F1 wood.

204 help me off] i. e. with my clothes (Mason), or armour.

212 unvalued] i. e. invaluable. inestimable. 218 s d. severally] Dyce.

Beef we can bear before us, lined with brewis,
And tubs of pork, vociferating veals,
And tongues that ne'er told lie yet

Chi. Line thy mouth with 'em ;
Thou hast need.

Fool. And great need ; for these finny fish-days
The officers' understandings are so phlegmatic, 15
They cannot apprehend us.

Chi. That's great pity ;
For you deserve it, and, being apprehended.
The whip to boot.—Boy, what do you so near me ?
I dare not trust your touch, boy.

Pic. As I am virtuous !
What, thieves among ourselves !

Enter STREMON and his Boy.

Chi. Stremon !
Stre. Lieutenant ! 20

Chi. Welcome ashore, ashore !

Fool. What, Monsieur Music !

11 *Beef we can bear before us*] i. e. perhaps 'bear down before us,' 'vanquish' ; but we rather suspect *bear*, and also the loss of a line preceding this. Chilax has asked 'What ye can do' ; and this part of the Fool's reply, evidently relating to ordinary days, should be distinguished by some (?missing) words from il 7-10 which concern the fish-day.

11 *brewis*] 'i. e. broth, soup, generally the liquor in which the meat is boiled.'—Weber. See *Bonduca*, I. ii, 'ye eating rascals, Whose gods are beef and brewis.' Same word as Scotch *brose*. Lucio, however, in Lyly's *Moth. Bombe*, III. iv. 100, dreams of 'a stately peece of beefe . . . in greate pompe sitting vppon a cushion of white Biewish, unde with browne breade,' which seems rather to suggest suet.

12 *vociferating veals*] loudness or shrillness is implied in *The Sea Voyage*, I. iii. cmt., where on a general cry of the starving men 'Where is the meat?' Tibalt comments quibblingly 'What a veal voice is there !' and perhaps, too, in *Lee's Labour's Love*, V. ii. 256, 'Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.'

13 *Line . . . 'em*] i. e. they'll improve your veracity.

17 *and, being apprehended*, etc.] 'The reader need not be told that a most miserable pun is put into the mouth of Chilax,' etc.—Weber.

20 s.d. and his Boy] 'and his boy Ed. Hot.', FI 'probably the abbreviated name of the boy who acted the part.' (Weber.) i. e. Edward Horton, who acted for the King's company in Carrell's *The Deserving Favourite*, 1629 (Fleay's *Shakespeare Manual*, p. 115). In IV. i. 1, where a song has to be sung, FI gives another name 'Ric. Bax[ter]' (apparently for Stremon's Boy), who acted for the King's men in Massinger's *Believe as you List*, 1631 (Fleay, *ib.* and *Biog. Chron.*, i. 225). Mr. Fleay (*Biog. Chron.*, i. 207) believes their appearance in our play 'must have been at a revival c. 1630' ; but their appearance as adult actors in the later plays would not prevent their appearance as boys in ours some dozen years earlier. In *Believe*, etc., Baxter combined several unimportant parts, but as Titus he had a long speech.

He would bounce that out in two hours.

Chi. Then he talks
The strangest and the maddest stuff from reason,
Or any thing ye offer. Stand thou there,
I'll shew thee how he is, for I'll play Memnon,
The strangest general that e'er thou heardst of.— 50
Stremon!

Stre. My lord!

Chi. Go presently, and find me
A black horse with a blue tail; bid the blank cornet
Charge through the sea, and sink the navy—softly!
Our souls are things not to be waken'd in us
With 'larums and loud bawlings; for in Elysium, 55
Stillness and quietness and sweetness—~~silence~~.
I will have, for it much concerns mine honour,
Such a strong reputation for my welcome
As all the world shall say—for, in the forefront,
So many on white unicorns, next them 60
My gentlemen, my cavaliers and captains,
Ten deep, and trapp'd with tenter-hooks, to take
hold

Of all occasions; for Friday cannot fish out
The end I aim at. Tell me of Diocles,
And what he dares do! dare he meet me naked? 65
Thunder in this hand, in his left—Fool!

Fool. Yes, sir.

Chi. Fool, I would have thee fly i' th' air, fly swiftly
To that place where the sun sets, there deliver—

Fool. Deliver! what, sir?

Chi. This, sir, this, ye slave, sir!—[*All laugh.*

47 *from reason* . . . *offer*] as far removed as possible from reason or connection with anything you say to him.

52 *blank*] probably 'white': *cornet* in the obsolete sense of a company of horsemen or its standard. The *N E D.* quotes Peele's *Battle of Alcazar* (*Wks.*, 1829, ii. 95), 'Take a cornet of our hoise,' and another instance as late as 1688.

58 *reputation*] Needlessly altered by Seward (at Sympson's suggestion) to *preparation*, approved by Mason only.

62 *trapp'd*] accoutred (Colman).

64 *Diocles*] the 'strong usurper' mentioned as subdued by Memnon in I. i. 15.

66 *his*] So Ff, nor do we see need to accept (with Dyce) Weber's alteration to *this*. Chilax in this line is parodying Memnon in I. i. 71.

69 s d. *All laugh*] Ff: the occasion being perhaps some indecent gesture of Chilax.

His lute laced to his head, for creeping hedges ;
 For money, there's none stirring.—Try, good Stremon,
 Now what your silver sound can do ; our voices
 Are but vain echoes.

Stre. Something shall be done
 Shall make him understand all. Let's to th' tavern ; 95
 I have some few crowns left yet : my whistle wet once,
 I'll pipe him such a paven——

Chi. [*To Fool.*] Hold thy head up ;
 I'll cure it with a quart of wine ; come, coxcomb :—
 Come, boy ; take heed of napkins.

Fool. You 'ld no more acting ?

Chi. No more, chicken.

Fool. Go, then. [*Exeunt omnes.* 100

SCENE III.

Before the Palace.

Enter SYPHAX *at one door, and a Gentleman at another.*

Syph. God save you, sir ! pray, how might I see the
 princess ?

Gent. Why, very fitly, sir ; she's even now ready
 To walk out this way into th' park : stand there,
 Ye cannot miss her sight, sir.

Syph. I much thank you. [*Exit Gentleman.*

Enter CALIS, LUCIPPE, and CLEANTHE.

Calis. Let's have a care, for I'll assure ye, wenches, 5
 I would not meet him willingly again :
 For, though I do not fear him, yet his fashion

91 *for creeping hedges*] i. e. to prevent his creeping [through] hedges.—
 Mason. Halliwell's *Dictionary* says, "A creep-hedge is a vagrant in the
 eastern counties."

93 *silver sound*] The verse in which this expression, commonly applied to
 music, occurs, is quoted from Richard Edwardes' *Paradise of Dainty Devises*
 by Peter to the Musicians in *Rom and Jul.*, IV. v.

97 *paven*] Various written, *pavan*, *pavun*, *pavian*,—means properly a
 grave, majestic dance, supposed Spanish.—Dyce.

98 *coxcomb*] Alluding to the Fool's cap.

99 *take heed of napkins*] i. e. take care not to steal napkins.—Weber.
 The line is addressed to PICUS, and refers back to ll. 18-20, a napkin being a
 handkerchief as in *Hamlet*, V. ii. 299, etc. 100 *You 'ld*] Both *Ff* *You 'd*.

SC. III. s.d. another] *Ff.* the other *F2*.

Cle. Speak, for shame speak.

Lucip. A man would speak.

Calis. These soldiers 30

Are all dumb saints.—Consider, and take time, sir.—

Let's forward, wenches, come; his palate's down.

Lucip. Dare these men charge i' th' face of fire and
bullets,

And hang their heads down at a handsome woman?

Good Master Mars, that's a foul fault.

[*Exeunt CALIS and LUCIPPE*

Cle. Fie, beast! 35

No more my brother!

Syph. Sister, honour'd sister!

Cle. Dishonour'd fool!

Syph. I do confess—

Cle. Fie on thee!

Syph. But stay till I deliver—

Cle. Let me go;

I am ashamed to own thee.

Syph. Fare ye well, then:

Ye must ne'er see me more.

Cle. Why, stay, dear Syphax: 40

My anger's past; I will hear ye speak.

Syph. Oh, sister!

Cle. Out with it, man!

Syph. Oh, I have drunk my mischief!

Cle. Ha! what?

Syph. My destruction;

In at mine eyes I have drunk it. Oh, the princess,

The rare sweet princess!

Cle. How, fool! the rare princess! 45

Was it the princess that thou saidst?

Syph. The princess.

Cle. Thou dost not love her, sure? thou dar'st not.

Syph. Yes,

By heaven.

31 *dumb saints*] So Ff. Seward, following the 8vo. of 1711, gave 'dull saints.' Sympton needlessly proposed *dull sois*.

32 *his palate's down*] "This seems to be the same as what is now called *chap-fallen* by the vulgar."—Colman. Dyce compares *Loyal Subject*, III. ii. 138, 'Your palate's down, sir.'

35 s.d. Calis] Prin. Ff.

39 *ashamed*] F2. F1 *a shame*.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A grove near the Temple of Venus.

Enter a Priestess of Venus and a Boy.

Priest. Find him by any means ; and, good child,
tell him
He has forgot his old friend. Give him this ;
[*Giving a ring.*
And say, this night, without excuse or business,
As ever he may find a friend, come to me ;
He knows the way, and how. Be gone.
Boy. I gallop. [*Exit.* 5

Enter CLEANTHE.

Cle. I have been looking you.
Priest. The fair Cleanthe !
What may your business be ?
Cle. Oh, holy mother,
Such business, of such strange weight ! now or never,
As ye have loved me, as ye do or may do,
When I shall find a fit time——
Priest. If by my means 10
Your business may be fitted—ye know me,
And how I am tied unto you—be bold, daughter,
To build your best hopes.
Cle. Oh, but 'tis a strange one,
Stuck with as many dangers——
Priest. There's the working ;

III. i. 2 s.d. Giving a ring] Added Dyce.

5 s.d. Enter Cleanthe] F2. Om. F1.

6 *looking you*] "i. e. looking for you, searching you out. So again IV. ii. 3,

'I' the wars he would have *look'd* me."—Weber.

Also in the *Double Marriage*, II. i. ; *The Night Walker*, III. i. 27, 'You may look the body.' A much earlier instance occurs in *Euphues*, 1578 (Lyly's *Works*, vol. i. p. 194, l. 32).

SCENE II.

An antechamber in the house of MEMNON.

Enter POLYDORE, EUMENES, POLYBIUS, PELIUS, and
STREMON.

Polyd. Why, this is utter madness.

Eum. Thus it is, sir.

Polyd. Only the princess' sight?

Polyb. All we can judge at.

Polyd. This must be look'd to timely.

Eum. Yes, and wisely.

Polyd. He does not offer at his life?

Eum. Not yet, sir,

That we can hear of.

Polyd. Noble gentlemen, 5

Let me entreat your watches over him;

Ye cannot do a worthier work.

Pel. We came, sir,

Provided for that service.

Polyd. Where is Chilax?

Stre. A little busy, sir.

Polyd. Is the fool and boy here?

Stre. They are, sir. 10

Polyd. Let 'em be still so; and, as they find his
humours—

Enter MEMNON.

Eum. Now ye may behold him.

Polyd. Stand close,

And make no noise. By his eyes, now, gentlemen,

I guess him full of anger.

Eum. Be not seen there. [*They retire.*

Mem. The hour's past long ago; he's false and
fearful,—— 15

Coward go with thy caitiff soul, thou cur-dog!

Sc. II. 13 *make*] F2; and so Seward. F1 *work*; and so Colman and Weber.

14 *s.d.* They retire] Added Weber.

16 *Coward go*] So F1 and all editors, i. e. the name or quality of coward go.
F2 *Coward, go* etc.

Mem. And take out fairly from the flesh?

Sur. The least thing. 40

Mem. Well, come hither, then. Take off my
doublet;

For, look ye, surgeon, I must have ye cut
My heart out here, and handsomely. Nay, stare not,
Nor do not start; I'll cut your throat else, surgeon:
Come, swear to do it.

Sur. Good sir——

Mem. [To DEMAG.] Sirrah, hold him; 45
I'll have but one blow at his head.

Sur. I'll do it.

Living! hang living!—[*Aside.*] Is there ne'er a cat-hole
Where I may creep through? would I were in the
Indies!

Mem. Swear, then, and after my death presently,
To kill yourselves and follow, as ye are honest, 50
As ye have faiths, and loves to me.

Dem. We'll do it.

Why, what should we do living after you, sir?

We'll die before [you], if ye please.

Mem. No, no!

Eum. [To POLYDORE.] Pray, do not stir yet; we are
near enough
To run between all dangers.

Mem. Here I am, sir. 55
Come, look upon me, view the best way boldly;
Fear nothing, but cut home. If your hand shake,
sirrah,

Or any way deface my heart i' th' cutting,
Make the least scratch upon it, not draw it whole,

41 *then*] Om. F2.

45, 54 s.d.] Added Weber.

46 *but one blow*] i.e. I'll make an end of him with one blow.

47 s.d. *Aside*] Marked in F2.

52-3 *Why, what . . .* *Mem. No, no!*] Both Ff annex these two lines to the Surgeon's speech, l. 46, where all the editors left them, though Seward assigned them to Demagoras, as more appropriate to him. They are, indeed, quite inconsistent with the Surgeon's promise 'I'll do it'; but form a natural response by Demagoras to Memnon's request of ll. 49-51, and were probably transposed by copyist or compositor, owing to the similarity of 'I'll do it' with 'We'll do it.'

53 [*you*]] Inserted by Seward and Colman.

59 *not*] i.e. fail to, altering *but*, the Ff reading, followed by all the edd.
L. 63 requires the continuation of the idea of failure through the protasis.

For to me it appears no more ; so far
From common course and reason.

Mem. Thank thee. Fortune !
At length I have found the man, the man must do it,
The man in honour bound.

Polyd. To do what ?

Mem. Hark ; 85
For I will bless ye with the circumstance
Of that weak shadow that appear'd.

Polyd. Speak on, sir.

[*Walks with him*]

Mem. It is no story for all ears.

Polyd. The princess ? [*Whispers.*]

Mem. Peace, and hear all.

Polyd. How !

Eum. Sure, 'tis dangerous.

He starts so at it.

Polyd. Your heart ! do you know, sir,— 90

Mem. Yes ; pray thee, be softer.

Polyd. Me to do it !

Mem. Only reserved and dedicated.

Polyd. For shame, brother !

Know what ye are,—a man.

Mem. None of your Athens,

Good sweet sir, no philosophy : thou feel'st not

The honourable end, fool.

Polyd. I am sure I feel 95

The shame and scorn that follows. Have ye served
thus long

The glory of your country in your conquests ?

The envy of your neighbours in your virtues ?

Ruled armies of your own, given laws to nations,

Beloved and fear'd as far as Fame has travell'd, 100

Call'd the most fortunate and happy Memnon,

To lose all here at home, poorly to lose it ?

Poorly, and pettishly, ridiculously,

86 *with the circumstance* / *Of that weak shadow that appear'd*] i. e. with the detailed reality, whose faint reflection you saw in my conduct just now—referring to 'this vision,' l. 81.

88 s.d. *Whispers*] Added in F2.

89 *How* !] This exclamation, appended to Memnon's preceding speech in F1, was right'ly given to Polydore in F2.

92 *dedicated*] i. e. devoted to, designed to execute it —Dyce

- Mem.* I will be ; but——
Polyd. I reach it :
 If the worst fall, have at the worst ! we'll both go. 130
 But two days, and 'tis thus [*Whispers.*] Ha ?
Mem. 'Twill do well so.
Polyd. Then is't not excellent ? do ye conceive it ?
Mem. 'Twill work for certain.
Polyd. Oh, 'twill tickle her !
 And you shall know then by a line.
Mem. I like it,
 But let me not be fool'd again.
Polyd. Doubt nothing ; 135
 You do me wrong then. Get ye in there private,
 As I have taught ye : *basta*.
Mem. Work.
Polyd. I will do. [*Exit MEMNON.*]
Eum. Have ye found the cause ?
Polyd. Yes, and the strangest, gentlemen,
 That e'er I heard of ! anon I'll tell ye.—Stremon,
 * Be you still near him to affect his fancy, 140
 And keep his thoughts off : let the fool and boy
 Stay him ; they may do some pleasure too.—Eumenes,
 What if he had a wench, a handsome whore brought,
 Rarely dress'd up, and taught to state it ?
Eum. Well, sir ?
Polyd. His cause is merely heat :—and made believe 145
 It were the princess, mad for him ?
Eum. I think
 'Twere not amiss.
Polyb. And let him kiss her ?
Polyd. What else ?

131 s.d. *Whispers*] Added Weber.

133 '*Twill work for certain*] Opposite these words *Fi* has the stage direction 'A bowle ready,' referring to the cup produced by Polydore in sc. iv. l. 24 : or, if that be too distant we must suppose it to contain drink for Chilax in sc. iii.

137 *basta*] Italian for 'enough.' Word and translation, the latter no doubt crept in from the margin, occur together in *The Little French Lawyer*, IV. i. (Weber.) Seward gave this word to Memnon.

142 *Stay him*] 'i. e. Stay for him, wait upon him.'—Weber. So in *Humorous Lieutenant*, I. i. 386, 'The Prince will stay us.'

144 *to state it*] i. e. to take state upon her.—Colman. Again, IV. v. 21. Cf. 'duke it' *Meas. for Meas.*, III. ii. 100, 'prince it' *Cymb.*, III. iii. 85, 'bride it' *Taming of the Shrew*, III. ii. 253.

Chi. Oh, ye tough rogue, what troubles have I
trotted through!
What fears and frights! every poor mouse a monster
That I heard stir, and every stick I trod on
A sharp sting to my conscience.

Priest. 'Las, poor conscience!

Chi. And all to liquor thy old boots, wench.

Priest. Out, beast! 15

Chi. To new-careen thy carcase, that's the truth
on't

How does thy keel? does it need nailing? a tither
When all thy linen's up, and a more yare——

Priest. Fie, fie, sir!

Chi. Ne'er stemm'd the straits

Priest. How you talk!

Chi. I am old, wench, 20

And talking to an old man is like a stomacher;
It keeps his blood warm.

Priest. But, pray, tell me——

Chi. Anything.

Priest. Where did the boy meet with ye? at a
wench, sure?

At one end of a wench, a cup of wine, sure?

Chi. Thou know'st I am too honest.

Priest. That's your fault; 25

And that the surgeon knows.

Chi. Then, farewell:

I will not fail ye soon.

Priest. Ye shall stay supper;

I have sworn ye shall; by this, ye shall. [*Kisses him.*]

Chi. I will, wench;

But, after supper, for an hour, my business——

Priest. And but an hour?

Chi. No, by this kiss; that ended, 30

I will return, and all night in thine arms, wench——

Priest. No more; I take your meaning. Come, 'tis
supper time. [*Exeunt.*]

16 *To new-careen stemm'd the straits*] This passage only found in F1, and Seward omitted it. 'To careen' is to lay a ship on her side, lit. to clean the keel, fr. O F *carine* 'the keele of a ship,' Cotgrave, fr. Lat. *carina* (Skeat). *Tither*, i. e. tighter, is Weber's alteration (on Mason's suggestion) for *tother* of F1. Colman read *tether*. *Yare* means 'ready,' 'active.'

28 s.d. Kisses him] Added Weber.

32 *I*] All editors. *I'll* Ff.

And mark how rarely he has rank'd his troubles : 20
 See, now he weeps ; they all weep ; a sweeter sorrow
 I never look'd upon, nor one that braver
 Became his grief.—Your will with us ?

Polyd. Great lady,
 Excellent beauty— [Plucks out the cup.

Calis. He speaks handsomely :
 What a rare rhetorician his grief plays ! 25
 That stop was admirable.

Polyd. See, see, thou princess,
 Thou great commander of all hearts——

Calis. I have found it :
 Oh, how my soul shakes !

Polyd. See, see the noble heart
 Of him that was the noblest ! see, and glory,
 Like the proud god himself, in what thou hast pur-
 chased ; 30

Behold the heart of Memnon ! Does it start ye ?

Calis. Good gods, what has his wildness done ?

Polyd. Look boldly ;
 You boldly said you durst : look, wretched woman !
 Nay, fly not back, fair folly, 'tis too late now ;
 Virtue and blooming Honour bleed to death here : 35
 Take it ; the legacy of love bequeath'd ye,
 Of cruel love a cruel legacy :

What was the will that wrought it, then ? Can ye
 weep ?

Embalm it in your truest tears, if women
 Can weep in truth, or ever sorrow sunk yet 40

Into the soul of your sex ; for 'tis a jewel
 The world's worth cannot weigh down. Take it, lady ;
 And with it all—I dare not curse—my sorrows,
 And may they turn to serpents !

Eum. How she looks
 Still upon him ! see, now a tear steals from her. 45

20 *rank'd*] disciplined, or, perhaps, displayed.

24 s.d. Plucks, etc.] So Ff. Cf. the s.d. in Ff opposite III. ii. 133, 'A bowl ready.'

30 *purchased*] gained, gotten, as IV. v. 32. In *The Night Walker*, I. i. 6, 'Stealing's thy only purchase,' i. e. means of gain, and the verb in l. 26, and again IV. i.

40 *in truth*] i. e. other than feigned tears. Ff and edd. *a truth*, except Seward, who omits *a*.

Turn'd honour into earth, and faithful service——

75

Calis. I swear his anger's excellent.

Polyd. Truth and most tried love
Into disdain and downfall ;—

Calis. Still more pleasing.

Polyd. Live then, I say, famous for civil slaughters.

Live and lay out your triumphs, gild your glories ;

Live and be spoken, " This is she, this lady, 80

This goodly lady, yet most killing beauty ;

This with the two-edged eyes, the heart for hardness

Outdoing rocks, and coldness, rocks of crystal ;

This with the swelling soul, more coy of courtship

Than the proud sea is when the shores embrace him " ; 85

Live till the mothers find ye, read your story,

And sow their barren curses on your beauty ;

Till those that have enjoy'd their loves despise ye,

Till virgins pray against ye, old age find ye.

And, even as wasted coals glow in their dying, 90

So may the gods reward ye in your ashes !

But, y'are the sister of my king ; more prophecies

Else I should utter of ye : true loves and loyal

Bless themselves ever from ye ! So I leave ye.

Calis. Prithee, be angry still, young man : good fair
sir, 95

Chide me again.—What would this man do pleased,

That in his passion can bewitch souls !—Stay.

Eum. Upon my life, she loves him.

Calis. Pray, stay.

Polyd. No.

Calis. I do command ye.

Polyd. No, ye cannot, lady ;

I have a spell against ye, faith and reason ; 100

Ye are too weak to reach me : I have a heart too,

But not for hawks' meat, lady.

Calis. Even for charity,
Leave me not thus afflicted : you can teach me—

77 *disdain*] Symphon wished to read *despair*, but *disdain* may quite well mean ' being disdain d.' Inverted commas first in Colman.

89 *find*] So Ff. Altered by Seward to *fire*, on the ground that *find* was used as = find you out, l. 86, and that it is unusual to have a word used in two different senses in one sentence. Mason approved the alteration.

91 *reward ye in your ashes*] i. e. with impotent desires.

97 *passion*] Fz. Ff *passions*.

Lucip. Why do you make that question?

Calis. If thou didst, 120
Run, run, wench, run. Nay, see how thou stirr'st!

Lucip. Whither?

Calis. If 'twere for any thing to please thyself,
Thou wouldst run to th' devil: but I am grown—

Cle. Fie, lady!

Calis. I ask none of your fortunes nor your loves,
None of your bent desires I slack; ye are not 125
In love with all men, are ye? one, for shame,
You will leave your honour'd mistress. Why do ye
stare so?

What is [it] that ye see about me? tell me.—

Lord, what am I become! I am not wild, sure;
Heaven keep that from me! Oh, Cleanthe, help
me, 130

Or I am sunk to death!

Cle. Ye have offended,
And mightily; Love is incensed against ye,
And therefore take my counsel: to the temple,
For that's the speediest physic; before the goddess
Give your repentant prayers; ask her will, 135
And from the oracle attend your sentence:
She is mild and merciful.

Calis. I will.—Oh, Venus!
Even as thou lov'st thyself——

Cle. [*Aside.*] Now for my fortune.
[*Exeunt CALIS and Women.*]

Polyd. What shall I do?

Polyb. Why, make yourself.

Polyd. I dare not;

No, gentlemen, I dare not be a villain, 140
Though her bright beauty would entice an angel.
I will to th' king, my last hope.—Get him a woman,
As we before concluded; and, as ye pass,
Give out the Spartans are in arms, and terrible;
And let some letters to that end be feign'd too, 145
And sent to you; some posts too to the general;

128 *is* [*it*] *that*] Seward inserted *it*; the compositor's omission here is natural enough.

138 s.d. *Aside*] Added Weber. 138 s.d. *Ex . . . women*] So Ff.

146 *posts*] F2. F1 misprints 'Poets.'

Priest. You know I love ye.

Chi. I will not be above an hour: let thy robe be ready,

And the door be kept.

[*Knock, CLEANTHE knocks within.*]

Priest. Who knocks there?—Yet more business!

Chi. Have ye more pensioners?

Enter CLEANTHE.

[*Aside.*] The princess' woman! 5
Nay, then, I'll stay a little: what garb's a-foot now?

[*Retires.*]

Cle. Now is the time. [*Whispers to the Priestess.*]

Chi. [*Aside.*] A rank bawd, by this hand, too;
She grinds o' both sides, hey, boys!

Priest. How! your brother Syphax!
Loves he the princess?

Cle. Deadly; and you know
He is a gentleman descended nobly. 10

Chi. [*Aside.*] But a rank knave as ever piss'd.

Cle. Hold, mother,
Here's more gold and some jewels.

Chi. [*Aside.*] Here's no villainy!
I am glad I came to th' hearing.

Priest. Alas, daughter,
What would ye have me do?

Chi. [*Aside.*] Hold off, ye old whore!
There's more gold coming; all's mine, all.

Cle. Do ye shrink now? 15
Did ye not promise faithfully, and told me,
Through any danger——

Priest. Any I can wade through.

4 s.d. Knock, Cleanthe, etc.] So Ft.

5 s.d. *Aside*] Dyce. A dash in Weber. 'Aside' l. 11, Colman; the rest in this scene Weber, except ll. 7, 39, Dyce.

6 s.d. *Retires*] Added Weber.

7 s.d. *Whispers, etc.*] Added Weber.

12 *Here's no villainy*] Ironical negative to express an affirmative superlative, as Colman pointed out citing Warburton's note on Falstaff's exclamation on sight of Sir Walter Blunt, 'Here's no vanity!' 1 *Henry IV.*, V. 3. Cf. *The Double Marriage*, I. ii. 50, 'Here's no flattering rogue.' *The Faithful Friends*, IV. iii., 'This is no rich idolatry.' Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, III., 'Here's no unconscionable villany.' Seward, after Simpson, *Here's more villany!*

14 *Hold off*] i. e. keep up the pretence of reluctance.

Cle.

Be constant.

Priest. 'Tis done.

Chi. [*Aside.*] I'll do no more at drop-shot, then.

[*Exit* CHILAX.]

Priest. Farewell, wench.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

43 *drop-shot*] Weber says 'a cant expression for a listener' and compares 'eaves-dropping.' The *N. E. D.* does not recognize *drop-shot*, but explains 'eaves-dropping' as standing within the 'eaves-drop' of a house in order to listen to secrets. *Drop-shot* may have arisen from the dropping of a stone into a well or hollow place listening meanwhile to ascertain the depth or presence of water—it seems a natural expression in an old campaigner.

44 s.d. severally] Dyce. Priest and Cleanthe, Ff.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

An antechamber in the house of MEMNON.

Enter a Servant and STREMON, at the door.

Serv. He stirs, he stirs.

Stre. Let him ; I am ready for him :
He shall not this day perish, if his passions
May be fed with music. Are they ready ?

Enter MEMNON.

Serv. All, all. See where he comes.

Stre. I'll be straight for him. [*Exit STREMON.*]

Enter EUMENES, POLYBIUS, and PELIUS, and remain at the side of the stage.

Serv. [*Aside.*] How sad he looks, and sullen ! Here
are the captains ; 5
My fear's past now.

Mem. Put case, i' th' other world
She do not love me neither ? I am old, 'tis certain—

Eum. His spirit is a little quieter.

Mem. My blood lost, and my limbs stiff ; my
embraces,
Like the cold stubborn bark's, hoary and heatless ; 10
My words worse : my fame only, and achievements,

IV. i. s d. Enter a Servant and Stremon, at the door] So F2. For 'at the door' Dyce prints 'and remain at the side of the stage' which is, no doubt, the meaning F1 has 'Enter a Servant and R. Bax, and Stremon at the doore.' R. Bax is Richard Baxter, the name of the boy who here plays Stremon's Boy, though II. ii. 20 F1 names Ed. Hor[ton] for the part : here, however, he has to sing. See note on the former passage

4 s.d. and remain at the side of the stage] So Dyce interprets the stage direction of Ff 'Stand close' placed after *sullen*, l. 5. He marks the aside.

9 *my limbs*] F1. F2 omits *my*.

10 *bark's*] F1 *barkes*. F2 *bark*.

(Which are my strength, my blood, my youth, my
fashion,)

Must woo her, win her, wed her ;—that's but wind,
And women are not brought to bed with shadows.
I do her wrong, much wrong ; she is young and blessed, 15
Sweet as the spring, and as his blossoms tender,
And I a nipping north-wind, my head hung
With hails and frosty icicles : are the souls so too,
When they depart hence, lame and old, and loveless ?
No, sure ; 'tis ever youth there, Time and Death 20
Follow our flesh no more ; and that forced opinion
That spirits have no sexes, I believe not :
There must be love, there is love.

Re-enter STREMON, like Orpheus, and his Boy, like Charon.

What art thou ?

SONG by STREMON.

Orpheus I am, come from the deeps below,
To thee, fond man, the plagues of love to shew. 25
To the fair fields where loves eternal dwell
There's none that come, but first they pass through hell :
Hark, and beware ! unless thou hast loved ever,
Beloved again, thou shalt see those joys never.

Hark, how they groan that died despairing ! 30
Oh, take heed, then !
Hark how they howl for over-daring !
All these were men.

They that be fools, and die for fame,
They lose their name ; 35
And they that bleed,
Hark how they speed '

Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires
They sit, and curse their lost desires :
Nor shall these souls be free from pains and fears, 40
Till women waft them over in their tears.

Mem. How should I know my passage is denied me,

23 s.d. and his Boy, like Charon] These words are Weber's addition to the stage-direction of Ff, which do not indicate the personator of Charon. Dyce points out that the Boy's musical attainments are alluded to in II. ii. 22, 27.

23 s.d. by Stremon] Added Dyce.

28 *loved ever, Beloved again*] Colman, Weber and Dyce alter the Ff punctuation to 'loved, ever Beloved again,' but the sense is the same.

42 *How should I know*] We see no better reason for Colman's change of the

Or which of all the devils dare——

Eum. This song
Was rarely form'd to fit him.

SONG

Orph. Charon, oh, Charon,
Thou wafter of the souls to bliss or bane ! 45

Cha. Who calls the ferryman of hell?

Or ph. Come near,

And say who lives in joy, and who in fear.

Cha. Those that die well, eternal joy shall follow ;
Those that die ill, their own foul fate shall swallow. 50

Orph. Shall thy black bark those guilty spirits stow
That kill themselves for love?

Cha. Oh, no, no, [no]!

My cordage cracks when such great sins are near ;
No wind blows fair, nor I myself can steer.

Orph. What lovers pass, and in Elysium reign? 55

Cha. Those gentle loves that are beloved again.

Orph. This soldier loves, and fain would die to win ;
Shall he go on ?

Cha. No, 'tis too foul a sin :

He must not come aboard, I dare not row,
Storms of despair and guilty blood will blow.

Orph. Shall time release him, say?

Cha. No, no, no, no.

Nor time nor death can alter us, nor prayer :
My boat is destiny ; and who, then, dare,
But those appointed, come aboard ? Live still,
And love by reason, mortal, not by will

Orph. And when thy mistress shall close up thine eyes—

Cha. Then come aboard, and pass.

Orph. Till when, be wise.

Cha. Till when, be wise.

Enm. How still he sits ! I hope this song has settled him.

Polyb. He bites his lip, and rolls his fiery eyes yet: 70
I fear, for all this——

Pel. Stremon, still apply to him.

folios' punctuation to *How! should I know*, etc. (i. e. 'What! if only I knew,' etc.) than for Symphon's correction of *I* to *he*. Orpheus, as Colman points out, might be expected to know: but Memnon wants further evidence.

48 who in F2. whom in F1.

50 *foul* F2. *sonle* F1.

52 [no] 7 the 3rd, om. Ff, was inserted by Seward and all edd. Cf. l. 61.

63 *destiny*] Seward gave Sympson's conjecture,—*Destiny's*.

65 F2 supplied the commas.

70 *fiery*] F2, with comma at *eyes* and no stop at *yet*. F1 *fierce eyes yet*, . Seward alone followed the punctuation of F2.

Stre. Give me more room then.—Sweetly strike,
divinely,

Such strains as old earth moves at!—

Orph. *The power I have over both beast and plant,*
Thou, man, alone feel'st miserable want. 75
Strike, you rare spirits that attend my will,
And lose your savage wildness by my skill.

Music. *Enter the Fool, PICUS, and Servants, disguised as*
beasts, birds, and trees; and dance.

This lion was a man of war that died,
As thou wouldst do, to gild his lady's pride;
This dog, a fool that hung himself for love; 80
This ape, with daily hugging of a glove,
Forgot to eat, and died; this goodly tree,
An usher that still grew before his lady,
Wither'd at root; this, for he could not woo,
A grumbling lawyer; this pied bird, a page 85
That melted out because he wanted age:
Still these lie howling on the Stygian shore,
Oh, love no more, oh, love no more!

[Exit MEMNON.]

Eum. He steals off silently, as though he would sleep.
No more; but all be near him; feed his fancy, 90

72 *then*] Om. F2.

73 *as*] F2, correcting the *and* of F1.

74 *The power*] To mend the grammar and make clear the sense Seward read O' TH² power.

76 *Strike*] i. e. Orpheus gives to supposed invisible spirits the same direction that Stremon has just given, l. 72, to the musicians he may be supposed to have brought with him and left within call. Dyce is right in transferring the Ff s.d. 'Musick' from l. 75 to the s.d. at l. 77.

76 *you*] So F2. F1 *your*.

77 s.d. as Dyce. "Though Stremon proceeds to mention only one tree, several are intended to make their appearance here: see III. v. 5."—Dyce. Ff simply 'Enter a Maske of Beasts.'

79 *his*] F2. F1 *her*.

82 *this goodly tree*, etc.] 'On this passage, which certainly appears to be corrupted, Coleridge has the following ingenious remarks: "There must have been omitted a line rhyming to 'tree'; and the words of the next line have been transposed—

—'this goodly trec,

Which leafless and obscur'd with moss you see,

An usher this that 'fore his lady grew,

Wither'd at root: this, for he could not woo,' etc."

Remains, ii. 303.' (Dyce.)

85 *pied*] i. e. variegated.

Good Stremon, still : this may lock up his folly ;
 Yet, heaven knows, I much fear him. Away, softly !
[Exeunt Captains.]

Fool. Did I not do most doggedly ?

Stre. Most rarely.

Fool. He's a brave man. When shall we dog again ?

Pic. Untie me first, for God's sake.

Fool. Help the boy ; 95

He's in a wood, poor child.—Good honey Stremon,
 Let's have a bear-baiting ; ye shall see me play
 The rarest for a single dog : at head, all !
 And, if I do not win immortal glory,
 Play dog, play devil !

Stre. Peace for this time.

Fool. Prithee, 100

Let's sing him a black santis ; then let's all howl
 In our own beastly voices. Tree, keep your time.
 Untie there.—Bow, wow, wow ;

Stre. Away, ye ass, away !

Fool. Why, let us do something

To satisfy the gentleman ; he's mad,— 105

A gentleman-like humour, and in fashion,—

And must have men as mad about him.

Stre. Peace,

And come in quickly ; 'tis ten to one else
 He'll find a staff to beat a dog. No more words ;
 I'll get ye all employment. Soft, soft ; in, all ! 110

[Exeunt.]

92 *much*] So F2. F1 *must*.

98 *dog : at head, all !*] Ff and Seward punctuate *dog : at head all* ; Colman and Weber *dog ! at head all* ; Dyce *dog, at head all*. without note. The bear to be baited is one of the servants disguised as such in the masque. 'At head, all !' a cry to dogs. See Dyce's *Shaksp. Glossary*, s.v., *fought at head*.

101 *black santis*] 'A corruption of *black Sanctus*, which was a burlesque hymn, set probably to some loud and discordant tune,—"in ridicule, I fear" (says Nares, *Gloss.* in v.), "of the *Sanctus*, or Holy, Holy, Holy, of the Romish Missal.' This parody, which seems to have been very popular, was in all probability as old as the Reformation. Gifford observes that "Sir John Harrington who printed it entire [see Prologue to his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*], call- it the Monks Hymn to Saunte Satan'." B Jonson's *Works*, viii. 12' (Dyce). Compare Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden* (1596), where, threatening Gabriel Harvey with castigation at Lyly's hands, he says, "With a blacke sant he meanes shortly to bee att his chamber window, for calling him the Fiddlestick of Oxford." Weber quotes an instance from *The Wild-Goose Chase*, IV. iii. 50, "Do you think my heart is softened with a black santus ?"

SCENE II.

*A street.**Enter CHILAX and CLOE.**Chi.* When cam'st thou over, wench?

Cloe. But now this evening,
 And have been ever since looking out Syphax;
 I' th' wars he would have look'd me: sure, h'as gotten
 Some other mistress?

Chi. A thousand, wench, a thousand;
 They are as common here as caterpillars 5
 Among the corn; they eat up all the soldiers.

Cloe. Are they so hungry? yet, by their leave,
 Chilax,
 I'll have a snatch too.

Chi. Dost thou love him still, wench?

Cloe. Why should I not? he had my maidenhead
 And all my youth.

Chi. Thou art come the happiest, 10
 In the most blessed time, sweet wench, the fittest,
 If thou dar'st make thy fortune: by this light, Cloe—
 And so I'll kiss thee; and, if thou wilt but let me—
 For 'tis well worth a kindness——

Cloe. What should I let ye?*Chi.* Enjoy thy minikin.*Cloe.* Thou art still old Chilax. 15

Chi. Still, still, and ever shall be. If, I say,
 Thou wo't strike the stroke—I cannot do much harm,
 wench—

Cloe. Nor much good.

Chi. Syphax shall be thy husband,
 Thy very husband, woman; thy fool, thy cuckold,
 Or what thou wilt make him. I am overjoy'd, 20
 Ravish'd, clean ravish'd with this fortune! Kiss me,

Sc. II. 3 *look'd me*] See note on IV. i. 6.

20-2 *I am overjoy'd . . . lose myself*] These words, assigned to Chilax by Ff and by Seward, were transferred to Cloe by Colman and succeeding edd. We think them inconsistent with her tone up to this point.

Or I shall lose myself.

Cloe. My husband, said ye?

Chi. Said I! and will say, Cloe; nay, and do it,
And do it home too; peg thee as close to him
As birds are with a pin to one another: 25
I have it, I can do it. Thou want'st clothes too,
And he'll be hang'd, unless he marry thee,
Ere he maintain thee: now he has ladies, courtiers,
More than his back can bend at, multitudes;
We are taken up for threshers. Will ye bite? 30

Cloe. Yes.

Chi. And let me—

Cloe. Yes, and let ye—

Chi. What?

Cloe. Why, that you wot of.

Chi. The turn, the good turn?

Cloe. Any turn, the roach turn.

Chi. That's the right turn; for that turns up the belly.

I cannot stay; take your instructions,
And something toward household: come; whatever 35
I shall advise ye, follow it exactly,
And keep your times I point ye; for, I'll tell ye,
A strange way you must wade through.

Cloe. Fear not me, sir.

Chi. Come, then, and let's despatch this modicum,
For I have but an hour to stay, a short one; 40
Besides, more water for another mill,
An old weak over-shot, I must provide for.
There's an old nunnery at hand.

Cloe. What's that?

Chi. A bawdy-house.

Cloe. A pox consume it!

Chi. If the stones 'tis built on 45
Were but as brittle as the flesh lives in it,

25 *As birds are with a pin*] Seward on Sympson's conjecture read *boards* for *birds*, though allowing the folio reading to be 'not nonsense.' Weber recommended him to visit a poulterer's.

32-3 *Chi. The turn . . . turns up the belly*] Only in F1. Omitted by Seward. Weber comments: "In 1679, when these lines were expunged from the second folio, direct bawdry had given place to *double entendre*."

46 *brittle*] F2. Dyce retains *brickle*, the form of F1, which Halliwell says occurs in Broke's *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562—but neither form occurs there.

Your curse came handsomely. Fear not ; there's
 ladies,
 And other good sad people, your pink'd citizens,
 That think no shame to shake a sheet there. Come,
 wench. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter CLEANTHE and SYPHAX.

Cle. A soldier, and so fearful !

Syph. Can ye blame me,
 When such a weight lies on me ?

Cle. Fie upon ye !
 I tell ye ye shall have her, have her safely,
 And for your wife, with her own will.

Syph. Good sister——

Cle. What a distrustful man you are ! to-morrow, 5
 To-morrow morning——

Syph. Is it possible !
 Can there be such a happiness ?

Cle. Why, hang me
 If then ye be not married ! if to-morrow night
 Ye do not——

Syph. Oh, dear sister——

Cle. What ye would do,
 What ye desire to do—lie with her : devil ! 10
 What a dull man are you !

Syph. Nay, I believe now :

48 *sad*] i. e. grave, respectable.

48 *pink'd citizens*] i. e. citizens who wear *pinked* or slashed doublets, so
 'well-dressed.' Cf. *Scornful Lady*, III. 1. 92, 'three piled people.'

49 *shake a sheet*] Cf. *Bonduca*, II. iii.—

"1 *Daughter.* Ye shall be set, sir,
 Upon a jade will shake ye.

Judas. Sheets, good madam,
 Will do it ten times better."

on which Weber comments, "the shaking of sheets was a favourite dance,
 repeatedly alluded to in old plays," "generally," adds Dyce, "with a *double*
entendre."

And shall she love me ?

Cle. As her life, and stroke ye.

Syph. Oh, I will be her servant !

Cle. 'Tis your duty.

Syph. And she shall have her whole will.

Cle. Yes, 'tis reason ;

She is a princess, and by that rule boundless. 15

Syph. What would you be ? for I would have ye,
sister,

Choose some great place about us : as her woman,
Is not so fit.

Cle. No, no, I shall find places.

Syph. And yet to be a lady of her bed-chamber,
I hold not so fit neither. Some great title, 20
Believe it, shall be look'd out.

Cle. Ye may ; a duchess,
Or such a toy ; a small thing pleases me, sir.

Syph. What you will, sister. If a neighbour prince,
When we shall come to reign——

Cle. We shall think on't. 25
Be ready at the time, and in that place too,
And let me work the rest : within this half-hour
The princess will be going ; 'tis almost morning.
Away, and mind your business.

Syph. Fortune bless us ! [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.

A hall in the Palace.

Enter KING, POLYDOR, and Lords.

Polyd. I do beseech your grace to banish me !

King. Why, gentleman, is she not worthy marriage ?

Polyd. Most worthy, sir, where worth again shall
meet her ;

But I, like thick clouds, sailing slow and heavy,

Sc. III. 21 *Ye may*] An expression used in answer to chaff, *Coriolanus*, II.

iii. 39, 'You are never without your tricks : you may, you may.'

28 s.d. *severally*] Added Dyce.

Sc. IV. 4 *slow*] Sympton proposed *low* ; adopted by Colman.

Although by her drawn higher, yet shall hide her. 5

I dare not be a traitor ; and 'tis treason

But to imagine—As you love your honour——

King. 'Tis her first maiden doting, and, if cross'd,
I know it kills her.

First Lord. How knows your grace she loves him ?

King. Her woman told me all, (beside his story,) 10

Her maid Lucippe ; on what reason too ;

And 'tis beyond all but enjoying.

Polyd. Sir,
Even by your wisdom, by that great discretion
You owe to rule and order——

Sec. Lord. This man's mad, sure,
To plead against his fortune.

First Lord. And the king, too, 15
Willing to have it so.

Polyd. By those dead princes,
From whose descents ye stand a star admired at,
Lay not so base allay upon your virtues !
Take heed, for honour's sake, take heed ! The
bramble

No wise man ever planted by the rose, 20

It cankers all her beauty ; nor the vine,

When her full blushes court the sun, dares any

Choke up with wanton ivy.—Good my lords,

Who builds a monument, the basis jasper,

And the main body brick ?

Sec. Lord. Ye wrong your worth ; 25
Ye are a gentleman descended nobly.

First Lord. In both bloods truly noble.

King. Say ye were not,
My will can make ye so.

Polyd. No, never, never :

'Tis not descent nor will of princes does it ;

'Tis virtue which I want, 'tis temperance ; 30

Man, honest man. Is't fit your majesty

Should call my drunkenness, my rashness, brother ?

Or such a blessed maid my breach of faith

12 'tis beyond all but enjoying] The only way to cure her passion is to gratify it.

18 allay] Ff a lay, corrected by Seward. Prof Sicut says 'alloy' was often spelt 'alay' or 'allay,' though quite unconnected with the verb.

(For I am most lascivious), and fell angers
(In which I am also mischievous) her husband? 35
Oh, gods preserve her! I am wild as winter,
Ambitious as the devil: out upon me!
I hate myself, sir. If ye dare bestow her
Upon a subject, ye have one deserves her.

King. But him she does not love: I know your
meaning.— 40

[*Aside.*] This young man's love unto his noble brother
Appears a mirror.—What must now be done, lords?
For I am gravell'd: if she have not him,
She dies for certain; if his brother miss her,
Farewell to him, and all our honours!

First Lord. He is dead, sir,— 45
Your grace has heard of that?—and strangely.

King. No,
I can assure you, no; there was a trick in't:
Read that, and then know all. [*Gives a paper.*]—
What ails the gentleman?

[*POLYDOR is sick o' th' sudden.*

Hold him. How do ye, sir?

Polyd. Sick o' th' sudden,
Extremely ill, wondrous ill.

King. Where did it take ye? 50

Polyd. Here in my head, sir, and my heart. For
Heaven sake——

King. Conduct him to his chamber presently,
And bid my doctors——

Polyd. No, I shall be well, sir.
I do beseech your grace, even for the gods' sake,
Remember my poor brother! I shall pray, then— 55

King. Away! he grows more weaker still.—I will
do it,

Or Heaven forget me ever! [*POLYDOR is led out.*

Now your counsels,

For I am at my wit's end.

48 s.d. Gives a paper] Added Weber.

48 s.d. Polydore . . . sudden] So Ff (F1 a th')—A feigned sickness, as preparation for his pretended death, V. iv. 127, 250.

56 more weaker] So F1, in accordance with common grammatical usage. The second folio, 1679, prints *more weak*, followed by Seward and Colman.

57 s.d. Polydore . . . out] Weber. F1 Exit Polidor. F2 Ex. Pol.

Enter Messenger with a Letter.

What with you, sir?

Mess. Letters from warlike Pelius.

King. Yet more troubles?—

The Spartans are in arms, and like to win all; 60

Supplies are sent for, and the general.—

This is more cross than t' other. Come, let's to him;

For he must have her ('tis necessity),

Or we must lose our honours. Let's plead all,

(For more than all is needful,) shew all reason, 65

If love can hear o' that side: if she yield,

We have fought best, and won the noblest field.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

An antechamber in the house of MEMNON.

Enter EUMENES, POLYBIUS, PELIUS, and STREMON.

Pel. I have brought the wench; a lusty wench, and somewhat

Like the princess.

Eum. 'Tis the better; let's see her. *[Exit PELIUS.]*

And go you in, and tell him that her grace

Is come to visit him: how sleeps he, Stremon?

Stre. He cannot; only thinks, and calls on Polydore; 5

Swears he will not be fool'd; sometimes he rages,

And sometimes sits and muses. *[Exit STREMON.]*

Eum. He's past all help, sure.

58 s.d. Enter . . . letter] So Ff.

59 *Pelius*] Fletcher, writing 'Captains,' '2 Capt.,' in s.d. and prefixes forgets that this name is already appropriated.

60 *The Spartans are in arms*] Probably feigned news, the execution of the plan of III. iv. 144-6. There, however, the letters were to be sent to Polybius and Memnon to distract him from his passion; here they are sent to the king to induce him to favour Memnon's suit before asking his military assistance—an effect they actually produce, II. 63-7. Cf. however, V. iv. 362. Colman seems right in supposing this and the following line to contain a hasty summary of the news in the letter over which the King has glanced, rather than to be a quotation from it.

SC. V. 1 *Pel.*] "Both the folios '1 Cap.' [i. e. Polybius].—See III. ii. 148, where Pelius says, 'I'll be his bawd.'"—Dyce. See, too, II. 12-14, below. Colman had previously corrected it to '2 Capt.'

2 s.d. *Exit Pelius*] Added Weber and Dyce.

Re-enter PELIUS, with Courtesan.

How do ye like her ?

Polyb. By the mass, a good round virgin ;
And, at first sight, resembling: she is well clothed
too.

Eum. But is she sound ?

Pel. Of wind and limb, I warrant her. 10

Eum. You are instructed, lady ?

Court. Yes, and know, sir,
How to behave myself, ne'er fear.

Eum. Polybius,
Where did he get this vermin ?

Polyb. Hang him, badger !
There's not a hole free from him ; whores and whores'
mates

Do all pay him obedience.

Eum. Indeed, i' th' war 15
His quarter was all whore, whore upon whore,
And lined with whore. Beshrew me, 'tis a fair whore.

Polyb. She has smock'd away her blood ; but fair or
foul,

Or blind or lame, that can but lift her leg up,
Comes not amiss to him ; he rides like a nightmare, 20
All ages, all religions.

Eum. Can ye state it ?

Court. I'll make a shift.

Eum. He must lie with ye, lady.

Court. Let him ; he's not the first man I have lain
with,

Nor shall not be the last.

Pel. He comes ; no more words ;
She has her lesson throughly.

7 s.d. *Re-enter Pelius, with Courtesan*] Ff '*Enter Whore*' ('Whore, and' F2), *Captain*, and at her exit at l. 63, '*Ex. Cloe*' This led Seward to suppose Cloe and the Courtesan the same person, and Colman into a long note to establish the former's superiority and separate identity. Dyce well suggests that the Ff '*Ex. Cloe*' may be due to the playing of the two parts by the same boy.
8 *Polyb.*] Colman prints '1 Capt.,' correcting the '2 Capt.' (i. e. Pelius) of Ff.

10 *Pel.*] Here Ff read, as they should, '2 Capt.'

17 *with whore*] F2. F1 *with a whore*.

18 *smock'd*] Cf. *Maid in the Mill*, IV. i., 'going a-smocking.'

21 *state it*] Take state upon you, as in III. ii. 144.

Enter MENNON.

How he views her! 25

Eum. Go forward now; so, bravely; stand.

Mem. Great lady,
How humbly I am bound—

Court. You shall not kneel, sir :
Come, I have done you wrong,—stand up, my soldier,—
And thus I make amends. [*Kisses him.*]

Eum. A plague confound ye!
Is this your state?

Pel. 'Tis well enough.

Mem. Oh, lady,
Your royal hand, your hand, my dearest beauty,
Is more than I must purchase! here, divine one,
I dare revenge my wrongs.—Ha!

Polyb. A damn'd foul one.

Eum. The lees of bawdy prunes ; mourning gloves !
All spoil'd, by Heaven !

Mem. Ha! who art thou?

Pel. A shame on ye, 35
Ye clawing scabby whore!

Mem. _____ I say, who art thou?

Eum. Why, 'tis the princess, sir.

Mem. The devil, sir !

'Tis some rogue thing.
Court. If this abuse be love, sir,

or I, that laid aside my modesty——

Eum. [*Aside.*] So far thou'lt never find it.

28 up] F1. Om. F2.

29 s.d. Kisses him] So Ff.

32 *purchase*] Obtain, as III. iv. 30, where see note.

34 *bawdy prunes*] Seward gets rid of the metrical defect by reading *bawdy
bruns*. Weber overcomes it by spelling *pruns*. As Stevens abundantly
proved in a note on I *Henry IV.*, III. m. 128, 'no more faith in thee than a
stew'd prune,' stewed prunes were a common dish in broths.

34 *prunes* mourning gloves: ¶ So punctuated FF Eumenes anticipates the failure of the scheme, Memnon's sense, and death and their own mourning. Dyce punctuates *prunes*, . . . *gloves* without note. Preceding edds. had substituted comma at *prunes*.

35 Pel.] Both the folios '2 Capt.,' which there is no need to alter. Colman
1 Capt., Dyce 'Polyb.'

38 *rogue thing*] Fi. F2 *roguey thing*.

40 *So far thou't never find it*] Both Ff have *thou't*, but its identity with 'thou'lt' is shown by Dyce's reference to *The Coxcomb*, IV. vii., where Ff reads 'Thou'lt ne'er be good,' and F2 has 'Thou'lt,' etc. Eumenes may be understood as meaning either that the Courtesan put her meddlesome so far from her

- Mem.* Do not weep ; 40
 For, if ye be the princess, I will love ye,
 Indeed I will, and honour ye, fight for ye :
 Come, wipe your eyes.—By Heaven, she stinks—Who
 art 'a ?—
 Stinks like a poison'd rat behind a hanging—
 Woman, who art 'a ?—like a rotten cabbage ! 45
Pel. Y' are much to blame, sir ; 'tis the princess.
Mem. How !
 She the princess !
Eum. And the loving princess.
Polyb. Indeed, the doting princess.
Mem. Come hither once more :
 The princess smells like morning's breath, pure amber,
 Beyond the courted Indies in her spices.— 50
 Still a dead rat, by Heaven !—Thou a princess !
Eum. What a dull whore is this !
Mem. I'll tell ye presently ;
 For, if she be a princess, as she may be,
 And yet stink too, and strongly, I shall find her.
 Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over : 55
 If she be sprung from royal blood,—the lion,
 He'll do ye reverence ; else—
Court. I beseech your lordship—
Eum. He'll tear her all to pieces.
Court. I am no princess, sir.
Mem. Who brought thee hither ?
Pel. If ye confess, we'll hang ye.

as to be irrecoverable, or that up to this point Memnon will not guess the deception—the former is best.—'Aside' here first.

43, 45 *art'a*] Dyce. *art ta* F1. F2 *art thou* and *art* followed by Colman.

49 *amber*] Cf. II. i. 149 note.

50 *courted Indies*] by merchants. Seward and Colman altered to 'India.'

51 *Thou a princess!*] So F2. F1 *Thou art a princesse*; which Weber adopted, affixing a mark of interrogation.

56 *sprung from royal blood*, etc.] F1. *the royal* F2. "This refers to the well-known fable of the respect in which royal blood is held by the king of beasts, which was a favourite fiction among writers of romance. So in *Octavian Imperator* (*Metr. Romances*, Edin. 1810, vol. iii. v. 481)—

'A chyld that ys of kynges blood,

A lyoun ne struys hyt for no good.'"—Weber.

Cf. *Noble Gentleman*, V. 1. 395 sqq., and Falstaff in 1 *Henry IV*, II. iv. 261, 'the lion will not touch the true prince.'

58 *Eum.*] Altered by Seward to 'Mem.', on which Colman remarked that Memnon would have substituted *you* for *her*.

Court. Good my lord—— 60

Mem. Who art thou, then?

Court. A poor retaining whore, sir,
To one of your lordship's captains.

Mem. Alas, poor whore!
Go; be a whore still, and stink worse. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit Courtesan.*
What fools are these, and coxcombs! [*Exit MEMNON.*

Eum. I am right glad yet,
He takes it with such lightness.

Polyb. Methinks his face, too, 65
Is not so clouded as it was: how he looks!

Eum. Where's your dead rat?

Pel. The devil dine upon her!
Lions! why, what a medicine had he gotten
To try a whore!

Re-enter STREMON.

Stre. Here's one from Polydore stays to speak
with ye. 70

Eum. With whom?

Stre. With all. Where has the general been?
He's laughing to himself extremely.

Eum. Come,
I'll tell thee how; I am glad yet he's so merry.
[*Exeunt.*

63 s.d. Courtesan] Colman, for 'Cloe' of Ff
68 Lions] Misspelt *Louns* in F2.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Temple of Venus. The Oracle in the background. A recess, with a curtain before it, on one side.

Enter CHILAX and Priestess.

Chi. What lights are those that enter there? still nearer!—

Plague o' your rotten itch! do you draw me hither
Into the temple, to betray me? was there no place
To satisfy your sin in—Gods forgive me!
Still they come forward.

Priest. Peace, ye fool: I have found it; 5
'Tis the young princess Calis.

Chi. 'Tis the devil,
To claw us for our caterwauling.

Priest. Retire softly.—
I did not look for you these two hours, lady;
Beshrew your haste!—[*To CHILAX*] That way.

Chi. That goes to the altar,
Ye old blind beast.

Priest. I know not; any way. 10
Still they come nearer. I'll in to the oracle.

Chi. That's well remember'd; I'll in with ye.

Priest. Do.
[*They go in to the Oracle.*]

*Enter CALIS and her train with lights, singing: LUCIPPE,
CLEANTHE.*

Oh, fair sweet goddess, queen of loves,
Soft and gentle as thy doves,

Sc. I. Locality as Dyce.

s.d. Enter Chilax and Priestess] The Ff add 'Calis, Lady and Nun,' although they indicate the entrance of Calis and her train, and of a Nun, by separate stage directions below.

5 *I have found it*] i. e. I know what it is.

9 s.d. *To Chilax*] Added Fz.

12 s.d. *They . . . Oracle*] So Dyce. Ff Exeunt Priest. and Chilax.

Humble-crud, and ever rung
 Those poor hearts, their loves pursuing ' 15
 Oh, thou mother of delights,
 Crowner of all happy nights,
 Star of dear content and pleasure,
 Of mutual love the endless treasure ' 20
 Accept this sacrifice we bring,
 Thou continual youth and spring ;
 Grant this lady her desires,
 And every hour we'll crown thy fires.

Enter a Nun.

Nun. You about her, all retire, 25

Whilst the princess feeds the fire.

[*Exeunt CLEANTHE, LUCIPPE, and Attendants.*

When your devotions ended be,

To the oracle I will attend ye.

[*CALIS enters the recess : Nun draws the curtain close to her, and then exit.*

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter STREMON and EUMENES.

Stre. He will abroad.

Eum. How does his humour hold him ?

Stre. He is now grown wondrous sad, weeps often too,

Talks of his brother to himself, starts strangely.

Eum. Does he not curse ?

Stre. No.

Eum. Nor break out in fury,

Offering some new attempt ?

Stre. Neither. "To the temple," 5

26 s.d. *Exeunt . . . Attendants*] Added Dyce.

28 s.d. *Calis . . . exit*] Dyce. Ff 'Exit Nun and draws the Curtain close to Calis,' followed by the other editors. Calis is concealed with the curtain to allow of the intervention of the following scene, which, as is evident from ll. 5-6, is laid in a different place ; then when in sc. iii. the scene reverts to the Temple, the Nun 'opens the curtain to Calis.' Dyce refers us to *The Faithful Shepherdess*, V. 2 (end), where he notes that 'the want of moveable painted scenery in the early theatres probably forced this expedient on the poet.'

Sc. II. 5 "To the temple"] This visit, carried out in V. iv. 24, has not been hinted at before, though Memnon's soliloquy in IV. i. shows him beginning to waver in his passion. Cf. IV. i. 8, 'His spirit is a little quieter.'

Is all we hear of now : what there he will do——

Eum. I hope, repent his folly : let's be near him.

Stre. Where are the rest ?

Eum. About a business

Concerns him mainly : if Heaven cure this madness,
He's man for ever, Stremon.

Stre. Does the king know it? 10

Eum. Yes, and much troubled with it : he's now
gone

To seek his sister out.

Stre. Come, let's away, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*The Temple, as before. The Priestess, and CHILAX who has
put on her robe, in the Oracle. CALIS in the recess.*

Enter Nun, who opens the curtain to CALIS.

Nun. Peace to your prayers, lady ! will it please ye
To pass on to the oracle.

Calis. Most humbly.

Chi. Do ye hear that ?

Priest. Yes ; lie close.

Chi. A wildfire take ye !

What shall become of me ? I shall be hang'd now :

Is this a time to shake ? a halter shake ye ! 5

Come, up and juggle, come.

Priest. I am monstrous fearful.

Chi. Up, ye old gaping oyster, up and answer :

A mouldy mange upon your chops ! ye told me

I was safe here till the bell rung.

Priest. I was prevented,

And did not look these three hours for the princess. 10

9 *thus*] F1. F2 *his*.

10 *man*] F1. F2 *made*.

12 s.d. *Exeunt*] Ff have by mistake 'Exeunt Eumen., Stremon, Calis.'

SC. III. s.d. The Priestess, and Chilax . . . curtain to Calis] Dyce. Ff have 'Enter Nun, she opens the Curtain to Calis. Calis at the Oracle,' to which F1 adds 'Arras.' Opposite *humbly*, l. 2, Ff have 'Chilax and Priest. in the Oracle.'

9 *prevented*] i. e. anticipated.

Chi. Shall we be taken ?

Priest. Speak, for love's sake, Chilax :
I can not, nor I dare not.

Chi. I'll speak treason,
For I had as lieve be hang'd for that——

Priest. Good Chilax——

Chi. Must it be sung or said ? what shall I tell 'em ?
They are here ; here now, preparing

Priest. Oh, my conscience ! 15

Chi. Plague o' your spur-gall'd conscience ! does it
tire now,
Now when it should be toughest ? I could make
thee——

Priest. Save us : we are both undone else.

Chi. Down, you dog, then ;
Be quiet, and be staunch too ; no inundations.

Nun. Here kneel again ; and Venus grant your
wishes ! 20

Calis. Oh, divine[st] star of heaven,
Thou, in power above the seven ;
Thou sweet kindler of desires,
Till they grow to mutual fires ;
Thou, oh gentle queen, that art 25
Curer of each wounded heart ;
Thou, the fuel and the flame ;
Thou, in heaven and here the same ;
Thou, the wooer and the woo'd ;
Thou, the hunger and the food ; 30
Thou, the prayer and the pray'd ;
Thou, what is or shall be said ;
Thou, still young and golden-tressed,
Make me by thy answer blessed !

Chi. When ?

Priest. Now speak handsomely, and small by all
means ? 35
I have told ye what.

16 *spur-gall'd*] i. e. one that has been worked hard.

21 *divine[st]*] *Ff* *divine*, the *-st* having evidently dropped out before the *star*. Seward made the correction.

22 *the seven*] The seven planets of the Ptolemaic system, viz. the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 481, 'They pass the Planets Seven, and pass the Fixed,' etc.

35 *small*] *Merry Wives*, I. i. 49, 'speaks small like a woman.'

Chi. But I'll tell you a new tale.—
Now for my neck-verse.—I have heard thy prayers,
And mark me well. [*Thunder.*

Nun. The goddess is displeased much ;
The temple shakes and totters : she appears.—

[*Music.* VENUS descends.
Bow, lady, bow ! [*CALIS kneels.*

Venus. Purge me the temple round, 40

And live by this example henceforth sound.—

Virgin, I have seen thy tears,

Heard thy wishes and thy fears ;

Thy holy incense flew above :

Hark, therefore, to thy doom in love. 45

Had thy heart been soft at first,

Now thou hadst allay'd thy thirst ;

Had thy stubborn will but bended,

All thy sorrows here had ended ;

Therefore, to be just in love, 50

A strange fortune thou must prove ;

And, for thou hast been stern and coy,

A dead love thou shalt enjoy.

Calis. Oh, gentle goddess !

Venus. Rise, thy doom is said ;

And fear not ; I shall please thee with the dead. 55

[*VENUS ascends.*

Nun. Go up into the temple, and there end
Your holy rites ; the goddess smiles upon you.

[*Exeunt CALIS and Nun.*

37 *neck-verse*] This common phrase for the passage read or recited at the scaffold by criminals who wished to claim the 'benefit of clergy,' needs no illustration. Dyce in a note on the *Com. Poems* (vol. i. xvi. of his ed.) says it was generally the beginning of the 51st Psalm, 'Miserere mei,' etc.

37 *I have . . . me well*] Weber added s.d. 'In a disguised voice.'

38 s.d. *Thunder*] So Ff.

39 s.d. *Music.* Venus descends] So Ff.

40 s. d. *Calis kneels*] Added Weber.

45 *to*] F2. Omitted in F1, and by Weber and Dyce.

51 *A*] F2. F1 *And*.

55 *shall*] F1. F2 *will*.

55, 57 s.d.] As Ff.

SCENE IV.

*The area before the Temple.**Enter CHILAX, in the robe of the Priestess.*

Chi. I'll no more oracles nor miracles,
 Nor no more church-work; I'll be drawn and hang'd
 first.
 Am not I torn a-pieces with the thunder?
 Death, I can scarce believe I live yet:
 It gave me on the buttocks a cruel, a huge bang; 5
 I had as lieve ha' had 'em scratch'd with dog-whips.
 Be quiet henceforth, now ye feel the end on 't,
 I would advise ye, my old friends: the good gentle-
 woman
 Is stricken dumb, and there her grace sits mumping,
 Like an old ape eating a brawn: sure, the good goddess 10
 Knew my intent was honest, to save the princess,
 And how we young men are enticed to wickedness
 By these lewd women; I had paid for 't else too.
 I am monstrous holy now, and cruel fearful:
 Oh, 'twas a plaguey thump, charged with a vengeance! 15
 Would I were well at home! The best is, 'tis not day.

Enter SYPHAX, walks softly over the stage, and goes in.

Who's that? ha! Syphax! I'll be with you anon, sir:
 Ye shall be oracled, I warrant ye,
 And thunder'd too, as well as I; your lordship
 Must needs enjoy the princess? yes—Ha! torches! 20
 And Memnon coming this way! He's dog-mad,
 And, ten to one, appearing thus unto him,
 He worries me: I must go by him.

SC. IV. s.d. the robe, etc.] Weber. His Robe Ff.
 8 *friends*] So Ff. Mason, Weber, and Dyce corrected to *friend*, i.e. the
 Priestess; but Chilax is probably addressing his buttocks. Like the bookseller
 in *Humphry Clinker*, he has 'exhibited marks of bodily fear more ways than
 one,' causing the Priestess to inflict the 'cruel bang' of l. 5. *The good gentle-*
woman is perhaps the Nun.

16 s.d.] As in Ff.

20 *Ha!*] F1. *Ha!* F2.

Enter MEMNON, EUMENES, STREMON, and two carrying torches.

Eum. Sir—

Mem. Ask me no further questions.—What art thou?
How, dost thou stare? stand off. Nay, look upon me; 25
I do not shake, nor fear thee. [*Draws his sword.*]

Chi. [*Aside.*] He will kill me:

This is for church-work.

Mem. Why dost thou appear now?

Thou wert fairly slain. I know thee, Diocles,
And know thine envy to mine honour: but—

Chi. Stay, Memnon;

I am a spirit, and thou canst not hurt me. 30

Eum. This is the voice of Chilax.

Stre. What makes him thus?

Chi. 'Tis true that I was slain in field, but foully,
By multitudes, not manhood: therefore, mark me;
I do appear again to quit mine honour,
And on thee single.

Mem. I accept the challenge. 35
Where?

Chi. On the Stygian banks.

Mem. When?

Chi. Four days hence.

Mem. Go, noble ghost; I will attend.

Chi. I thank ye.

Stre. Ye have saved your throat, and handsomely:
farewell, sir. [*Exit CHILAX.*]

Mem. Sing me the battle of Pelusium,
In which this worthy died.

Eum. This will spoil all, 40
And make him worse than e'er he was.—Sit down, sir,
And give yourself to rest.

SONG by STREMON.

Arm, arm, arm, arm! the scouts are all come in:
Keep your ranks close, and now your honours win.

23, 26, 38 s.d.] As Ff. 'Aside' first in Dyce.

28 *Diocles*] Cf. I. i. 15.

34 *quit*] i. e. clear, vindicate.—Dyce.

39 *battle*] F1. F2 *battles*. Pelusium lay at the mouth of the most eastern branch of the Nile, rather west of the modern Port Said.

42 s.d. by Stremon] Added Weber and Dyce.

26 *He*] F2. F1 *A*.

31 *him*] F2. *he* F1.

Behold from yonder hill the foe appears ; 45
 Bows, bills, glares, arrows, shields, and spears,
 Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring ;
 Oh, view the wings of horse the foe is pouring !
 The van-guard marches bravely : hark, the drums,
 Dub, dub ! 50
 They meet, they meet, and now the battle comes :
 See how the arrows fly,
 That darken all the sky !
 Hark how the trumpets sound,
 Hark how the hills rebound, 55
 Tara, tara, tara, tara !
 Hark how the horses charge ! in, boys, boys, in !
 The battle totters ; now the wounds begin :
 Oh, how they cry !
 Oh, now they die ! 60
 Room for the valiant Memnon, arm'd with thunder !
 See how he breaks the rank, asunder !
 They fly, they fly ! Eumenes has the chase,
 And brave Polybius makes good his place.
 To the plains, to the woods, 65
 To the rocks, to the floods,
 They fly for succour. Follow, follow, follow !
 Hark how the soldiers hollow.
 Hey, hey ! 70
 Brave Diocles is dead,
 And all his soldiers fled ;
 The battle's won, and lost,
 That many a life hath cost.

Mem. Now forward to the temple. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter CHILAX.

Chi. Are ye gone ?
 How have I 'scaped this morning ? by what miracle ? 75
 Sure, I am ordain'd for some brave end.

Enter CLOE, disguised as CALIS.

Cloe. How is it ?
Chi. Come ; 'tis as well as can be.
Cloe. But is it possible
 This should be true you tell me ?

46 *glares*] 'Weapons shaped like halberts.' Weber, who quotes from Marlowe's *Edward II.*, 'sword and glaive.'

50, 56, 69 *Dub, dub*, etc.] These expletives are printed in margin and in a different type in Ff, because, though part of the song, they are also stage directions

51 *and now*] F2. F1 simply *now*.

57 *in, boys, boys, in*] F2. F1 *in boys, in boys, in*.

76 s.d. disguised as Calis] Added Weber and Dyce.

Chi. 'Tis most certain.

Cloe. Such a gross ass to love the princess?

Chi. Peace :

Pull your robe close about ye. You are perfect 80
In all I taught ye?

Cloe. Sure.

Chi. Gods give thee good luck !

'Tis strange my brains should still be beating knavery,
For all these dangers ; but they are needful mischiefs,
And such are nuts to me, and I must do 'em.
You will remember me?

Cloe. By this kiss, Chilax. 85

Chi. No more of that ; I fear another thunder.

Cloe. We are not i' th' temple, man.

Chi. Peace ; here he comes.

Now to our business handsomely.—

Away now !

[*Exeunt* CHILAX and CLOE.]

[*Re-*]enter SYPHAX.

Syph. 'Twas sure the princess, for he kneel'd unto her,
And she look'd every way : I hope the oracle 90
Has made me happy ; me I hope she look'd for.
Fortune, I will so honour thee ! Love, so adore thee !

[*Re-*]enter CHILAX, and CLOE at the other door.

[*Aside.*] She is here again ; looks round about again
too ;

'Tis done, I know 'tis done. 'Tis Chilax with her,
And I shall know of him.—Who's that ?

Chi. Speak softly : 95
The princess from the oracle.

Syph. She views me ;
By Heaven, she beckons me !

Chi. Come near, she would have ye.

Syph. Oh, royal lady ! [*Kisses her hand.*]

88 to our business] Lines 89-90 show that some pantomime is intended here to delude Syphax. Dyce inserted s.d. 'Chilax kneels. Cloe looks round her.'

92, 98 s.d.] As in both Ff.

93 about] F1. about her F2. The 'Aside' first marked in Dyce.

Chi. She wills ye read that ; for belike, she 's bound
to silence

For such a time : she is wondrous gracious to ye. 100

Syph. Heaven make me thankful !

Chi. She would have ye read it.

Syph. [*Reads.*] *Syphax, the will of Heaven hath cast
me on thee*

To be thy wife, whose will must be obey'd :

Use me with honour ; I shall love thee dearly,

And make thee understand thy worths hereafter. 105

Convey me to a secret ceremony,

That both our hearts and loves may be united ;

And use no language, till before my brother

We both appear, where I will shew the oracle ;

For till that time I am bound, I must not answer. 110

Oh, happy I !

Chi. Ye are a made man.

Syph.

But, Chilax,

Where are her women ?

Chi. None but your grace's sister—

Because she would have it private to the world yet—

Knows of this business.

Syph.

I shall thank thee, Chilax ;

Thou art a careful man.

Chi.

Your grace's servant.

115

Syph. I'll find a fit place for thee.

Chi.

If you will not,

There's a good lady will. She points ye forward :

Away, and take your fortune ! not a word, sir.—

[*Aside.*] So ; you are greased, I hope.—

[*Exeunt* SYPHAX and CLOE, *manet* CHILAX.

Enter STREMON, Fool, and PICUS.

Stremon, Fool, Picus !

Where have you left your lord ?

Stre.

I' th' temple, Chilax. 120

Chi. Why are ye from him ?

Stre.

Why, the king is with him,

And all the lords.

102 s.d.] As in both Ff.

119 s.d. *Aside*] Dyce.

119 *greased*] Gulled, cheated, as I. ii. 102 (see note) ; and so Dyce (*Addenda*) comparing *The Wild Goose Chase*, IV. ii., where, on the entrance of the women laughing, Bellair asks ' Am I greased once again ? '

Chi. Is not the princess there too ?

Stre. Yes ;

And the strangest coil amongst 'em : she weeps bitterly ;
The king entreats, and frowns ; my lord, like autumn, 125
Drops off his hopes by handfuls ; all the temple
Sweats with this agony.

Chi. Where's young Polydore ?

Stre. Dead, as they said, o' th' sudden.

Chi. Dead !

Stre. For certain ;

But not yet known abroad.

Chi. There's a new trouble.

A brave young man he was ; but we must all die. 130

Stre. Did not the general meet you this morning
Like a tall stallion-nun ?

Chi. No more o' that, boy.

Stre. You had been ferreting.

Chi. That's all one.—Fool,
My master Fool, that taught my wits to traffick,
What has your wisdom done ? how have you profited ? 135
Out with your audit ; come, you are not empty :
Put out mine eye with twelve-pence, do you, shaker ?
What think you of this shaking ? [*Pulls out a purse*]

here's wit, coxcomb !

Ha, boys ! ha, my fine rascals ! here's a ring ;

How right they go !

Fool. Oh, let me ring the fore-bell ! 140

Chi. And here are thumpers, chequins, golden
rogues :

132 *Like a tall stallion-nun*] i.e. disguised in the Priestess's robe. See above, ll. 30-31.

137 *Put out mine eye with twelve-pence*] Chilax alludes here to what the Fool had previously said (I. i. 335)—

"I'll have a *shilling* for a can of wine,

When you shall have two sergeants for a counter."—Dyce.

137 *do you, shaker*] Altered by Seward to—

do you shake ? Here

Weber thinks *shaker* may refer to the double entendre about 'shaking a sheet.' Cf. note on IV. ii. 49.

138 s.d. *Pulls . . . purse*] So Ff.

139 *here's a ring*] "Meaning the ringing of the money. So Shakespeare compares a voice to a piece of uncurrent gold, crack'd in the *ring*."—Colman.

141 *Chi.*] Prefix omitted Fz.

141 *chequins*] F1 *chickens*. F2 *chiqueens*. Spelt 'chequin' in *Pericles*, IV. ii. 28. The chequin or sequin was a Venetian gold coin worth about 9s.

Wit, wit, ye rascals !

Fool. I have a sty here, Chilax.

Chi. I have no gold to cure it, not a penny,
Not one cross, cavalier : we are dull soldiers,
Gross heavy-headed fellows ; fight for victuals ! 145

Fool. Why, ye are the spirits of the time.

Chi. By no means.

Fool. The valiant, fiery.

Chi. Fie, fie ! no.

Fool. Belee me, sir.

Chi. I would I could, sir !

Fool. I will satisfy ye.

Chi. But I will not content you.—[*To PICUS.*] Alas,
poor boy !

Thou shew'st an honest nature weeps for thy master ! 150

There's a red rogue, to buy thee handkerchers.

Fool. He was an honest gentleman : I have lost too—

Chi. You have indeed, your labour, Fool.—But,
Stremon,

Dost thou want money too ? no virtue living ?

No firking out at fingers' ends ?

Stre. It seems so. 155

Chi. Will ye all serve me ?

Stre. Yes, when ye are lord-general ;

For less I will not go.

Chi. There's gold for thee, then ;

142 *a sty here . . . gold to cure it*] This popular superstition is referred to again in *The Elder Brother*, II. iv. "There is a stie grown o'er the eye o' th' Bull. . . . Put a gold ring in 's nose and that will cure him."—Nares.

144 *Not one cross*] Equivalent to—not one farthing.—Dyce.

147 *fiery*] Colman's rendering of the folio reading—*firie*, which Seward altered to *fiere*, with Mason's approval.

147 *Belee me*] A corruption of *Believe me*, as Weber conjectured.

150 *Thou shew'st an honest nature weeps for thy master*] So F1, i. e. 'nature [that] weeps.' F2 has 'Thou shewst an honest nature, *weep'st* for thy master,' followed by all the edd., Colman and Weber placing a needless interrogation-point at the end of the line. Picus' master must be Polydore, who is supposed dead. In I. i. 306 (Polydore being still at Athens) the Fool alludes to 'his master's absence.'

151 *a red rogue*] Sufficiently explained by 'golden rogues,' l. 141 ; yet Colman printed *a red, rogue* ! 'Handkerchers' refers back to II. ii. 18-20, 99.

155 *firking*] See II. ii. 89 note. "Evidently signifies—stealing, picking pockets." Weber. "Chilax, I believe, means—have people no liberality? do they give you nothing?" Dyce—better.

157 *less I will not go*] An expression borrowed from gaming. So *Four Plays in One*, sc. i.—'make my mind go less.'

Thou hast a soldier's mind.—Fool !

Fool. Here, your first man.

Chi. I will give thee for thy wit (for 'tis a fine wit,
A dainty diving wit)—hold up—just nothing. 160
Go, graze i' th' commons: yet I am merciful;
There 's sixpence; buy a saucer, steal an old gown,
And beg i' th' temple for a prophet.—Come away,
boys;

Let's see how things are carried.—Fool up, sirrah;
You may chance get a dinner.—Boy, your preferment 165
I'll undertake; for your brave master's sake,
You shall not perish.

Fool. Chilax—

Chi. Please me well, Fool,
And you shall light my pipes. Away to the temple!
But stay; the king is here: sport upon sport, boys.

Enter KING, Lords, SYPHAX, and CLOE veiled.
SYPHAX kneels.

King. What would you have, captain? 170
Speak suddenly, for I am wondrous busy.

Syph. A pardon, royal sir.

King. For what?

Syph. For that,
Which was Heaven's will, should not be mine alone,
sir,—

My marrying with this lady.

King. It needs no pardon,
For marriage is no sin.

Syph. Not in itself, sir; 175

158 *your first man*] i. e. first to enlist under him as lord-general.

162 *a saucer*] To receive alms in (Dyce), i. e. the clap-dish usually carried by Bedlam beggars.

164 *Fool up, sirrah*] i. e. ply your fool's trade hard. Weber quotes the same expression in *The Night-Walker* (at the end). The preference shown to PICUS has no better ground than CHILAX's wish to make the Fool, the elder and leader of the pair, jealous. The soldier is paying him off for his sneers in I. 1., a score already cleared in part by his pummelling in II. 11.

169 s.d. *Enter, etc.*] Dyce. Ff 'Enter King, Lords, Siphax kneeling, Cloe with a Vaile.' One would be inclined to suppose the entry effected by drawing a curtain, revealing some interior chamber of the temple, where the king was at ll. 120-1, and whither Syphax and Cloe repaired at l. 119 on the mission suggested ll. 108-9; but ll. 180, 185 seem to show that the king is here outside the building, and the form of the s.d. in Ff must be merely due to abbreviation.

But in presuming too much : yet, Heaven knows,
So does the oracle that cast it on me,
And—the princess, royal sir.

King. What princess?

Syph. Oh, be not angry, my dread king ! your
sister.

King. My sister ! she's i' th' temple, man.

Syph. She is here, sir. 180

First Lord. The captain's mad : she's kneeling at
the altar.

King. I know she is.—With all my heart, good captain,
I do forgive ye both.—Be unveil'd, lady.—

[CLOE puts off her veil.

Will ye have more forgiveness ?—The man's frantic.

Come, let's go bring her out.—God give ye joy, sir ! 185

[Exeunt KING and Lords.

Syph. How ! Cloe ! my old Cloe !

Cloe. Even the same, sir.

Chi. Gods give your manhood much content !

Stre. The princess

Looks something musty since her coming over.

Fool. 'Twere good you'd brush her over.

Syph. Fools and fiddlers

Make sport at my abuse too !

Fool. Oh, 'tis the nature 190

Of us fools to make bold with one another ;

But you are wise, brave sir.

Chi. Cheer up your princess.

Believe it, sir, the king will not be angry ;

Or, say he were, why, 'twas the oracle,

The oracle, an't like your grace, the oracle. 195

Stre. And who, most mighty Syphax—

Syph. With mine own whore !

Cloe. With whom else should ye marry ? speak your
conscience ;

Will ye transgress the law of arms, that ever

Rewards the soldier with his own sins ?

Syph. Devils !

178 And—] The dash is in Ff and all editors.

183 s.d. Cloe, etc.] 'Puts off her vail.' Ff.

185 s.d. Exeunt . . . Lords] In Ff.

192 sir] Seward. Ff *sirs*.

Cloe. Ye had my maidenhead, my youth, my
sweetness ; 200

Is it not justice, then ?

Syph. I see it must be ;

But, by this hand, I'll hang a lock upon thee.

Cloe. You shall not need ; my honesty shall do it.

Syph. If there be wars in all the world——

Cloe. I'll with ye ;

For you know I have been a soldier. 205

Come, curse on.

Syph. When I need another oracle——

Chi. Send for me, Syphax ; I'll fit ye with a princess :

And so, to both your honours !

Fool. And your graces !

Syph. The devil grace ye all !

Cloe. God-a-mercy, Chilax !

Chi. Shall we laugh half an hour now ?

Stre. No ; the king comes, 210

And all the train.

Chi. Away, then ! our act's ended.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter KING, CALIS, MEMNON, *and* CLEANTHE,
Lords.

King. You know he does deserve ye, loves ye dearly ;
You know what bloody violence h'ad used
Upon himself, but that his brother cross'd it ;
You know the same thoughts still inhabit in him, 215
And covet to take birth : look on him, lady ;
The wars have not so far consumed him yet,
Cold age disabled him, or sickness sunk him,
To be abhorr'd : look on his honour, sister ;
That bears no stamp of time, no wrinkles on it ; 220
No sad demolishment nor death can reach it :

206 *When I need another oracle*] Both Ff give these as well as three preceding words to Cloe. Seward, with Sympton's concurrence, assigned the whole line to Syphax. First printed as here by Colman.

211 s.d. King . . . Lords] So Ff, F1 adding 'Curtisan,' followed by Weber only. Dyce substituted for 'Curtisan' 'Lucippe,' who was mentioned in the Ff s.d. on the princess's first arrival, V. i. 12 ; but see l. 112.

213 *h'ad used*] Seward and Dyce. Ff *had used*. Colm. *h' had used*. Weber *he had used*. Opposite these words both Ff have s.d. 'The Hears ready, Polidor, Eumenes, and Captains.'

Look with the eyes of Heaven, that nightly waken
 To view the wonders of the glorious Maker,
 And not the weakness: look with your virtuous eyes;
 And then, clad royally in all his conquests, 225
 His matchless love hung with a thousand merits,
 Eternal youth attending, fame and fortune;
 Time and oblivion vexing at his virtues;—
 He shall appear a miracle: look on our dangers,
 Look on the public ruin.

Calis. Oh, dear brother! 230

King. Fie! let us not, like proud and greedy waters,
 Gain to give off again: this is our sea,
 And you, his Cynthia, govern him; take heed:
 His floods have been as high and full as any,
 And gloriously now's got up to girdle 235
 The kingdoms he hath purchased: noble sister,
 Take not your virtue from him; oh, take heed
 We ebb not now to nothing; take heed, Calis!

Calis. The will of Heaven (not mine) which must
 not alter,
 And my eternal doom, for aught I know, 240
 Is fix'd upon me. Alas, I must love nothing;
 Nothing that loves again must I be bless'd with!
 The gentle vine climbs up the oak, and clips him,
 And when the stroke comes, yet they fall together.
 Death, death must I enjoy, and live to love him! 245
 Oh, noble sir!

Mem. Those tears are some reward yet:
 Pray, let me wed your sorrows.

Calis. Take 'em, soldier;
 They are fruitful ones; lay but a sigh upon 'em,

223 *of the*] F2. F1 *of my*.

224 *And not the weakness*] Weber's explanation is the best—'Look upon the virtues of Memnon, not upon his faults; as the eyes of heaven, the stars, awake nightly to behold the miraculous parts of creation, not to search out the little weaknesses and vices of those who live upon the world' Seward proposed to make the sense clearer by reading 'And see no weakness.'

225 *royally*] Mason's correction, for *royaltie* of Ff, a meaningless locution which Seward and Colman printed without comment.

235 *now's got up to girdle*] Ff *now is got up to the girdle*,. Seward threw out the *the* and the comma, restoring the true sense, though he gave *he's* *now* for *now is*.

243 *clips*] i. e. embraces.—Dyce.
 248 *sigh*] The correction of F2 for *sight* of F1, a recognized variant, found in *England's Helicon* (p. 217 ed. Bullen) as a rhyme to 'delight,' and in Q1 of Lyly's *Sapho and Phao*, III. iv. 71.

And straight they will conceive to infinites :
I told ye what ye would find 'em.

Attendant. [*Within.*] Room before there ! 250

Enter Attendants bearing a hearse, upon which POLYDORE is laid, covered ; EUMENES, POLYBIUS, and PELIUS following

King. How now ! what's this ? more drops to th'
ocean !

Whose body's this ?

Eum. The noble Polydore .

This speaks his death. [*Shewing a letter.*

Mem. My brother dead !

Calis. Oh, goddess !

Oh, cruel, cruel Venus ! here's my fortune !

King. Read, captain.

Mem. Read aloud.—Farewell, my follies ! 255

Eum. [*Reads.*]

To the excellent princess Calis.

Be wise as you are beauteous ; love with judgment,

And look with clear eyes on my noble brother ;

Value desert and virtue ; they are jewels

Fit for your worth and wearing. Take heed, lady ; 260

The gods reward ingratitude most grievous.

Remember me no more ; or, if you must,

Seek me in noble Memnon's love ; I dwell there.

I durst not live, because I durst not wrong him.

I can no more ; make me eternal happy 265

With looking down upon your loves. Farewell.

Mem. And didst thou die for me ?—

King. Excellent virtue !—

250 *I told ye what ye would find 'em*] F1 has *could* for *would*. The words refer to the funeral procession which Calis sees approaching, though she is ignorant as yet of Polydore's death.

250 *Attendant*[*Within*] So Dyce ; Colman and Weber having inserted '*Eum* (*within*)' : for *Room before there* was om. F2 and Seward, appearing in F1 as part of Calis' speech, followed by s.d. '*Knock.*'

250 s.d. *Enter Attendants bearing a hearse, etc.*] Weber and Dyce. Ff merely "*Enter Funerall, Captaines following, and Eumenes*" ; but see note on l. 213.

253 s.d. *Shewing, etc.*] Added Weber.

256 s.d. *Eum.* [*Reads*] *To etc.*] So F1, adding '*1. Cap.*' as prefix before l. 257. F2 '*Eumen. reads to,*' etc., with '*Eum.*' before l. 257. Weber '*Polybius* (*reading*) *To, etc.*'

What will ye now do?

Calis. Dwell for ever here, sir.

[*Goes up to the hearse.*]

Mem. For me, dear Polydore? oh, worthy young man!

Oh, love, love, love! love above recompense! 270

Infinite love, infinite honesty!—

Good lady, leave; you must have no share here;

Take home your sorrows: here's enough to store me,

Brave glorious griefs. Was ever such a brother?

Turn all the stories over in the world yet, 275

And search through all the memories of mankind,

And find me such a friend! h'as outdone all,

Outstripp'd 'em sheerly; all, all: thou hast, Polydore!

To die for me! why, as I hope for happiness,

'Twas one of the rarest-thought-on things, the bravest, 280

And carried beyond compass of our actions!

I wonder how he hit it; a young man too,

In all the blossoms of his youth and beauty,

In all the fulness of his veins and wishes,

Woo'd by that paradise, that would catch Heaven! 285

It starts me extremely. Thou blest ashes,

Thou faithful monument, where love and friendship

Shall, while the world is, work new miracles!

Calis. Oh, let me speak too!

Mem. No, not yet.—Thou man,

(For we are but man's shadows,) only man—— 290

I have not words to utter him.—Speak, lady;

I'll think a while.

Calis. The goddess grants me this yet,

I shall enjoy the dead: no tomb shall hold thee

But these two arms, no trickments but my tears;

268 s.d. Goes . . . hearse] Dyce, after Weber had added 'kneels before the hearse.'

276 *memories*] i. e. memorials, Mason; and so twice in *The Humorous Lieutenant*, e. g. I. i. 198, 'on the same file hang their memories.'

286 *It starts me extremely*] Altered by Seward to *It startles me extremely*; so his successors; and, doubtless, to the improvement of the metre: but we have already had in this play, "Does it *start* ye?" (III. iv. 31): and compare *Macbeth*—

"Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,

Cannot once *start* me." V. v. Dyce.

293 *the dead*] So Ff. Colman changed *the* to *thee*, followed by Weber and Dyce; but the latter's correspondent "T.H." pointed out that Calis is quoting the goddess's promise, V. iii. 55, 'I shall please thee with the dead.'

294 *trickments*] i. e. decorations.

Over thy hearse my sorrows, like sad arms, 295
 Shall hang for ever ; on the toughest marble
 Mine eyes shall weep thee out an epitaph ;
 Love at thy feet shall kneel, his smart bow broken,
 Faith at thy head, Youth and the Graces mourners.
 Oh, sweet young man !

King. Now I begin to melt too. 300

Mem. Have ye enough yet, lady ? room for a
 gamester !

To my fond love, and all those idle fancies,
 A long farewell ! Thou diedst for me, dear Polydore ;
 To give me peace, thou hast eternal glory !—
 I stay and talk here :—I will kiss thee first ; 305
 And now I'll follow thee.

[*Offers to kill himself.* POLYDORE rises.

Polyd. Hold, for Heaven's sake !

Mem. Ha ! does he live ?—Dost thou deceive me ?

Polyd. Thus far ;

Yet for your good and honour.

King. Now, dear sister—

Calis. The oracle is ended ; noble sir,

Dispose me now as you please.

Polyd. You are mine, then ? 310

Calis. With all the joys that may be.

Polyd. Your consent, sir !

King. Ye have it freely.

Polyd. Walk along with me then,

And, as you love me, love my will.

[*Leads her to* MEMNON.

Calis. I will so.

Polyd. Here, worthy brother, take this virtuous
 princess ;

Ye have deserved her nobly ; she will love ye : 315

And when my life shall bring ye peace, as she does,
 Command it, ye shall have it.

Mem. Sir, I thank ye.

295 *sad arms*] hatchment.

301 *room for a gamester*] Evidently proverbial. Cf. 'Roome for a 1oyster'
 at the opening of Lyly's *Pappe with a Hatchet*, 1589.

302 *fond*] i. e. foolish.

306 s.d. *Offers . . . himself*] Added Colman. Ff have 'Polydore rises.'

309 *noble sir*] Addressed to Polydore.

313 s.d. *Leads . . . Memnon*] Added Weber.

King. I never found such goodness in such years.

Mem. Thou shalt not over-do me, though I die for't.
 Oh, how I love thy goodness, my best brother! 320
 You have given me here a treasure to enrich me,
 Would make the worthiest king alive a beggar :
 What may I give you back again?

Polyd. Your love, sir.

Mem. And you shall have it, even my dearest love,
 My first, my noblest love : take her again, sir ; 325
 She is yours, your honesty has over-run me :
 She loves ye ; lov'st her not ?—Excellent princess,
 Enjoy thy wish :—and now, get generals.

Polyd. As ye love Heaven, love him !—She is only
 yours, sir.

Mem. As ye love Heaven, love him.—She is only
 yours, sir.— 330
 My lord the king—

Polyd. He will undo himself, sir,
 And must without her perish : who shall fight, then ?
 Who shall protect your kingdom ?

Mem. Give me hearing,
 And, after that, belief. Were she my soul
 (As I do love her equal), all my victories, 335
 And all the living names I have gain'd by war,
 And loving him, that good, that virtuous good man,
 That only worthy of the name of brother,
 I would resign all freely. 'Tis all love
 To me, all marriage-rites, the joy of issues, 340
 To know him fruitful, that has been so faithful.

King. This is the noblest difference !—Take your
 choice, sister.

Calis. I see they are so brave and noble both,
 I know not which to look on.

Polyd. Choose discreetly,
 And Virtue guide ye ! There all the world, in one man 345
 Stands at the mark.

Mem. There all man's honesty,

327 *lov'st her not ?*] So F1, and all edd. F2 *lose her not*.

337 *And loving him*] i. e. and were she enamoured of him—continuing the protasis.

337 *good, that virtuous good*] The second *good* was silently omitted by Seward and Colman.

The sweetness of all youth.

Calis. Oh, gods!

Mem. My armour!—

By all the gods, she's yours!—my arms, I say!—

And, I beseech your grace, give me employment:

That shall be now my mistress, there my courtship. 350

King. Ye shall have any thing.

Mem. Virtuous lady,

Remember me, your servant now.—Young man,

You cannot over-reach me in your goodness.—

Oh, Love! how sweet thou look'st now, and how gentle!

I should have slubber'd thee, and stain'd thy beauty.— 355

Your hand, your hand, sir!

King. Take her, and Heaven bless her!

Mem. So.

Polyd. 'Tis your will, sir, nothing of my merit;

And, as your royal gift, I take this blessing.

Calis. And I from Heaven this gentleman.—

Thanks, goddess!

Mem. So ye are pleased now, lady?

Calis. Now or never. 360

Mem. My cold stiff carcass would have frozen ye.—

Wars, wars!

King. Ye shall have wars.

Mem. My next brave battle

I dedicate to your bright honour, sister:

Give me a favour, that the world may know

I am your soldier.

Calis. This, and all fair fortunes! 365

[*Gives him a scarf.*

Mem. And he that bears this from me, must strike boldly.

[*CLEANTHE kneeling.*

Calis. I do forgive thee: be honest: no more, wench.

King. Come, now to revels; this blest day shall prove

The happy crown of noble faith and love. [*Exeunt.*

350 *there*] F2. F1 reads *here*. If that be the true reading, an opposition is intended between his real passion for war and the courtly worship he will offer the Princess. Cf l. 352, 'your servant now.'

352 *your servant*] Accepted as your courtier, authorised to pay attentions.

365 s.d. *Gives . . . scarf*] Added Weber.

366 s.d. *Cleanthe kneeling*] So Ff.

EPILOGUE

HERE lies the doubt now ; let our plays be good,
 Our own care sailing equal in this flood,
 Our preparations new, new our attire,
 Yet here we are becalm'd still, still i' th' mire,
 Here we stick fast. Is there no way to clear 5
 This passage of your judgment, and our fear ?
 No mitigation of that law ? Brave friends,
 Consider we are yours, made for your ends ;
 And every thing preserves itself ; each will,
 If not perverse and crooked, utters still 10
 The best of that it ventures in. Have care,
 Even for your pleasure's sake, of what we are,
 And do not ruin all : you may frown still,
 But 'tis the nobler way to check the will.

2 *care*] 1. e. the actors' efforts, opposed to the playwright's (l. 1) as in Prologue,
 l. 2. Prof. Deighton (*Conjectural Readings*, p. 66) proposed *crare*, 'boat,' which
 occurs figuratively in *The Captain*, I ii. 44, 'Let him venture In some decay'd
 craie of his own.'

9-10 *each will*, . . . *utters*] So F1. F2 *each will* . . . *utter*, which Mason
 accepted, as future Colman, reading *utters*, interpreted 'it is the inclination
 of all fair dealers to sell their customers the best of their wares,' quoted, with
 approval, by Dyce. But surely Seward's explanation of *utters* is much simpler
 — 'Speaks well of the ship in which he sends any venture,' or of the under-
 taking in which he invested. He rightly refers to the Prologue, where (ll. 7-8)
 the spectators are said to have ventured their shillings in the play

THE LOYAL SUBJECT

EDITED BY JOHN MASEFIELD

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY R. WARWICK BOND

The Loyal Subject is the eleventh play in the Folio of 1647, occupying pp. 23-50 of the third system of pagination.

The Loyal Subject, A Tragi-Comedy is the thirteenth play in the Folio of 1679, occupying pp. 255-280 of the first system of pagination.

It appears in Theobald's edition (1750), vol. iii. (curavit Seward), in Colman's (1778), vol. iii., Weber's (1812), vol. vi., and Dyce's (1843), vol. vi.

The text of the 1679 Folio is reproduced in vol. iii. (1906) of the edition by A. R. Waller in the *Cambridge English Classics*, most of the variants from the 1647 Folio being given in an Appendix.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT

TEXT.—The differences between the folios are not numerous. A list of *dramatis personæ*, a statement of scene ('The Scene Mosco'), and the names of the actors, all absent in F1, are supplied in F2, which further presents rather the better text, and has been usually, but not invariably (*e.g.* I. iv 14, II. i. 101, III. iii. 101, V. i. 1), followed. The separate scenes, except II. iv, IV. vii, V. vi., are marked (an unusual feature) in both folios, which also both show a fair number of stage directions, and print Prologue and Epilogue together at the end of the play. Weber added to the s.d., and Dyce yet further. The latter's metrical arrangement is here almost invariably followed.

ARGUMENT.—At a review in the days of the late duke of Muscovy the young prince's incompetent handling of the troops had induced his father to send the general, Archas, to correct and supersede him; and the prince's resentment and vague menaces on that occasion had caused Archas to vow retirement on his accession. The time come, he dedicates his armour in the temple; and the new duke, spite of the dissuasion of his sister Olympia and an honest lord Burris, exiles him from Court and appoints his flatterer, Boroskie, general in his room. Archas humbly submits, sternly silences the protests of his son, the colonel Theodore, and takes farewell of his devoted soldiers. Distinguishable among these are his humorous Ancient, and a captain Putskie, really his brother, who has recently joined the army in disguise for safety's sake, and placed the general's young son, Archas, also disguised as a girl (Alinda), in the service of the princess Olympia, where she readily wins her mistress's affection, and inspires a passion in the young duke. On a sudden invasion by the Taitais Boroskie feigns sickness: the soldiers will not fight save under Archas, and the duke is compelled to entreat him to resume the command. Archas yields, marches and conquers; but with the first news of victory the duke's jealousy revives, he listens to the suspicions instilled by Boroskie, and coldly postpones receiving his returning general. Archas loyally acquiesces, but cannot silence the indignant murmurs of his officers, who refuse the pay that is lavishly offered them. Boroskie recommends the duke to visit Archas promptly; but on the way betrays to him the secret of treasure entrusted to the general by the late duke, on oath by Archas and Boroskie to reveal it only in his successor's last necessity, and persuades him that Archas is using this to strengthen his own position with the army. On their arrival at his country-seat Archas, long endeavouring to evade the discovery, is overborne by the duke, who forces the door, makes himself master of the treasure, including Archas' private monies (recovered afterwards by means of Burris), and departs with a last order that he shall send his two daughters, Honora and Viola, to Court. Theodore, their brother, escorting them thither protects them from unwelcome attentions by the blunt cynicism of his introduction of them to the courtiers; while the supposed Alinda, after an interview in which she rouses Honora's indignation by an assumed wantonness, gives them assurance of friendship. She herself, however, suspected by Olympia of yielding to the duke's advances, is dismissed by her mistress, her reproaches of the duke on this account interrupting a scene in which his loose desires have already been schooled by the new arrivals.

Meantime the Ancient has gathered a thousand soldiers to parade the city as pedlars, singing songs and reflecting seditiously on the government.

rather than that of Bandello or of Painter. These resemblances of motive are of much more weight than the attribution of the play to Fletcher in the commendatory verse of Mills and Gardiner, and confirm the testimony of Herbert and the Prologue.

SOURCES.—In 1554 Bandello published at Lucca as the second tale of the first Part of his *Novelle* a story of jealousy conceived by Artaxerxes, King of Persia, against his noble and seneschal Ariobarzanes, on the ground that he strove to exceed his sovereign in acts of liberality and magnanimous courtesy and lay him under perpetual obligations. The instances mentioned are the voluntary losing of a game of chess, the robbing of his own horse of shoes to supply those lost in the chase by a favourite horse of the king's, and the pretended dropping of his lance at a tournament in order that the king's son might win the prize. The king chose the occasion of a great anniversary to degrade him from his post as seneschal and transfer it to his mortal enemy. Ariobarzanes acquiesced without a murmur; but could not forbear some complaint of sharp words spoken by the king in public. He was thereupon summoned, and his emulous spirit rebuked; and on his protest that he never knew magnanimity and courtesy made matter of blame was banished to his country-seat. For four months he lived contented in the society of his two daughters, when the fame of their extraordinary beauty induced the king to require him to send the fairest to Court. Ariobarzanes sent the younger and less fair, with the injunction that, should she find herself pregnant by the king, she should conceal it from him, but reveal that her sister was elder and fairer than she. The king married her and after the ceremony Ariobarzanes doubled her dowry, which second dowry the king retained. Becoming pregnant the queen revealed, not her pregnancy, but her sister's prior claims; and the king, much annoyed to find he had been disobeyed, in spite of his love for her sent her back with her dowry and a demand for the elder sister. Ariobarzanes replied courteously that she was then ill, but should come when her health and beauty were restored; and, after the queen's delivery of a son, sent both sisters back to Court. To match this generosity the king bestowed the elder upon his son as wife. Ariobarzanes replied by sending the queen's newborn son as a gift in a splendid ivory cradle. Delighted with the boy's likeness to himself, the king could find no way of outdoing the gift save by offering Ariobarzanes his own daughter for wife. He accepted the offer and returned to Court, but feeling the disparity of the match showed little cheer or affection. When the princess was escorted to his lodging at night with a munificent dowry, he appointed her a dowry of similar value, and sent the king's back. Highly incensed the king laid the case before his council, who, in accordance with Persian custom which forbade a servant to attempt to surpass his lord, condemned him. Citing the tale of a falcon that for killing an eagle had been condemned by its royal owner to be first crowned with laurel and then beheaded, they pronounced a similar sentence on Ariobarzanes, who accepted it submissively and made a liberal will by which the king largely benefited. On the appointed day he received the laurel and was then stripped of his robes; but before the fatal stroke the king offered him pardon if he would own himself overcome, which he did, and in a long ensuing speech pointed out that the difference between them was owing neither to the king's malice, nor his own fault, but to envious misrepresentation. The king, entirely reconciled, made him lieutenant-general of all his realms.

It will be perceived that Fletcher's plot makes the widest departures from Bandello's tale, which was translated into French, with verbal amplification but without change of detail in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques* (ed 1603, vol. iv. pp. 193-238, Hist. 57), and into English in Painter's *L'Alce of Pleasure* (Tome ii. Nov. 4), 1567. No ultimate source has been indicated: it does not

and exhibits both sisters as resolved to guard their virtue at all hazards; an example in which Fletcher might find suggestion for the similar professions of Honora and Viola, and for the cynical speeches of their brother Theodore (III. ii. iv., IV. ii.) Heywood, too, is the better example for the sympathy of Olympia and young Archas for the general. These points seem to indicate the play rather than the novel as Fletcher's source. Though not printed, he may have witnessed or even read it; and it is difficult to believe he would have chosen his title save as a direct challenge of comparison with it, a comparison he had no reason to fear.

His departures, as already said, are very considerable. The subtlety of the Eastern tale, where generosity is seen passing into selfishness and humility into pride, is exchanged for a simple contrast between a half-spoiled young prince, jealous of a felt superiority, and an extravagantly loyal subject, whose verbal protests are, however, spirited enough. The leaven of emulation in Ariobarzanes, or the Marshal, is eliminated in Archas; and the whole play receives a military rather than a civil cast, which enables the poet to introduce some reminiscences both of Shakespeare and of Roman History. Some lines about the Volga (I. iii. 26-9), re-echoed as Koeppel notes in IV. v. 69-70, recall a passage about the Severn in 1 *Henry IV.*, I. iii.; and the Tartar invasion, and the helplessness of the authorities without the general, reflect somewhat the similar situation in *Coriolanus*. Archas' intent to sacrifice Theodore recalls the earlier Brutus, his quelling of the revolted troops by calling them 'rebels' seems suggested by Caesar's address of his mutinous legions as 'Quintes!', and a line or two of Archas on his treacherous seizure at the banquet (IV. v. 34-41) may be reminiscent of the terrors Caligula loved to inspire in his guests (Suet., *Calig.*, 32). Further additions to the tale are the visit to the country-house and discovery of the treasure, the torture of Archas, the attack on the palace, the revolt and its subjugation; and an underplot, rather superficially attached, is supplied by the introduction of the disguised Putskie and young Archas, whose substitution as husband of the princess (made the duke's sister, not daughter) gets rid of the absurdity of making Archas his own grandfather by marriage. Theodore, who assists either plot, is also added; though some of his scenes are felt as superfluous (II. v., III. i., IV. ii. except the last 30 ll.).

There can be no doubt Weber was right in attributing Fletcher's transfer of the scene to Moscow to his perusal of a work by his uncle Dr. Giles Fletcher, entitled, *Of the Russe Common Wealth, or Manner of Gouvernement by the Russe Emperour (commonly called the Emperour of Moskouia)* . . . London . . . 1591 (ed. for the Hakluyt Society by Edw. A. Bond, 1856). The use made of it is not large: but 'Boroskie' is probably suggested by the frequent recurrence of 'boiarskey' for 'gentlemen'; 'Putskie' may be taken from 'the pudkey or whip,' p. 42 (with 'to have him examined upon the pudkey or other torture,' p. 3, cf. Archas whipped and tortured); 'Borris' is the 'Borris Federowich Godonoe' mentioned several times as all-powerful with the prince; the passage II. i. 20 about the duke's want of money and having 'so many ways to raise it' recurs to us when we find on pp. 54-9 a systematic description of ten 'Means used to draw the wealth of the land into the emperours treasure'; the frequency of Tartar wars is mentioned pp. 71, 75, and the following mention of the doubtful fidelity of the troops and the combustible materials of Moscow (cf. I. iii. 234-7, 243-4) is particularly significant for our play.—'In the yeare 1571, he [i.e. 'the Chrim Tartar (whome some call the Great Cham)'] came as farre as the cittie of Mosko, with an armie of 200,000 men, without any battaile or resistance at all; for that the Russe emperour (then Ivan Vasilowich) leading forth his armie to encounter with him, marched a wrong way; but as it was thought of very purpose, as not daring to adventure the field, by reason that hee doubted his nobilitie and chiefe

between these, as between 'Artumesia' (the general's sole surviving daughter) and the emperor, together with a treasonable conspiracy added to Lycinius' (Boroskie) villainy, and the death of Marus (Archas) as a result of the torture, are her chief alterations. She retains, however, in inverted commas, some of Fletcher's verse, and not the worst; and had evidently perceived some weak spots in the play which she was quite unable to replace by stronger work. An undated quarto (1700? *Brit. Mus. Cat.*) with title *The Loyal Subject; or the Faithful General* reprints Fletcher's play, with a preface alluding to the above as a 'spurious Brat now handing into the world by the Midwifry of the Press,' as produced by 'some Puny Poetaster disguis'd under the Coverture of a Petticoat,' and as having been baulked of success on the stage by a revival of Fletcher's play on the same day—amenities which mark the undated quarto clearly as of 1706

PROLOGUE

WE need not, noble gentlemen, to invite
 Attention, pre-instruct you who did write
 This worthy story, being confident
 The mirth join'd with grave matter, and intent
 To yield the hearers profit with delight, 5
 Will speak the maker: and to do him right
 Would ask a genius like to his; the age
 Mourning his loss, and our now-widow'd stage
 In vain lamenting. I could add, so far
 Behind him the most modern writers arc, 10
 That when they would commend him, their best
 praise
 Ruins the buildings which they strive to raise
 To his best memory. So much a friend
 Presumes to write, secure 't will not offend
 The living, that are modest; with the rest, 15
 That may repine, he cares not to contest.
 This debt to Fletcher paid, it is profess'd
 By us the actors, we will do our best
 To send such favouring friends, as hither come
 To grace the scene, pleased and contented home. 20

PROLOGUE] Found in both Ff with Epilogue on one page with the conclusion of the play. "Was probably written for the revival of the play in 1633, and may have been, as Weber supposes, from the pen of Shuley."—Dyce. 13 *best*] In the *Postscript* to vol. iii. ed. 1750 Seward proposes *blest* as the true reading here. "From the context, the author seems undoubtedly to have written '*best*.'"—Ed. 1778.

16 *cares not to contest*] i. e. despises the contest.—Mason.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT

A TRAGI-COMEDY

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*Moscow. A street.**Enter THEODORE and PUTSKIE.*

Theod. Captain, your friend's preferr'd ; the princess
has her ;

Who, I assure myself, will use her nobly :

A pretty sweet one 'tis, indeed.

Puts.

Well bred, sir,

I do deliver that upon my credit,

And of an honest stock.

Theod.

It seems so, captain,

5

And no doubt will do well.

Puts.

Thanks to your care, sir.

But tell me, noble colonel, why this habit

Of discontent is put on through the army ?

And why your valiant father, our great general,

The hand that taught to strike, the love that led all, 10

Why he, that was the father of the war,

He that begot, and bred the soldier,

Why he sits shaking of his arms, like autumn,

His colours folded, and his drums cased up,

A Tragi-Comedy] The words A Tragi-Comedy are omitted in the first folio.
ACT I. SC. I.] The play is divided into acts and scenes. Web., 1812,
marked the localities, and the modern editors follow his suggestions.

1 *preferr'd*] advanced, promoted, appointed.

12 *soldier*] soldiery, as l. 44. Cf. *Humorous Lieut.*, IV. ii. 91, "See the
soldier paid, Leontius."

The good duke blush'd, and call'd unto my father,
 Who then was general, "Go, Archas, speedily,
 And chide the boy before the soldier find him ;
 Stand thou between his ignorance and them ; 45
 Fashion their bodies new to thy direction ;
 Then draw thou up, and shew the prince his errors."
 My sire obey'd, and did so ; with all duty
 Inform'd the prince, and read him all directions :
 This bred distaste, distaste grew up to anger, 50
 And anger into wild words broke out thus :
 "Well, Archas, if I live but to command here,
 To be but duke once, I shall then remember,
 I shall remember truly, trust me, I shall,
 And, by my father's hand"—the rest his eyes spoke. 55
 To which my father answer'd (somewhat moved
 too),

And with a vow he seal'd it : "Royal sir,
 Since, for my faith and fights, your scorn and anger
 Only pursue me ; if I live to that day,
 That day so long expected to reward me, 60
 By his so-ever-noble hand you swore by,
 And by the hand of Justice, never arms more
 Shall rib this body in, nor sword hang here, sir :
 The conflicts I will do you service then in,
 Shall be repentant prayers." So they parted. 65
 The time is come ; and now you know the wonder.

Puts. I find a fear too ; which begins to tell me,
 The duke will have but poor and slight defences,
 If his hot humour reign, and not his honour.
 How stand you with him, sir ?

Theod. A perdu, captain, 70
 Full of my father's danger.

Puts. He has raised a young man,
 They say a slight young man (I know him not)
 For what desert ?

Theod. Believe it, a brave gentleman,

44 *soldier*] Second folio has *Souldiers*. See note to l. 12.

48 *with all duty*] with fitting reverence, respectfully.

68 *slight defences*] ill protection ; will be badly shielded, ill-supplied with soldiers.

70 *perdu*] "A quibble (as Weber remarks) on *perdu* in its sense of—one of the forlorn hope, and its literal meaning—lost. The folios having no comma after *perdu*, the modern editors understood it as an epithet to *captain*."—Dyce.

Gent. What a strange pace she has got!

Olym. That's but her breeding.

Pet. And what a manly body! methinks she looks
As though she would pitch the bar, or go to buffets. 15

Gent. Yet her behaviour's utterly against it,
For methinks she is too bashful.

Olym. Is that hurtful?

Gent. Even equal to too bold; either of 'em, madam,
May do her injury when time shall serve her.

Olym. You discourse learnedly. Call in the wench.— 20
[*Exit Gentlewoman.*

What envious fools are you! Is the rule general,
That women can speak handsomely of none,
But those they are bred withal?

Pet. Scarce well of those, madam,
If they believe they may outshine 'em any way:
Our natures are like oil, compound us with any thing, 25
Yet still we strive to swim o' th' top. Suppose there
were here now,

Now in this court of Moscow, a stranger-princess,
Of blood and beauty equal to your excellence,
As many eyes and services stuck on her;
What would you think?

Olym. I would think she might deserve it. 30

Pet. Your grace shall give me leave not to believe
ye;

I know you are a woman, and so humour'd.
I'll tell ye, madam; I could then get more gowns
on ye,

More caps and feathers, more scarfs, and more silk
stockings,

With rocking you asleep with nightly railings 35
Upon that woman, than if I had nine lives
I could wear out. By this hand ye would scratch her
eyes out

15 *pitch the bar*] To "spurne the barre," or "toss the caber," was one of the manly pastimes of antiquity. W. Denny mentions it as one of the Cotswold games formerly held at Chipping Campden. The *Annales Dubrensis* gives a quaint woodcut of two heroes about to spurne the barre. "To go to buffets" was to box, or to exchange blow for blow in the manner of the ancient Hollanders.

32 *and so humour'd*] "i. e. possessed of the desires and humours of a woman."
—Mason.

Alin. My mother oft has told me, 60
 That very day and hour this land was bless'd
 With your most happy birth, I first saluted
 This world's fair light. Nature was then so busy,
 And all the Graces, to adorn your goodness,
 I stole into the world poor and neglected. 65

Olym. Something there was, when I first look'd
 upon thee,
 Made me both like and love thee; now I know it;
 And you shall find that knowledge shall not hurt you.
 I hope ye are a maid?

Alin. I hope so too, madam;
 I am sure, for any man: and, were I otherwise, 70
 Of all the services my hopes could point at,
 I durst not touch at yours.

Flourish. Enter DUKE, BURRIS, and Gentlemen.

Pet. The great-duke, madam.

Duke. Good morrow, sister.

Olym. A good day to your highness.

Duke. I am come to pray you use no more persuasions
 For this old stubborn man; nay, to command ye: 75
 His sail is swell'd too full; he is grown too insolent,
 Too self-affected, proud: those poor slight services
 He has done my father and myself have blown him
 To such a pitch, he flies to stoop our favours.

Olym. I am sorry, sir: I ever thought those services 80
 Both great and noble.

Bur. However, may it please ye
 But to consider 'em a true heart's servants,
 Done out of faith to you, and not self-fame;
 Do but consider, royal sir, the dangers,
 When you have slept secure, the midnight tempests, 85
 That, as he march'd, sung through his aged locks;
 When you have fed at full, the wants and famines;

72 *great-duke*] "We now say *grand-duke*."—Weber, who inserted hyphen.

78 *have*] Seward. Both the folios *has*.

79 *to stoop our favours*] i. e. to rush down upon our favours, as a hawk upon its prey. On this passage, in ed. 1778, Reed has an unmercifully long note. Dyce.

84 *Do but consider*] Dyce follows the first folio, and the eighteenth century editions, and reads *But to consider*. I give the reading of the second folio.

Would she were at home again, milking her father's cows!

Gent. I fear she'll milk all the great courtiers first.

Olym. This has not made ye proud?

Alin. No, certain, madam. 110

Olym. It was the duke that kiss'd ye.

Alin. 'Twas your brother,

And therefore nothing can be meant but honour.

Olym. But, say he love ye?

Alin. That he may with safety.

A prince's love extends to all his subjects.

Olym. But, say in more particular?

Alin. Pray, fear not 115

For virtue's sake deliver me from doubts, lady.

'Tis not the name of king, nor all his promises,

His glories, and his greatness, stuck about me,

Can make me prove a traitor to your service.

You are my mistress, and my noble master, 120

Your virtues my ambition, and your favour

The end of all my love, and all my fortune:

And, when I fail in that faith——

Olym. I believe thee——

Come, wipe your eyes—I do.—Take you example.

Pet. [*Aside to Gent.*] I would her eyes were out!

Gent. If the wind stand in this door, 125

We shall have but cold custom. Some trick or other,

And speedily!

Pet. Let me alone to think on 't.

Olym. Come, be you near me still.

Alin. With all my duty.

[*Excunt.*]

116 *For virtue's sake, etc.*] "The word *doubts* is here used in rather an uncommon sense. Alinda does not mean doubts that had arisen in her own mind, but doubtful opinions conceived of her by others, especially by Olympia."
—Mason.

And bang 'em up together, as a tassel,
 Upon the stretch, a flock of fearful pigeons : 25
 I yet remember when the Volga curl'd,
 The aged Volga, when he heaved his head up,
 And raised his waters high, to see the ruins,
 The ruins our swords made, the bloody ruins ;
 Then flew this bird of honour bravely, gentlemen 30
 But these must be forgotten : so must these too,
 And all that tend to arms, by me for ever.
 Take 'em, you holy men ; my vow take with 'em,
 Never to wear 'em more : trophies I give 'em,
 And sacred rites of war, to adorn the temple : 35
 There let 'em hang, to tell the world their master
 Is now devotion's soldier, fit for prayer.
 Why do ye hang your heads? why look you sad
 friends?

I am not dying yet.

Theod. Ye are indeed to us, sir.

Puts. Dead to our fortunes, general.

Archas. You'll find a better, 40
 A greater, and a stronger man to lead ye,
 And to a stronger fortune. I am old, friends ;
 Time and the wars together make me stoop, gentlemen,
 Stoop to my grave ; my mind unfurnish'd too,
 Empty and weak as I am ; my poor body 45
 Able for nothing now but contemplation,
 And that will be a task too to a soldier.
 Yet, had they but encouraged me, or thought well
 Of what I have done, I think I should have ventured
 For one knock more ; I should have made a shift yet 50
 To have broke one staff more, handsomely, and have
 died

Like a good fellow and an honest soldier,
 In the head of ye all, with my sword in my hand,
 And so have made an end of all with credit.

24 *tassel*] "The tassel, properly *tyercel*, is the male of the goshawk, so called because, says Steevens, 'it is a third less than the female.'"—Weber. But, according to Turberville, "he is named a Tyercelet, for that there are most commonlie disclosed three birds in one selfe eyree, two Hawkes and one Tieicell," see *Book of Falconrie*, ed. 1611.—Dyce.

26 *I yet remember*] Cf. Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Part I. Act I. Scene iii.

39, 41 *Ye . . . ye*] Dyce here and in many other places changes the *Ff ye* to *you*. Fletcher was inordinately fond of using the form *ye*.

Theod. I am sorry, sir. 80

Archas. Go to; no more of this; be true and honest;

I know ye are man enough; mould it to just ends,
And let not my disgraces; then I am miserable,
When I have nothing left me but thy angers.

Puts. An't please ye, sir, the duke. [*Flourish.*]

Enter DUKE, BURRIS, BOROSKIE, Gentlemen,
and Attendants.

Duke. Now, what's all this? 85
The meaning of this ceremonious emblem?

Archas. Your grace should first remember——

Bor. [*Aside to the DUKE.*] There's his nature.

Duke. I do, and shall remember still that injury,
That at the muster; where it pleased your greatness
To laugh at my poor soldiership, to scorn it; 90
And, more to make me seem ridiculous,
Took from my hands my charge.

Burriss. Oh, think not so, sir!

Duke. And in my father's sight.

Archas. Heaven be my witness,
I did no more (and that with modesty,
With love and faith to you) than was my warrant, 95
And from your father seal'd: nor durst that rudeness,
And impudence of scorn fall from my 'haviour;
I ever yet knew duty.

Duke. We shall teach ye.
I well remember too, upon some words I told ye,
Then at that time, some angry words ye answer'd, 100
If ever I were duke, you were no soldier.

You have kept your word, and so it shall be to you;
From henceforth I dismiss ye; take your ease, sir.

Archas. I humbly thank your grace; this wasted body,
Beaten and bruised with arms, dried up with troubles, 105

83 *let*] Dyce, placing a break at *disgraces*, seems to have misunderstood this use of the word *let* as "interrupt" or "hinder." (I prefer Dyce's reading; but am inclined to think that the words "*then . . . thy angers*" should be spoken by Theodore.—A. H. Bullen.)

85 s.d. Gentlemen, and Attendants] Ff print "Attend. and Gent."

86 *emblem*] This offering of arms at the temple altar.

87 *Aside* first marked Weber.

103 *ye*] F2 *you*.

Archas. Sirrah, see me no more. [*Exit THEODORE*
Duke. And so may you too:

You have a house i' th' country; keep you there, sir,
 And, when you have ruled yourself, teach your son
 manners:

For this time I forgive him.

Archas. Heaven forgive all;
 And to your grace a happy and long rule here!— 140
 And you, lord general, may your fights be prosperous!
 In all your course may fame and fortune court you!
 Fight for your country and your prince's safety;
 Boldly and bravely face your enemy,
 And when you strike, strike with that killing virtue, 145
 As if a general plague had seized before ye;
 Danger, and doubt, and labour cast behind ye;
 And then come home an old and noble story!

Burris. A little comfort, sir.

Duke. As little as may be.—
 Farewell: you know your limit.

Burris. Alas, brave gentleman! 150
 [*Exeunt DUKE, BURRIS, BOROSKIE, Gentle-*
men, and Attendants.]

Archas. I do, and will observe it suddenly.
 My grave; ay, that's my limit; 'tis no new thing,
 Nor that can make me start, or tremble at it,
 To buckle with that old grim soldier now:
 I have seen him in his sourest shapes and dreadfull'st; 155
 Ay, and I thank my honesty, have stood him:
 That audit's cast.—Farewell, my honest soldieries;
 Give me your hands:—farewell, farewell, good
 Ancient;
 A stout man, and a true, thou art come in sorrow.
 Blessings upon your swords, may they ne'er fail ye; 160
 You do but change a man; your fortune's constant;
 That by your ancient valours is tied fast still;
 Be valiant still, and good: and when ye fight next,

136 s.d. Exit Theodore] F2 gives "Exit" after *leave* (l. 135). F1 has no direction.

150 s.d. Exeunt . . . Attendants] F1 'Exit Duke, &c.' F2 'Ex Duke, &c.'

153 *Nor that*] Meaning "Nor a thing that."

154 *To buckle*] In certain styles of wrestling the combatants were belted together with a large leather strap, which passed round the waists of both, and was secured at the back of the taller wrestler.

Or pox upon pox.

Puts. That 's but ill i' th' arms, sir.

Anc. 'Tis worse i' th' legs; I would not wish it else:
And may those grow to scabs as big as mole-hills,
And, twice a-day, the devil with a curry-comb
Scratch 'em, and scrub 'em! I warrant him he has 'em. 195

First Sold. May he be ever lousy!

Anc. That 's a pleasure,
The beggar's lechery, sometimes the soldier's:
May he be ever lazy, stink where he stands,
And maggots breed in 's brains!

Sec. Sold. Ay, marry, sir,
May he fall mad in love with his grandmother, 200
And kissing her, may her teeth drop into his mouth,
And one fall 'cross his throat; then let him gargle!

Enter a Post.

Puts. Now, what 's the matter?

Post. Where 's the duke, pray, gentlemen?

Puts. Keep on your way, you cannot miss.

Post. I thank ye. [*Exit.*

Anc. If he be married, may he dream he 's cuckold, 205
And, when he wakes, believe, and swear he saw it,
Sue a divorce, and after find her honest;
Then in a pleasant pig-sty, with his own garters,
And a fine running knot, ride to the devil!

Puts. If these would do——

Anc. I 'll never trust my mind more, 210
If all these fail.

First Sold. What shall we do now, captain?
For, by this honest hand, I 'll be torn a-pieces,
Unless my old general go, or some that love him,
And love us equal too, before I fight more.
I can make a shoe yet, and draw it on too, 215
If I like the leg well.

Anc. Fight! 'tis likely!
No, there will be the sport, boys, when there 's need
on 's.

They think the other crown will do, will carry us,
And the brave golden coat of captain Cankro

212 *a-pieces*] F1 '*a pieces*.' F2 *in pieces*.

219 *Cankro*] There is an Italian imprecation *canero!* i. e. a cancer on you!

And let 'em burn on merrily.

Anc. This city would make a marvellous fine bonfire ;

'Tis old dry timber, and such wood has no fellow.

Sec. Sold. Here will be trim piping anon and whining,

Like so many pigs in a storm, when they hear the news once. 245

Re-enter BOROSKIE, with a Servant.

Puts. Here's one has heard it already.—Room for the general !

Bor. Say I am faln exceeding sick o' th' sudden, And am not like to live. [*Exit with Servant.*

Puts. [*Calling after him.*] If ye go on, sir ; For they will kill ye certainly ; they look for ye. 250

Anc. I see your lordship's bound ; take a suppository.

'Tis I, sir ; a poor cast flag of yours. The foolish Tartars,

They burn and kill, an't like your honour ; kill us, Kill with guns, with guns, my lord ; with guns, sir.

What says your lordship to a chick in sorrel sops ? 255

Puts. Go, go thy ways, old True-penny ! thou hast but one fault ;

Thou art even too valiant.—Come, to th' army, gentlemen,

243 *a marvellous fine bonfire*] "A singular anticipation."—Mr. Darley in his introduction to the *Works*, etc., p. 2.

246 *pigs in a storm*] Perhaps this proverb was picked up at Rye, among the sailors, during the poet's youth. It is still in use among sailors: "Raising Cain, like pigs in a storm."

246 s. d. *Re-enter, etc.*] Folios "Enter Boroskie and Servant." The exit, two lines lower down, is first given in Weber, as 'Exeunt.'

249 s. d. *Calling after him*] Dyce.

251 *suppository*] Medical instrument applied behind, to move the bowels of the dyspeptic (*bound*). So Damon, snubbing Nevola at the end of Gascoigne's *Supposes*—"Lay one of those boltes in the fire, and make thee a suppositorie as long as mine arme."

252 *flag*] Ensign, banner-bearer.

254 *Kill with*] Perhaps the word *us* has dropped out after *Kill*.

256 *old True-penny*] honest old fellow. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. v. 150, "art thou there True-penny?"

With all the blood and cruelty he carries :
My brother now will, find his fault.

Alin. I doubt me,
Somewhat too late too, madam. But, pray, fear not ;
All will be well, I hope. Sweet madam, shake not. 15

Olym. How cam'st thou by this spirit? our sex
tremble.

Alin. I am not unacquainted with these dangers,
And you shall know my truth ; for, ere you perish,
A hundred swords shall pass through me ; 'tis but
dying,
And, madam, we must do it ; the manner's all. 20
You have a princely birth ; take princely thoughts
to ye,

And take my counsel too : go presently,
With all the haste ye have (I will attend ye),
With all the possible speed, to old lord Archas ;
He honours ye ; with all your art persuade him, 25
('Twill be a dismal time else,) woo him hither,
But hither, madam ; make him see the danger ;
For your new general looks like an ass ;
There's nothing in his face but loss.

Olym. I'll do it :
And thank thee, sweet Alinda : oh, my jewel, 30
How much I am bound to love thee ! by this hand,
wench,
If thou wert a man——

Alin. I would I were, to fight for ye !
But haste, dear madam.

Olym. I need no spurs, Alinda. [*Exeunt.*]

13 *I doubt me*] A form still used in the west of England.

14 *too late too*] *too late* to F1. *too late* in F2 and ed. 1778

15 *hope*] Dyce uses a colon after *hope*. F1 begin a new sentence.

16 *tremble*] F1. F2, Seward and ed. 1778 *trembles*.

21 *ye*] *you* F2.

31 *I am*] F1. F2 *I'm*

32 *ye*] F2 *you*

The enemy shall take him, fit for Heaven :
 I urged to him all our dangers, his own worths, 20
 The country's ruin ; nay, I kneel'd and pray'd him ;
 He shook his head, let fall a tear, and pointed
 Thus with his finger to the ground ; a grave
 I think he meant ; and this was all he answer'd.
 Your grace was much to blame. Where's the new
 general ? 25

Duke. He is sick, poor man.

Burris. He's a poor man indeed, sir.
 Your grace must needs go to the soldier.

Duke. They
 Have sent me word they will not stir ; they rail at me,
 And all the spite they have—[*Shout within.*] What
 shout is that there ?
 Is the enemy come so near ?

Enter OLYMPIA, ARCHAS, and ALINDA.

Olym. I have brought him, sir ; 30
 At length I have woo'd him thus far.

Duke. Happy sister !
 Oh, blessed woman !

Olym. Use him nobly, brother ;
 You never had more need.—And, gentlemen,
 All the best powers ye have to tongues turn presently,
 To winning and persuading tongues : all my art, 35
 Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd ;
 Let it be yours to arm him.—[*To ARCHAS*] And,
 good my lord,
 Though I exceed the limit you allow'd me,
 Which was the happiness to bring ye hither,
 And not to urge ye farther ; yet, see your country, 40
 Out of your own sweet spirit now behold it :
 Turn round, and look upon the miseries

25] Ff print two lines here, the first ending at *blame*.

27-30 *They . . . near*] Ff print the Duke's speech in five lines, ending with *word, me, have, there, near*. The first folio has direction 'Shout within. Enter Archas, Olympia and Alinda' after the word *have*. Second folio, 'Shout within' after *have*, and 'Enter Archas, Olympia and Alinda' after *near*.

30 s.d. Alinda] Ff. Dyce 'Young Archas disguised as before.'

37 s.d. To Archas] Added Weber.

Conquer that mind first, and then men are nothing. 65

Alin. Last, a poor virgin kneels: for love's sake,
general;

If ever you have loved, for her sake, sir;
For your own honesty, which is a virgin;
Look up, and pity us! Be bold and fortunate:
You are a knight, a good and noble soldier; 70
And when your spurs were given ye, your sword
buckled,

Then were you sworn for virtue's cause, for beauty's,
For chastity, to strike: strike now, they suffer,
Now draw your sword, or else you are recreant,
Only a knight i' th' heels, i' th' heart a coward: 75
Your first vow honour made, your last but anger.

Archas. How like my virtuous wife this thing looks,
speaks too!

So would she chide my dulness.—Fair one, I thank ye.—
My gracious sir, your pardon, next, your hand;—
Madam, your favour and your prayers;—gentlemen, 80
Your wishes, and your loves;—and, pretty sweet one,
A favour for your soldier!

Olym. Give him this, wench.

Alin. Thus do I tie on victory.

[*Ties a scarf on his arm.*

Archas.

My armour,
My horse, my sword, my tough staff, and my fortune!
And, Olin, now I come to shake thy glory. 85

Duke. Go, brave and prosperous; our loves go with
thee!

Olym. Full of thy virtue, and our prayers attend thee!

Burris, etc. Loaden with victory, and we to honour
thee!

Alin. Come home the son of honour, and I'll serve ye.
[*Exeunt.*

73 *chastity*] *Qy. chastity's?*

83 s.d.] Added by Weber.

88] Perhaps this line should follow Alinda's speech.

If there had been, I am sure I should have found it :
 Only I have heard him oft complain for money ;
 Money he says he wants.

First Gent. It may be that, then.

Burriss. To him that has so many ways to raise it, 20
 And those so honest, it cannot be.

First Gent. He comes back,
 And lord Boroskie with him.

Burriss. There the game goes :
 I fear some new thing hatching.

Re-enter DUKE with BOROSKIE.

Duke. Come hither, Burriss.
 Go, see my sister, and commend me to her,
 And to my little mistress give this token ; [*Gives a ring.* 25
 Tell her I'll see her shortly.

Burriss. Yes, I shall sir.

Duke. Wait you without.

[*Exeunt BURRIS and Gentlemen.*
 I would yet try him further.

Bor. 'Twill not be much amiss. Has your grace
 heard yet
 Of what he has done i' th' field ?

Duke. A post but now
 Came in, who saw 'em join, and has deliver'd, 30
 The enemy gave ground before he parted.

Bor. 'Tis well.

Duke. Come, speak thy mind, man. 'Tis
 not for fighting
 And noise of war I keep thee in my bosom ;
 Thy ends are nearer to me ; from my childhood
 Thou brought'st me up, and, like another nature, 35
 Made good all my necessities. Speak boldly.

Bor. Sir, what I utter will be thought but envy,
 (Though I intend, high Heaven knows, but your honour,)
 When vain and empty people shall proclaim me—

17 *should*] Weber chose to print "would."

21] Ff give the direction "Enter Duke and Boroskie" here.

25] The direction is by Dyce.

33 *And noise*] F1. F2 *A noise.*

35] The parentheses first marked in ed. 1778.

Bor. Conduct him in, sir.

[*Exit* Sec. Gentleman, *who re-enters with* THEODORE.

Welcome, noble colonel.

Theod. That's much from your lordship. Pray,
where is the duke?

Bor. We hear you have beat the Tartar.

Theod. Is he busy, sir?

Bor. Have ye taken Olin yet?

Theod. I would fain speak with him. 70

Bor. How many men have ye lost?

Theod. Does he lie this way?

Bor. I am sure you fought it bravely.

Theod. I must see him.

Bor. You cannot yet, ye must not. What's your
commission?

Theod. No gentleman o' th' chamber here?

Bor. Why, pray ye, sir,
Am not I fit to entertain your business? 75

Theod. I think you are not, sir; I am sure ye shall
not:

I bring no tales nor flatteries; in my tongue, sir,

I carry no fork'd stings.

Bor. You keep your bluntness.

Theod. You are deceived: it keeps me; I had felt
else

Some of your plagues ere this. But, good sir, trifle
not; 80

I have business to the duke.

Bor. He's not well, sir,
And cannot now be spoke withal.

Theod. Not well, sir!
How would he ha' been, if we had lost? not well, sir!

I bring him news to make him well: his enemy,
That would have burnt his city here, and your house
too, 85

Your brave gilt house, my lord, your honour's hangings,
Where all your ancestors, and all their battles,
Their silk and golden battles, are decipher'd;
That would not only have abused your buildings,

67 s.d.] Dyce's direction.

68 *where is*] Ed. 1778. Ff *where's*.

86 *hangings*] arras, tapestry.

Bor. And ye may have it,
If you will stay the giving. Men, that thank them- 120
selves first
For any good they do, take off the lustre,
And blot the benefit.

Theod. Are these the welcomes,
The bells that ring out our rewards? Pray heartily,
Early and late, there may be no more enemies ;
Do, my good lord, pray seriously, and sigh too ; 125
For, if there be——

Bor. They must be met, and fought with.

Theod. By whom? by you? they must be met and
flattered.

Why, what a devil ail'd ye to do these things ?
With what assurance dare ye mock men thus ?
You have but single lives, and those I take it 130
A sword may find too : why do ye dam the duke up ?
And choke that course of love, that like a river
Should fill our empty veins again with comforts ?
But, if ye use these knick-knacks,
This fast and loose, with faithful men and honest, 135
You'll be the first will find it.

Bor. You are too untemperate.

Theod. Better be so, and thief too, than unthankful :

Enter ARCHAS, PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, and Soldiers.

Pray, use this old man so, and then we are paid all.—
The duke thanks ye for your service, and the court
thanks ye,

And wonderful desirous they are to see ye : 140

127 *flattered*] So F1, rightly for Theodore's vein. *flatter'd* F2 and all editors.

128 *ail'd*] *ails* in modern eds.

135 *This fast and loose*] " Sir John Hawkins observes that '*Fast and loose*' is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description :— A leather belt is made up in a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made up to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it, would think he held it fast to the table ; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people by the name of *prucking at the belt or girdle*."—Weber. The game may be seen at every Irish country fair, and I have seen gipsies playing it in England. It is as deceptive and as costly an entertainment as the three-card trick.

137 s. d.] Ff give the direction after *find it*, l. 136

137 s. d.] Ff Enter Archas, Souldiers, Putskey, Ancient, and others.

We cannot be too curious or too careful
Of what concerns his state, we'll draw away, sir,
And lodge at further distance and less danger. 170

Bor. It will be well.

Anc [*Aside.*] It will be very scurvy :
I smell it out, it stinks abominably ;
Stir it no more.

Bor. The duke, sir, would have you too,
For a short day or two, retire to your own house,
Whither himself will come to visit ye, 175
And give ye thanks.

Archas. I shall attend his pleasure.

Anc. A trick, a lousy trick ; so ho, a trick, boys !

Archas. How now ? what's that ?

Anc. I thought I had found a hare, sir,
But 'tis a fox, an old fox ; shall we hunt him ?

Archas. No more such words.

Bor. The soldier's grown too saucy , 180
You must tie him straiter up.

Archas. I do my best, sir ;
But men of free-born minds sometimes will fly out.

Anc. May not we see the duke ?

Bor. Not at this time, gentlemen ;
Your general knows the cause.

Anc. We have no plague, sir,
Unless it be in our pay, nor no pox neither ; 185
Or, if we had, I hope that good old courtier
Will not deny us place there.

Puts. Certain, my lord,
Considering what we are, and what we have done,
(If not, what need ye may have,) 'twould be better,
A great deal nobler, and taste honester, 190
To use us with more sweetness. Men that dig,

168 *curious*] i. e. scrupulous.—Dyce. Cf. Cavendish, *True Relation*, "Ye Spaniards have . . . arms, in ye cleaninge of which they be not over curious."

177-8 *so-ho . . . found a hare*] 'So ho !' was a cry in hare-hunting and hawking. Cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i. 189-91 : '*Launce*. Soho, soho ! *Pro.* What seest thou ? *Launce*. Him we go to find : there's not a hair on's head but 'tis a Valentine'—on which the late Mr. W. J. Craig noted (*Little Quarto Shakespeare*) : "'Sohowe, the hare is founde : boema, lepus est inventus' (*Promptorium Parvulorum*, 1440)." Halliwell's *Shakespeare* has an engraving of a fourteenth-century seal, with a hare in the centre and legend *So-hov. So hov.*

What labour would these men neglect, what danger, 220
Where honour is? though seated in a billow
Rising as high as heaven, would not these soldiers,
Like to so many sea-gods, charge up to it?
Do you see these swords? Time's scythe was ne'er so
sharp, sir,

Nor ever at one harvest mow'd such handfuls; 225
Thought's ne'er so sudden, nor belief so sure,
When they are drawn; and, were it not sometimes
I swim upon their angers to allay 'em,
And, like a calm, depress their fell intentions,
They are so deadly sure, Nature would suffer. 230
And whose are all these glories? why, their prince's,
Their country's, and their friends! alas, of all these,
And all the happy ends they bring, the blessings,
They only share the labours! a little joy, then,
And outside of a welcome, at an upshot, 235
Would not have done amiss, sir: but, howsoever,
Between me and my duty no crack, sir,
Shall dare appear; I hope, by my example,
No discontent in them.—Without doubt, gentlemen,
The duke will both look suddenly and truly 240
On your deserts.—Methinks, 'twere good they were
paid, sir.

Bor. They shall be immediately; I stay for money;
And any favour else——

Archas. We are all bound to ye:
And so I take my leave, sir. When the duke pleases
To make me worthy of his eyes——

Bor. Which will be suddenly; 245
I know his good thoughts to ye.

Archas. With all duty,
And all humility, I shall attend, sir.

Bor. Once more you are welcome home. These
shall be satisfied.

Theod. Be sure we be; and handsomely——

Archas. Wait you on me, sir.

Theod. And honestly: no juggling.

Archas. Will ye come, sir? [*Exit.* 250

Bor. Pray, do not doubt.

Theod. We are no boys. [*Exit.*

And can this cure 'em? You should have used us
nobly,

And, for our doing well, as well proclaim'd us,
To the world's eye have shew'd and sainted us ;
Then ye had paid us bravely ; then we had shined,
sir,

275

Not in this gilded stuff, but in our glory.

You may take back your money.

Gent. This I fear'd still.

Bor. Consider better, gentlemen.

Anc. Thank your lordship ;

And now I'll put on my considering cap.

My lord, that I am no courtier, you may guess it 280

By having no suit to you for this money ;

For, though I want, I want not this, nor shall not,

While you want that civility to rank it

With those rights we expected ; money grows, sir,

And men must gather it ; all is not put in one purse : 285

And that I am no carter, I could never whistle yet !

But that I am a soldier, and a gentleman,

And a fine gentleman, an't like your honour,

And a most pleasant companion, [*Sings.*

All you that are witty, 290
Come, list to my ditty !

Come, set in, boys !—

With your lordship's patience.—[*Song.*]—How do you
like my song, my lord ?

Bor. Even as I like yourself ; but 'would be a great
deal better,

You would prove a great deal wiser, and take
this money ; 295

In your own phrase I speak now, sir : and 'tis very well

You have learn'd to sing ; for, since you prove so liberal

To refuse such means as this, maintain your voice still ;

'Twill prove your best friend.

286 *And that I am no carter, I could never whistle yet*] Seward, not understanding the passage, threw out the word *that*.—"The sense of the whole speech is, '*That* I'm no courtier, you may guess by not asking for money ; *that* I'm no carter, by not being able to whistle ; but *that* I'm a soldier," etc. —Ed. 1778.

290 *All you that are witty, etc.*] Printed as though spoken in Ff. In itals. Seward. s d. '*Sings*' added Weber.

296 *In your own phrase*] Dyce refers to Putskie's speech, ll. 188 sqq.

We 'll never sell our general's worth for sixpence.—
Ye are beholding to us.

Anc Fare ye well, sir,
And buy a pipe with that. Do ye see this scarf, sir? 330
By this hand, I 'll cry brooms in 't, birchen brooms, sir,
Before I eat one bit from your benevolence.

Now to our old occupations again. By your leave, lord.

[*Exeunt* ANCIENT, PUTSKIE, and Soldiers.

Bor. You will bite when ye are sharper.—Take up
the money.—

This love I must remove, this fondness to him, 335

This tenderness of heart; I have lost my way else.—

There is no sending, man; they will not take it,

They are yet too full of pillage;

They 'll dance for 't ere 't be long. Come, bring it after.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. How now! refused their money!

Bor. Very bravely; 340
And stand upon such terms, 'tis terrible.

Duke. Where 's Archas?

Bor. He 's retired, sir, to his house,
According to your pleasure; full of duty
To outward show; but what within——

Duke. Refuse it!

Bor. Most confidently: 'tis not your revenues 345
Can feed them, sir; and yet they have found a general
That knows no ebb of bounty; there they eat, sir,
And loathe your invitations.

Duke. 'Tis not possible;
He 's poor as they.

Bor. You 'll find it otherwise.
Pray, make your journey thither presently, 350
And, as ye go, I 'll open ye a wonder:
Good sir, this morning.

Duke. Follow me; I 'll do it. [*Exeunt.*

329 *beholding*] Altered in ed. 1778 to *beholden*.

330 *buy a pipe*] Cf. the proverb "Put that i' thy pipe."

333 s.d.] 'Exit' F1. 'Exeunt' F2.

339 *Come, bring it after*] As separate line in F1.

339 s.d. *Re-enter*] 'Enter' in Ff.

346 *them*] F2 *then*.

And, if you think it fit, so poor a service,
Clad in a ragged virtue, may reach him,
I do beseech your lordship speak it humbly.

Burris. Fair one, I will; in the best phrase I have
too:

And so, I kiss your hand

Alin. Your lordship's servant. [*Exit BURRIS* 25

Olym. Come hither, wench. What art thou doing
with that ring?

Alin. I am looking on the posy, madam.

Olym. What is 't?

Alin. "The jewel's set within."

Olym. But where the joy, wench,
When that invisible jewel's lost? why dost thou smile
so?

What unhappy meaning hast thou?

Alin. Nothing, madam; 30
But only thinking what strange spells these rings have,
And how they work with some.

Pet. [*Aside.*] I fear, with you too.

Alin. This could not cost above a crown.

Pet. [*Aside.*] 'Twill cost you
The shaving of your crown, if not the washing.

Olym. But he that sent it makes the virtue greater. 35

Alin. Ay, and the vice too, madam. Goodness bless
me,

How fit 'tis for my finger!

Gent. [*Aside.*] No doubt you'll find, too,
A finger fit for you.

Alin. Sirrah Petesca,
What wilt thou give me for the good that follows this?
But thou hast rings enough; thou art provided.— 40
Heigh-ho! what must I do now?

21 *fit*] *Fi* and *Weber fits*.

27 s.d.] *Ff Exit*.

28 "*The jewel's set within*"] A posy graven within the ring. "A compliment to the wearer" Seward, who first gave them in italics.

30 *unhappy*] i. e. waggish.—*Weber*. Cf. *King and No King*, V. ii. 27: "Thou could'st prate unhappily Ere thou could'st go."

32 s.d.] The first three asides in this scene by *Weber*, the rest by *Dyce*.

37, 49 *Gent.*] '2 W.' *Ff*.

38 *Sirrah Petesca*] The word *sirrah* is rarely addressed to a woman, but such use of the word may be found in several of these plays. Cf. 'sir' to a woman in *Rule a Wife*, II. iv. 49, III. iv. 12, IV. i. 148.

Olym. You have half confirm'd me : keep but that way sure,
And what this charm can do, let me endure. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A room in the country-house of ARCHAS.

Enter ARCHAS, THEODORE, HONORA, and VIOLA.

Archas. Carry yourself discreetly, it concerns me ;
The duke's come in ; none of your froward passions,
Nor no distastes to any : prithee, Theodore,—
By my life, boy, 'twill ruin me.

Theod. I have done, sir,
So there be no foul play he brings along with him.

Archas. What's that to you ? let him bring what
please him, and whom,

And how.

Theod. So they mean well.

Archas. Is't fit you be a judge, sirrah ?

Theod. 'Tis fit I feel, sir.

Archas. Get a banquet ready,
And trim yourselves up handsomely.

Theod. To what end ?
Do you mean to make 'em whores ? hang up a sign
then,

And set 'em out to livery.

Archas. Whose son art thou ?

Theod. Yours, sir, I hope ; but not of your disgraces.

68] Printed as two lines in Ff, the first ending at *me*.

68 *confirm'd*] i. e. convinced.—Weber.

Sc. III. A room in] Dyce's prefix to Weber's s.d. 'The Country-house of Archas.'

s.d. Honora and Viola] Ff '2 daughters Honora and Viola.'

5] *So there be no foul play he brings along with him*] Seward, at Sympson's suggestion, printed :

"So there be no foul play. He brings along with him—"
and tells us in a note, "Theodore would say, that the Duke brings Boroskie along with him, but is interrupted by his father." So also the editors of 1778 and Weber. But such a deviation from the pointing of the folios seems quite unnecessary.—Dyce.

10] Printed as two lines in Ff, the first ending at *whores*.

Burriss. I hope a great one,
And for your good, brave sir.

Archas. I thank ye, lord :
And now my service to the duke.

Burriss. I'll wait on ye. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another room in the same.

Enter DUKE, BOROSKIE, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Duke. May this be credited ?

Bor. Disgrace me else,
And never more with favour look upon me.

Duke. It seems impossible.

Bor. It cannot choose, sir,
Till your own eyes behold it ; but that it is so,
And that by this means the too-haughty soldier 5
Has been so cramm'd and fed he cares not for ye,
Believe, or let me perish : let your eyes,
As you observe the house, but where I point it
Make stay, and take a view, and then you have found
it.

Duke. I'll follow your direction.

Enter ARCHAS, BURRIS, HONORA, VIOLA, *and*
Servant.

10
Welcome, Archas ;
You are welcome home, brave lord. We are come to
visit ye,
And thank ye for your service.

Archas. 'Twas so poor, sir,

31, 32 *I hope . . . brave sir*] Printed as one line in Ff.
Sc. IV.] In Ff, Seward and Colman the s.d. is "Enter Duke, Boroskey,
Gent. and Attendants." Sc. IV. in these editions not beginning until after
'Exeunt' at l. 23. We follow Weber's and Dyce's division.

7 *eyes*] Altered by editors of 1778 and Weber to *eye*. With reference to it,
l 8, Dyce notes a similar looseness of expression in *The Queen of Corinth*,
IV. iv. end : 'Nature's divided streams . . . will overrun at last, and flow to
itself.' Besides, *point it* may equal *point*.

10 s.d. Honora, Viola] '2 Daughters' in Ff.

(As if I had been a dog had worried sheep) out of doors,

For making but a doubt.

Puts. They must now grace him.

Theod. Mark but the end.

Anc. I am sure they should reward him ; they cannot want him.

Theod. They that want honesty want any thing. 10

Puts. The duke is so noble in his own thoughts.

Theod. That I grant ye,

If those might only sway him : but 'tis most certain,

So many new-born flies his light gave life to,

Buzz in his beams, flesh-flies and butterflies,

Hornets and humming scarabs, that not one honey-bee, 15

That's loaden with true labour, and brings home

Increase and credit, can 'scape rifling ;

And what she sucks for sweet, they turn to bitterness.

Anc. Shall we go see what they do, and talk our minds to 'em ?

Puts. That we have done too much, and to no purpose. 20

Anc. Shall we be hang'd for him ?

I have a great mind to be hang'd now for doing

Some brave thing for him ; a worse end will take me,

And for an action of no worth. Not honour him !

Upon my conscience, even the devil, the very devil, 25

(Not to belie him), thinks him an honest man ;

I am sure he has sent him souls, any time these twenty years,

Able to furnish all his fish-markets.

Theod. Leave thy talking ;

And come, let's go to dinner, and drink to him :

We shall hear more ere supper-time. If he be honour'd, 30

6 *out of doors*] "The modern editors, without giving any notice of such a needless variation, transfer these words from their present situation to the end of the preceding line."—Weber.

9 *want him*] i. e. do without him.—Weber.

15 *scarabs*] dung-bred beetles.

19 *minds*] F1 : *mind* F2.

22 *for doing*] In Ff and Seward included in l. 23.

27 *souls*] "A poor pun upon *soals*," ed. 1778 : *time* F2, *times* F1.

28 *fish-markets*] So F2 F1 "fish-market" ; and so Weber.

Will 't please you see a strange clock?

Duke. This, or nothing.

Why should you bar it up thus with defences
Above the rest, unless it contain'd something
More excellent and curious of keeping?
Open 't, for I will see 't.

Archas. The keys are lost, sir. 20
Does your grace think, if it were fit for you,
I could be so unmannerly?

Duke. I will see it ;

And either shew it——

Archas. Good sir——

Duke. Thank ye, Archas ;

You shew your love abundantly.

Do I use to entreat thus?—Force it open. 25

Burris. That were inhospitable ; you are his guest, sir,
And 'tis his greatest joy to entertain ye.

Duke. Hold thy peace, fool.—Will ye open it?

Archas. Sir, I cannot ;
I must not, if I could.

Duke. Go, break it open.

Archas. I must withstand that force.—Be not too
rash, gentlemen. 30

Duke. Unarm him first ; then, if he be not obstinate,
Preserve his life.

Archas. I thank your grace ; I take it :
And now take you the keys ; go in, and see, sir ;

[*The door is opened.*]

There feed your eyes with wonder, and thank that
traitor,

That thing that sells his faith for favour. [*Exit DUKE.*]

Burris. Sir, what moves ye? 35

Archas. I have kept mine pure.—Lord Burris, there's
a Judas,

That for a smile will sell ye all : a gentleman !

The devil has more truth, and has maintain'd it ;

A whore's heart more belief in 't.

16] Stage direction in Ff 'Little Trunke ready.'

27 'tis] Sympson's correction. Both the folios *with* ; which, unless we suppose the line to be incomplete (the Duke interrupting Burris), cannot be right.

33 s.d. The door, etc.] Stage direction is Weber's.

I cannot part with 't nobler ; my heart's clear,
My conscience smooth as that, no rub upon 't :—
[*To BOROSKIE.*] But, oh, thy hell !

Bor. I seek no heaven from you, sir.

Archas. Thy gnawing hell, Boroskie ! it will find thee.—

75

Would ye heap coals upon his head has wrong'd ye,
Has ruin'd your estate ? give him this money,
Melt it into his mouth.

Duke. What little trunk's that ?

That there o' th' top, that's lock'd ?

Bor. You'll find it rich, sir ;

Richer, I think, than all.

Archas. You were not covetous, 80

Nor would to weave your thoughts with such a
coarseness ;

Pray, rack not honesty.

Bor. Be sure ye see it.

Duke. Bring out the trunk.

[*An Attendant brings out a trunk.*]

Archas. You'll find that treasure too ;

All I have left me now. [*The trunk is opened.*]

Duke. What's this ; a poor gown ?

And this a piece of Seneca ?

Archas. Yes, sure, sir, 85

More worth than all your gold (yet ye have enough
on't),

And of a mine far purer and more precious ;

This sells no friends, nor searches into counsels,

And yet all counsel and all friends live here, sir ;

Betrays no faith, yet handles all that's trusty. 90

Will't please ye leave me this ?

Duke. With all my heart, sir.

74 s.d.] Stage direction Weber's.

76 *Would ye heap coals upon his head has wrong'd ye*] "The present phrase is from Scripture, as pointed out by Mr. Henley in a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. i.," etc., etc. ! !—Weber. Who ever doubted it?—Dyce.

82 ye] F2 you.

83 s.d. An Attendant, etc.] Ff give stage direction 'Enter (F1 "Ent.") with the Trunk.'

84 s.d.] added by Weber.

85 *piece*] i. e. *writing* or *book*.

91 ye] F2 you.

Duke.

Your daughters 115

I had forgot; send them to court.

Archas.

How's that, sir?

Duke. I said, your daughters; see it done. I'll
have 'em

Attend my sister, Archas.

Archas.

Thank your highness.

Duke. And suddenly.

[*Exeunt all except* ARCHAS.]

Archas.

Through all the ways I dare,

I'll serve your temper, though you try me far. [*Exit.* 120

119 s.d.] Ff Exit. Ed. 1778 Exit with train.

120 *me far*] So the second folio. The first folio has *me* too *far*.

We have yet some gentlemen, some boys of mettle,
 (What, are we bobb'd thus still, colted, and carted?)
 And one mad trick we'll have to shame these vipers :
 Shall I bless 'em?

Puts. Farewell : I have thought my way too. [*Exit.*

Anc. Were never such rare cries in Christendom, 20
 As Moscow shall afford : we'll live by fooling,
 Now fighting's gone, and they shall find and feel it. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A room in the country-house of ARCHAS.

Enter ARCHAS, HONORA, and VIOLA.

Archas. No more ; it must be so. Do you think I
 would send ye,
 Your father and your friend——

Viola. Pray, sir, be good to us :
 Alas, we know no court, nor seek that knowledge !
 We are content, like harmless things, at home,
 Children of your content, bred up in quiet, 5
 Only to know ourselves, to seek a wisdom
 From that we understand, easy and honest ;
 To make our actions worthy of your honour,
 Their ends as innocent as we begot 'em.
 What shall we look for, sir, what shall we learn there, 10
 That this more private sweetness cannot teach us ?
 Virtue was never built upon ambition,
 Nor the soul's beauties bred out of bravery :
 What a terrible father would you seem to us,
 Now you have moulded us, and wrought our tempers 15
 To easy and obedient ways, uncrooked,

17 *What, are we bobb'd thus still, colted, and carted*] "*Bobb'd* and *colted*, as we have repeatedly mentioned, are synonymous terms, meaning *fooled*, *tricked*."
 —Weber.

Sc. II. s.d.] Locality is Dyce's. Weber 'The Country-house of Archas.'

4 *like*] So F1. F2 *with*.

13 *brave, y'*] i. e. finery, splendour.

I am bred up so foolishly, alas, I dare not ! 40
And how madly these things will shew there !

Archas. I send ye not,
Like parts infected, to draw more corruption ,
Like spiders, to grow great with growing evil :
With your own virtues season'd, and my prayers ;
The card of goodness in your minds, that shews ye 45
When ye sail false ; the needle touch'd with honour,
That through the blackest storms still points at happiness ;

Your bodies the tall barks ribb'd round with goodness,
Your heavenly souls the pilots ; thus I send you,
Thus I prepare your voyage, sound before ye, 50
And ever, as you sail through this world's vanity,
Discover shoals, rocks, quicksands, cry out to ye,
Like a good master, " Tack about for honour !"
The court is virtue's school, at least it should be ;
Nearer the sun the mine lies, the metal 's purer. 55
Be it granted, if the spring be once infected,
Those branches that flow from him must run muddy :
Say you find some sins there, and those no small ones,
And they like lazy fits begin to shake ye ;
Say they affect your strengths, my happy children, 60
Great things through greatest hazards are achieved still,
And then they shine, then goodness has his glory,
His crown fast rivetted, then time moves under,
Where, through the mist of errors, like the sun
Through thick and pitchy clouds, he breaks out nobly. 65

Hon. I thank you, sir, you have made me half a soldier ;

I will to court most willingly, most fondly :
And, if there be such stirring things amongst 'em,
Such travellers into Virginia,

45 *The card*] Was a term for the mariner's compass—properly, the card or paper on which the points of the wind were marked. Cf. *Macbeth*, I. iii. 17. 'I' the shipman's card.'

53 Inverted commas first in 1778.

55 *Nearer the sun . . . the metal 's purer*] Cf. Lyly's *Midas*, II. ii. 5, 'Gold is . . . a weed bled by the sunne, the very rubbish of barren ground.' The popular error connecting it with hot countries, disproved e.g. by Klondyke, arose perhaps from an early discovery of alluvial gold on the Gold Coast ; but Pliny, xxxiii. 21, associates the metal with the 'montes aridi sterilesque' of Spain.

69 *Virginia*] "This is a curious anachronism."—Weber. A double entendre.

Enter THEODORE.

Theod. How do you, sir? can you lend a man an angel?

I hear you let out money.

Archas. Very well, sir;

You are pleasantly disposed: I am glad to see it.

Can you lend me your patience, and be ruled by me?

Theod. Is 't come to patience now?

Archas. Is 't not a virtue? 100

Theod. I know not: I ne'er found it so.

Archas. That 's because

Thy anger ever knows, and not thy judgment.

Theod. I know you have been rifled.

Archas. Nothing less, boy:

Lord, what opinions these vain people publish!

Rifled of what?

Theod. Study your virtue, patience; 105

It may get mustard to your meat. Why in such haste, sir,

Sent ye for me?

Archas. For this end only, Theodore,

To wait upon your sisters to the court:

I am commanded they live there.

Theod. To th' court, sir!

Archas. To th' court, I say.

Theod. And must I wait upon 'em? 110

Archas. Yes, 'tis most fit ye should; ye are their brother.

Theod. Is this the business? I had thought your mind, sir,

Had been set forward on some noble action,

Something had truly stirr'd ye. To th' court with these!

Why, they are your daughters, sir.

Archas. All this I know sir. 115

Theod. [*Singing.*]

95 s.d. Enter Theodore] After Viola's speech in Ff.

96 *an angel*] A gold coin, worth about 10s.

109 *they live there*] i. e. that they go to live there.

111 *ye . . . ye*] F2 *you . . . you*.

116 s.d. Singing] supplied ed. 1778; Seward italicized the line.

What dost thou make of me?

Theod. Your palate 's down, sir.

Archas. I thank ye, sir.

Theod. Come, shall we to this matter?
You will to court?

Hon. If you will please to honour us. 140

Theod. I 'll honour ye, I warrant; I 'll set ye off
With such a lustre, wenches! Alas, poor Viola,
Thou art a fool, thou criest for eating white bread!
Be a good huswife of thy tears, and save 'em;
Thou wilt have time enough to shed 'em, sister.— 145
Do you weep too? nay, then I 'll fool no more.—
Come, worthy sisters, since it must be so,
And since he thinks it fit to try your virtues,
Be you as strong as truth, as I to guard ye,
And this old gentleman shall have joy of ye. 150

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Moscow. *An apartment in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE and BURRIS.

Duke. Burris, take you ten thousand of those crowns,
And those two chains of pearls they hold the richest;
I give 'em ye.

Bur. I humbly thank your grace;
And may your great example work in me
That noble charity to men more worthy, 5
And of more wants!

Duke. You bear a good mind, Burris;
Take twenty thousand now: be not so modest;
It shall be so, I give 'em: go, there 's my ring for 't.

138 *Your palate 's down*] Cf. *The Mad Lover*, II. iii. 32. Of the tongue-tied nonplussed Syphax, 'His palate 's down.' Archas' question implies 'Am I lewd too, then?'; his son replies 'You're past it.'

145-6 *to shed 'em, sister.*—*Do you weep too?*] The modern editors alter the punctuation thus—

“to shed 'em.—Sister,
Do you weep too?”

SC. III. Moscow.] prefixed by Dyce to Weber's s.d.

I am too dull an object.

Duke. Canst thou love me?
Canst thou love him will honour thee?

Alin. I can love, 30
And love as you do too : but 'twill not shew well ;
Or, if it do shew here, where all light lustres,
Tinsel affections, make a glorious glistening,
'Twill halt i' th' handsome way.

Duke. Are ye so cunning?
Dost think I love not truly?

Alin. No, ye cannot ; 35
You never travell'd that way yet. Pray, pardon me,
I prate so boldly to you.

Duke. There's no harm done :
But what's your reason, sweet?

Alin. I would tell your grace,
But happily——

Duke. It shall be pleasing to me.

Alin. I should love you again, and then you would
hate me : 40
With all my service I should follow ye,
And through all dangers.

Duke. This would more provoke me,
More make me see thy worths, more make me meet
'em.

Alin. You should do so, if ye did well and
truly :
But, though ye be a prince, and have power in ye, 45
Power of example too, ye have fail'd and falter'd.

Duke. Give me example where.

Alin. You had a mistress,
Oh, Heaven, so bright, so brave a dame, so lovely,
In all her life so true——

Duke. A mistress!

Alin. That served ye with that constancy, that
care, 50
That loved your will, and woo'd it too——

Duke. What mistress?

Alin. That nursed your honour up, held fast your
virtue,

43] Ff have this line as two lines
50 ye] you F2.

Worthy your love, if yet you have that perfect,
 Two daughters of his ruin'd virtue now
 Arrive at court, excellent fair indeed, sir; 80
 But this will be the plague on't, they're excellent
 honest.

Enter OLYMPIA and PETESCA behind.

Duke. I love thy face.

Alin. Upon my life, ye cannot :
 I do not love it myself, sir ; 'tis a lewd one,
 So truly ill, art cannot mend it. 'Ods, if 'twere hand-
 some,
 At least if I thought so, you should hear me talk,
 sir, 85
 In a new strain ; and, though ye are a prince,
 Make ye petition to me too, and wait my answers ;
 Yet, o' my conscience, I should pity ye,
 After some ten years' siege.

Duke. Prithee, do now.

Alin. What would ye do ?

Duke. Why, I would lie with ye. 90

Alin. I do not think ye would.

Duke. In troth, I would, wench.
 Here, take this jewel.

Alin. Out upon 't ! that's scurvy :
 Nay, if we do, sure we'll do for good fellowship,
 For pure love, or nothing : thus you shall be sure,
 sir,
 You shall not pay too dear for 't.

Duke. Sure, I cannot. 95

Alin. By 'r lady, but ye may. When ye have found
 me able

To do your work well, ye may pay my wages.

Pet. Why does your grace start back ?

Olym. I ha' seen that shakes me,

81 s.d. behind] Ff have 'privately.' Perhaps they entered above,—on what was called the upper stage or balcony, at the back. Dyce, referring to his note on *The Widow*, I. 1. 'Scene.'

83 *lewd*] i. e. bad, ugly. Seward printed *foul*! and Weber cited two passages to prove that *lewd* is used here in the sense of *idle*!

84 *'Ods*] F1 has *'sod* (which, after all, may be right). F2 reads *but* ; so Seward. The editors of 1778 printed *God*. Weber gave *'Cod*.

SCENE IV.

*Another apartment in the same.**Enter BOROSKIE, BURRIS, THEODORE, VIOLA, and
HONORA.**Bor.* They are goodly gentlewomen.*Burris.*

They are,

Wondrous sweet women both.

Theod.

Does your lordship like 'em ?

They are my sisters, sir ; good lusty lasses :

They'll do their labour well, I warrant ye ;

You'll find no bed-straw here, sir.

Hon.

Thank ye, brother. 5

Theod. This is not so strongly built ; but she is
good mettle,

Of a good stirring strain too ; she goes tith, sir.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*Here they be, gentlemen, must make ye merry,
The toys you wot of. Do you like their complexions ?
They be no Moors : what think ye of this hand,
gentlemen ? 10

Here's a white altar for your sacrifice ;

A thousand kisses here—nay, keep off yet, gentlemen ;

Let's start first, and have fair play. What would ye
give now

To turn the globe up, and find the rich Moluccas ?

Sc. IV.] Locality is due to Weber.

2 *lordship*] First folio *Lordshid*.7 *she goes tith*] i. e. she goes tight (the allusion being to a ship). Compare
Fletcher's *Woman's Prize, or The Tamer Tamed*—“ Which if he man not
With more continual labour than a galley,
To make her *tith*,” etc.

Act III. sc. iv.

In the present passage the editors of 1778 altered “ *tith* ” to “ *tith* ” !

They will not light upon again in ten year.

Bor. 'Tis fit they wait upon her.

Theod. They are fit for any thing :
 They'll wait upon a man (they are not bashful), 40
 Carry his cloak, or untie his points, or any thing ;
 Drink drunk, and take tobacco ; the familiar'st fools !
 This wench will leap over stools too, and sound a
 trumpet,
 Wrestle, and pitch the bar : they are finely brought
 up.

Bor. Ladies, ye are bound to your brother, and 45
 have much cause to thank him.
 I'll ease ye of this charge ; and to the princess,
 So please you, I'll attend 'em.

Theod. Thank your lordship :
 If there be e'er a private corner as ye go, sir,
 A foolish lobby out o' th' way, make danger,
 Try what they are, try.

Bor. Ye are a merry gentleman. 50

Theod. I would fain be your honour's kinsman.

Bor. Ye are too curst, sir.

Theod. Farewell, wenches : keep close your ports ;
 y'are wash'd else.

Hon. Brother, bestow your fears where they are
 needful.

Theod. Honor thy name is, and, I hope, thy nature.

[*Exeunt BOROSKIE, HONORA, and VIOLA.*]

Go after, gentlemen, go ; get a snatch if you can ; 55

38 *year*] F2 and editors before Dyce *years*.

41 *or* (the first)] Omitted Seward and ed. 1778.

41 *points*] The tagged laces that fastened the trunk-hose to the doublet.

42 *Drink drunk*] i.e. drink till they are drunk. The expression "drink drunk" was common.

43 *and*] Silently omitted by the modern editors before Dyce.

45] Ff print as two lines, the first ending at *brother*.

45 *Ladies, etc.*] Scan [plaguy rough scansion. A. H. B.]—"Ladies, | ye are bound | to your brō | ther and have much | cause to thank | him"; and in l. 39 above | "'Tis fit | they wait | upon | her. They are fit | for an | ything." Cf. l. 41.

49 *make danger*] i.e. make experiment. "From the Latin phrase, *fac periculum*."—Ed. 1778.

51 *curst*] i.e. sour, ill-natured.

52 *ports . . . wash'd*] Of sea entering cabin-windows in fresh weather—of course with indecent quibble.

54 s.d. *Exeunt*] Ff *'Exit.'* etc.

Were there but two more such at court, 'twere sainted.
This will buy brawn this Christmas yet, and muscadine.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

A street.

*Enter ANCIENT, crying Brooms, and after him, severally,
four Soldiers, crying other things. BOROSKIE and
Gentlemen over the stage observing them.*

I. SONG.

Ancient.

Broom, broom, the bonny broom !	
Come, buy my buchen broom !	
I' th' wars we have no more room .	
Buy all my bonny bloom !	
For a kiss take two :	
If those will not do,	5
For a little, little pleasure,	
Take all my whole treasure	
If all these will not do 't,	
Take the broom-man to boot.	10
Broom, broom, the bonny broom !	

II. SONG.

First Soldier.

The wais are done and gone.	
And soldiers, now neglected, pedlars are.	
Come, maidens, come alone,	
For I can shew you handsome, handsome ware ;	15
Powders for the head,	
And drinks for your bed,	
To make ye blithe and bonny :	
As well in the night	
We soldiers can fight,	20
And please a young wench as any.	

77 *muscadine*] The same as 'muscadel' or 'muscatel,' a rich fragrant wine made from the muscatel grape. Florio has *moscardino* 'a kinde of muske comfets, the name of a kind of grapes and peares.'—Skeat.

SC. V.] Locality Weber's.

s.d. Enter Ancient . . . them] So Ff. Dyce omits the characteristic 'over the stage.'

14 *alone*] Editors (Seward to Dyce) *along*.

16 *for*] Ff have *for*, *for* (perhaps rightly).

Bor. How is this?

Third Sold. Honesty, my lord; 'tis here in a quill.

Anc. Take heed you open it not, for 'tis so subtle,
The least puff of wind will blow it out o' th' kingdom.

Sec. Sold. Will your lordship please to taste a fine
potato?

'Twill advance your wither'd state.

50

Anc. Fill your honour full of most noble itches,
And make Jack dance in your lordship's breeches.

First Soldier [Sings].

If your daughters, on their beds,
Have bow'd or crack'd their maidenheads;

If, in a coach, with too much tumbling,
They chance to cry, fie, fo, what fumbling!

55

If her foot slip, and down fall she,
And break her leg above the knee;
The one and thirtieth of February let this be ta'en,
And they shall be arrant maids again.

60

Bor. Ye are brave soldiers! keep your wantonness:
A winter will come on to shake this wilfulness:
Disport yourselves; and, when you want your money——
[*Exit with Gentlemen.*]

Anc.

Broom, broom etc.

[*Exit singing, with the rest.*]

SCENE VI.

A room in the Palace.

— *Enter ALINDA, HONORA, and VIOLA.*

Alin. You must not be so fearful, little one;
Nor, lady, you so sad; you will ne'er make courtiers,
With these dull sullen thoughts: this place is pleasure,

49 *please*] Om. F1.

58 *above*] Ff 'bove. *Break the leg, break the knee and sprain the ankle* were cant terms.

63] Ff and eds. before Dyce have 'Exit' simply.

64 s.d. *Exit, etc.*] Dyce. F1 has 'Exit singing,' F2, Sew., Col., Web
Exeunt 'singing.'

Sc. VI.] Locality due to Weber.

s.d. *Enter Alinda*] Dyce has 'Young Archas disguised as before.'

Hon. What if he have not?

Alin. You do your beauties too much wrong, 30

appearing

So full of sweetness, newness; set so richly,

As if a counsel beyond nature framed ye.

Hon. If we were thus, say Heaven had given these blessings,

Must we turn these to sin-oblations?

35

Alin. How foolishly this country way shews in ye!

How full of phlegm! Do you come here to pray, ladies?

You had best cry, "Stand away; let me alone, gentlemen;

I'll tell my father else."

Viola. [*Aside.*] This woman's naught sure,

A very naughty woman.

Hon. Come, say on, friend;

40

I'll be instructed by ye.

Alin. You'll thank me for't.

Hon. [*Aside.*] Either I or the devil shall.—The duke you were speaking of.

Alin. 'Tis well remember'd: yes, let him first see you; Appear not openly till he has view'd ye.

Hon. He's a very noble prince, they say.

Alin. Oh, wondrous gracious! 45

And, as you may deliver yourself, at the first viewing;

For, look ye, you must bear yourself—yet take heed

It be so season'd with a sweet humility,

And graced with such a bounty in your beauty—

Hon. But I hope he will offer me no ill?

Alin. No, no: 50

'Tis like he will kiss ye, and play with ye.

Hon. Play with me! how?

Alin. Why, good Lord, that you are such a fool now! No harm, assure yourself.

Viola. Will he play with me too?

Alin. Look babies in your eyes, my pretty sweet one: There's a fine sport. Do you know your lodgings yet? 55

Hon. I hear of none.

38-9 *Stand . . . else*] Italicized first in Seward.

39 s.d. *Aside*] Stage direction Weber's.

42 s.d. *Aside*] Added Seward. Ff have no direction.

53 *he*] F2 and all editors. F1 *ye*.

Under what sign 'tis best meeting in an arbour,
 And in what bower and hour it works ; a thousand— 85
 When in a coach, when in a private lodging,
 With all their virtues.

Hon. Have ye studied these?
 How beastly they become your youth ! how bawdily !
 A woman of your tenderness, a teacher,
 Teacher of these lewd arts ! of your full beauty ! 90
 A man made up in lust would loathe this in ye,
 The rankest lecher hate such impudence.
 They say the devil can assume Heaven's brightness,
 And so appear to tempt us ; sure, thou art no woman.

Alin. [*Aside.*] I joy to find ye thus.

Hon. Thou hast no tenderness, 95
 No reluctance in thy heart ; 'tis mischief.

Alin. All's one for that ; read these, and then be
 satisfied ; [*Gives them papers.*]

A few more private rules I have gather'd for ye ;
 Read 'em, and well observe 'em : so I leave ye. [*Exit.*]

Viola. A wondrous wicked woman : shame go with
 thee ! 100

Hon. What new Pandora's box is this ? I'll see it,
 Though presently I tear it. Read thine, Viola ;
 'Tis in our own wills to believe and follow.

[*Reads.*] *Worthy Honora, as you have begun*
In Virtue's spotless school, so forward run ; 105
Pursue that nobleness and chaste desire
You ever had ; burn in that holy fire ;
And a white martyr to fair memory
Give up your name, unsoil'd of infamy.

How 's this ! Read yours out, sister. This amazes
 me. 110

Viola. [*Reads.*] *Fear not, thou yet-unblasted Violet,*
Nor let my wanton words a doubt beget ;
Live in that peace and sweetness of thy bud ;
Remember whose thou art, and grow still good ;

85 *a thousand*] i. e. a thousand such rules. Mason proposed to point the
 line thus—

“*And in what bower and hour it works a thousand,*”

that is, he says, And in what bower and hour it gains you a thousand pounds !!

95, 97] Stage directions due to Weber. Dyce ‘papers’ for his ‘paper.’

104, 111 s.d. Reads] Added Weber.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*An apartment in the Palace.**Enter OLYMPIA with a casket, and ALINDA.**Alin.* Madam, the duke has sent for the two ladies:*Olym.* I prithee, go: I know thy thoughts are with him:

Go, go, Alinda; do not mock me more:

I have found thy heart, wench; do not wrong thy mistress,

Thy too-much-loving mistress; do not abuse her. 5

Alin. By your own fair hands, I understand ye not.*Olym.* By thy own fair eyes, I understand thee too much,

Too far, and built a faith there thou hast ruin'd.

Go, and enjoy thy wish, thy youth, thy pleasure;

Enjoy the greatness no doubt he has promised, 10

Enjoy the service of all eyes that see thee,

The glory thou hast aim'd at, and the triumph:

Only this last love I ask, forget thy mistress.

Alin. Oh, who has wrong'd me? who has ruin'd me?

Poor wretched girl, what poison is flung on thee?— 15

Excellent virtue, from whence flows this anger?

Olym. Go, ask my brother, ask the faith thou gav'st me,

Ask all my favours to thee, ask my love,

Last, thy forgetfulness of good: then fly me;

For we must part, Alinda.

Alin. You are weary of me. 20

I must confess I was never worth your service,

IV. i. An apartment, etc.] Dyce. 'Another Room,' etc. Weber. In stage direction Dyce has *Young Archas disguised as before* instead of *Alinda*.

8 run'd] F1 runs.

I love those eyes yet dearly : I have kiss'd thee ;
And now I'll do 't again. Farewell, Alinda :

55

[*Kisses him.*
I am too full to speak more, and too wretched. [*Exit.*
Alin. You have my faith, and all the world my
fortune. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The court of the Palace.

Enter THEODORE.

Theod. I would fain hear what becomes of these two
wenches ;
And, if I can, I will do 'em good.

Enter Gentleman, passing over the stage.

Do you hear, my honest friend ?—
He knows no such name. What a world of business
(Which by interpretation are mere nothings)
These things have here ! Mass, now I think on 't
better,

5

I wish he be not sent for one of them,
To some of these by-lodgings : methought I saw
A kind of reference in his face to bawdry.

*Enter Gentleman, with a Gentlewoman, passing over
the stage.*

He has her ; but 'tis none of them. Hold fast, thief !
An excellent touzing knave ! Mistress, you are
To suffer your penance some half hour hence now.

10

57] Written as two lines in Ff, the first ending at *faith*.

SC. II.] Locality due to Weber.

1] Written as two lines in Ff, the first ending at *hear*.

2 s.d.] So Ff. Dyce has 'Enter a Gentleman who passes, etc.'

3] Written as two lines in Ff, the first ending at *name*.

8 s.d. Enter . . . stage] So Ff. Dyce has 'Re-enter Gentleman with a Gentlewoman who pass, etc.'

10] The line ends at *mistress* in Ff.

Enter Lady.

Theod. This is the finest place to live in I e'er
enter'd. 30
Here comes a gentlewoman, and alone; I'll to her.
Madam, my lord my master——

Lady. Who's your lord, sir?

Theod. The lord Boroskie, lady.

Lady. Pray, excuse me:
Here's something for your pains. Within this hour,
sir,
One of the choice young ladies shall attend him: 35
Pray, let it be in that chamber juts out to the
water;

'Tis private and convenient: do my humble service
To my honourable good lord, I beseech ye, sir.
If it please you to visit a poor lady——
You carry the 'haviour of a noble gentleman. 40

Theod. I shall be bold.

Lady. 'Tis a good aptness in ye.
I lie here in the wood-yard, the blue lodgings, sir;
They call me merrily the Lady of the ——, sir:
A little I know what belongs to a gentleman,
And, if it please you take the pains—— 45

Theod. Dear lady! [*Exit Lady.*] Take the pains!
Why, a horse would not take the pains that thou
requir'st now
To cleave, old crab-tree. "One of the choice young
ladies"!

I would I had let this bawd go! she has frighted me;
I am cruelly afraid of one of my tribe now: 50
But, if they will do, the devil cannot stop 'em.
Why should he have a young lady? are women now
O' the nature of bottles, to be stopp'd with corks?
Oh, the thousand little Furies that fly here now!

30 *finest*] Ff *fin'st*.

43 *the ——*] So Ff.

45 *pains——*] The dash supplied 1778.

46] Ff, Seward and ed. 1778 put 'exit' at end of lady's speech, but Seward put dash at *Lady*.

53 *O' the nature of bottles, etc.*]

"'And maids, turn'd bottles, cry aloud for corks.'

Pope [*Rape of the Lock*]."—Ed. 1778.

Theod. What company of soldiers are they?

Anc. By this means I have gather'd
Above a thousand tall and hardy soldiers, 80
If need be, colonel.

Theod. That need's come, Ancient;
And 'twas discreetly done. Go, draw 'em presently,
But without suspicion; this night we shall need 'em:
Let 'em be near the court, let Putskie guide 'em;
And wait me for occasion; here I'll stay still. 85

Puts. If it fall out, we are ready; if not, we are
scatter'd:

I'll wait ye at an inch.

Theod. Do; farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An apartment in the same.

Enter DUKE and BOROSKIE.

Duke. Are the soldiers still so mutinous?

Bor. More than ever:
No law nor justice frights 'em; all the town over
They play new pranks and gambols; no man's person,
Of what degree soever, free from abuses:
And durst they do this (let your grace consider), 5
These monstrous, most offensive things, these villanies,
If not set on, and fed? if not by one
They honour more than you, and more awed by him?

Duke. Happily, their own wants.

Bor. I offer to supply 'em,
And every hour make tender of their moneys: 10
They scorn it, laugh at me that offer it.
I fear the next device will be my life, sir;

87 *at an inch*] i. e. ready to appear at any moment's notice. See examples
quoted in *N.E.D.*

Sc. III.] Locality due to Weber.

SCENE III] THE LOYAL SUBJECT 319

Eaten with inward thoughts, whilst there ye wander. 35

Here, ladies, here, (you were not made for cloisters,)

Here is the sphere you move in ; here shine nobly,

And by your powerful influence command all !—

[*Aside.*] What a sweet modesty dwells round about
em,

And, like a nipping morn, pulls in their blossoms ! 40

Hon. Your grace speaks cunningly : you do not
this,

I hope, sir, to betray us ; we are poor triumphs,

Nor can our loss of honour add to you, sir :

Great men and great thoughts seek things great and
worthy,

Subjects to make 'em live, and not to lose 'em ; 45

Conquests so nobly won can never perish.

We are two simple maids, untutor'd here, sir,

Two honest maids ; is that a sin at court, sir ?

Our breeding is obedience, but to good things,

To virtuous, and to fair. What would you win on
us ? 50

Why do I ask that question, when I have found ye ?

Your preamble has pour'd your heart out to us ;

You would dishonour us ; which, in your translation

Here at the court, reads thus,—your grace would love
us,

Most dearly love us ; stick us up for mistresses : 55

Most certain, there are thousands of our sex, sir,

That would be glad of this, and handsome women,

And crowd into this favour, fair young women,

Excellent beauties, sir : when ye have enjoy'd 'em,

And suck'd those sweets they have, what saints are
these then ? 60

What worship have they won, what name ? you guess,
sir ;

What story added to their time ? a sweet one !

Duke. [*Aside.*] A brave-spirited wench.

Hon. I'll tell your grace,

And tell ye true ; ye are deceived in us two,

Extremely cozen'd, sir : and yet, in my eye, 65

You are the handsomest man I ever look'd on,

39 s.d.] Stage direction due to Weber.

63 s.d. *Aside*] Added Weber.

Hon. His child, sir, and his spirit.

Duke. I'll deal with you, then,
For here's the honour to be won. Sit down, sweet ;
Prithee, Honora, sit.

Hon. Now ye entreat, I will, sir. 95

Duke. I do, and will deserve it.

Hon. That's too much kindness.

Duke. Prithee, look on me.

Hon. Yes ; I love to see ye,
And could look on an age thus, and admire ye.
Whilst ye are good and temperate, I dare touch ye,
Kiss your white hand.

Duke. Why not my lips ?

Hon. I dare, sir. 100

Duke. I do not think ye dare.

Hon. I am no coward. [*Kisses him.*]
Do you believe me now ? or now ? or now, sir ?
You make me blush ; but, sure, I mean no ill, sir :
It had been fitter you had kiss'd me.

Duke. That I'll do too. [*Kisses her*]
What hast thou wrought into me ?

Hon. I hope, all goodness. 105
Whilst ye are thus, thus honest, I dare do any thing ;
Thus hang about your neck, and thus dote on ye ;
Bless those fair lights ! Hell take me, if I durst
not—

But, good sir, pardon me.—Sister, come hither ;
Come hither ; fear not, wench : come hither ; blush
not ; 110
Come, kiss the prince, the virtuous prince, the good
prince ;

Certain, he is excellent honest.

Duke. Thou wilt make me.

Hon. Sit down, and hug him softly.

Duke. Fie, Honora !

Wanton Honora ! is this the modesty,

101 s.d. Kisses him] Added Dyce.

104] Scan—' It had | been fit|ter you | had kiss'd mè. | That I 'll dō | too.
The metrical beat corresponds accurately with the required sense accent.

104] Stage direction due to Weber.

112 *Thou wilt make me*] i. e. Thou wilt make me honest. In both Ff,
at the end of this speech, is a break, which the modern editors before Dyce
retain.

He has infections else will fire your bloods. 140

Duke. Prithee, Alinda, hear me.

Alin. Words steep'd in honey,
That will so melt into your minds, buy chastity
A thousand ways, a thousand knots to tie ye;
And, when he has bound ye his, a thousand ruins.—
A poor lost woman ye have made me.

Duke. I'll maintain thee, 145
And nobly too.

Alin. That gin's too weak to take me.—
Take heed, take heed, young ladies, still take heed;
Take heed of promises, take heed of gifts,
Of forced, feigned sorrows, sighs, take heed.

Duke. By all that's mine, Alinda——

Alin. Swear by your mischiefs. 150
Oh, whither shall I go?

Duke. Go back again;
I'll force her take thee, love thee.

Alin. Fare ye well, sir:
I will not curse ye; only this dwell with ye,
Whenever ye love, a false belief light on ye! [*Exit.*

Hon. We'll take our leaves too, sir.

Duke. Part all the world now, 155
Since she is gone.

Hon. You are crooked yet, dear master;
And still I fear—— [*Exit with VIOLA.*

Duke. I am vex'd, and some shall find it. [*Exit.*

142 *buy chastity*] Mason proposes to read "b'ye *chastity*, i. e. farewell chastity"!

146 *gin*] i. e. trap, snare.

149 *forced, feigned*] Both as dissyllables.

150 *Swear*] Printed by folios in a line by itself.

154 *ye* (first)] F2. F1 *you*.

157 *s d*] Ff Exeunt.

157 *I am vex'd*] A separate line in Ff.

In doubt and fear?

Archas. I have an excellent stomach,
And can I use it better than among my friends, boy?
How do the wenches?

Theod. They do well enough, sir; 20
They know the worst by this time. Pray, be ruled,
sir;

Go home again, and, if ye have a supper,
Eat it in quiet there: this is no place for ye,
Especially at this time, take my word for 't.

Archas. May be, they 'll drink hard: I could have
drunk my share, boy: 25
Though I am old, I will not out.

Theod. I hope you will.
Hark in your ear; the court's too quick of hearing.

[*Whispers.*
Archas. Not mean me well! thou art abused and
cozen'd.

Away, away!

Theod. To that end, sir, I tell ye:
Away, if ye love yourself!

Archas. Who dare do these things, 30
That ever heard of honesty?

Theod. Old gentleman,
Take a fool's counsel.

Archas. 'Tis a fool's indeed,
A very fool's: thou hast more of these flams in
thee,

These musty doubts—Is 't fit the duke send for me,
And honour me to eat within his presence, 35
And I, like a tall fellow, play at bo-peep with his
pleasure?

19] Written as two lines in Ff, the first ending with *better*.

24, 25, 27, 28] Each written as two lines in folios.

26 *I will not out*] i.e. I will make one of the party.—Dyce, comparing *Bonduca*, II. iii. 9, 'But all agree, and I 'll not out, boys.' Here perhaps rather of passing the cup untasted.

27 s.d.] Added Dyce.

30 *ye*] Second folio, Col., Web., Dyce *you*.

33] Line ends at *of* in Ff, and next line at *doubts*. Seward and ed. 1778 *thou'st* for *thou hast*.

36 *tall*] "Is generally, in old plays, used for *stout*, *brave*; but here it seems to mean, ironically, great, or lubberly."—Weber F2 *talz*.

36] One line, Dyce. Line ends at *bo-peep* in Ff and first three editors.

Theod. A strange old foolish fellow! I shall hear
yet;
And, if I do not my part, hiss at me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

The Presence-Chamber in the same.

Enter two Servants, preparing a banquet.

First Serv. Believe me, fellow, here will be lusty
drinking;
Many a wash'd pate in wine, I warrant thee.

Sec. Serv. I am glad the old general's come: upon
my conscience,
That joy will make half the court drunk. Hark, the
trumpets!

They are coming on; away!

First Serv. We'll have a rouse too. [*Exeunt.* 5

*Enter DUKE, ARCHAS, BURRIS, BOROSKIE, Gentlemen,
and Attendants.*

Duke. Come, seat yourselves.—Lord Archas, sit
you there.

Archas. 'Tis far above my worth.

Duke. I'll have it so.—

[*Aside to BOROSKIE.*] Are all things ready?

Bor. All the guards are set,

The court-gates shut.

Duke. Then do as I prescribed ye;

Sc. V.] Locality due to Weber.

5 *rouse*] i. e. bumper. See Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, i. 240, ed. 1813.

5 s.d. *Exeunt*] F1 'Exit.'

5 s.d. Gentlemen and Attendants] Ff *Attend. Gent.*

8] Stage direction due to Weber; a break at *so* in 1778.

9 *shut*] F2 *are shut*.

The duke's, the royal duke's!—Ha! what have I got,
Sir? ha! the robe of death!

Duke. You have deserved it.

Archas. The livery of the grave!—Do you start all
from me?

Do I smell of earth already?—Sir, look on me, 35
And like a man; is this your entertainment?
Do you bid your worthiest guests to bloody banquets?

Enter a Guard, who seize ARCHAS.

A guard upon me too!—This is too foul play,
Boy, to thy good, thine honour; thou wretched ruler,
Thou son of fools and flatterers, heir of hypocrites!— 40
Am I served in a hearse, that saved ye all?

Are ye men or devils? do ye gape upon me?

Wider! and swallow all my services:

Entomb them first, my faith next, then my integrity;
And let these struggle with your mangy minds, 45
Your sear'd and seal'd-up consciences, till ye burst.

Bor. These words are death.

Archas. No, those deeds that want rewards, sirrah,
Those battles I have fought, those horrid dangers
(Leaner than death, and wilder than destruction) 50
I have march'd upon, these honour'd wounds, time's
story,

The blood I have lost, the youth, the sorrows suffer'd,
These are my death, these that can ne'er be recom-
pensed,

These that ye sit a-brooding on like toads,
Sucking from my deserts the sweets and savours, 55
And render me no pay again but poisons!

Bor. The proud vain soldier thou hast set——

Archas. Thou liest!

Now, by my little time of life, liest basely,
Maliciously, and loudly! how I scorn thee!
If I had swell'd the soldier, or intended 60

33 *Sir*] Ed. 1778 puts this at end of previous line.

37 s.d. who seize Archas] Added Weber.

46 *ye*] So F1. F2 has *they*, and so the modern editors before Dyce.

54 *sir*] The editors of 1778 and Weber print *set*.

55 *savours*] Seward and all editors for *favours* of Ff.

An act in person leaning to dishonour,
 As ye would fain have forced me, witness, Heaven,
 Where clearest understanding of all truth is,
 (For these are spiteful men, and know no piety,)

When Olin came, grim Olin, when his marches, 65
 His last incursions, made the city sweat,
 And drove before him, as a storm drives hail,
 Such showers of frosted fears shook all your heart-
 strings ;

Then, when the Volga trembled at his terror,
 And hid his seven curl'd heads, afraid of bruising 70
 By his arm'd horses' hoofs ; had I been false then,
 Or blown a treacherous fire into the soldier,
 Had but one spark of villany lived within me,
 Ye 'ad had some shadow for this black about me.
 Where was your soldiership ? why went not you
 out, 75

And all your right-honourable valour with ye ?
 Why met ye not the Tartar, and defied him ?
 Drew your dead-doing sword, and buckled with him ?
 Shot through his squadrons like a fiery meteor ?
 And, as we see a dreadful clap of thunder 80
 Rend the stiff-hearted oaks, and toss their roots up,
 Why did not you so charge him ? You were sick
 then ;

You, that dare taint my credit, slipp'd to bed then,
 Stewing and fainting with the fears ye had ;
 A whoreson shaking fit oppress'd your lordship. 85
 Blush, coward knave, and all the world hiss at thee !
Duke. Exceed not my command.
Bor. I shall observe it. [*Exit DUKE.*
Archas. Are you gone too ?—Come, weep not, honest
 Burris,
 Good loving lord, no more tears : 'tis not his malice,
 This fellow's malice, nor the duke's displeasure, 90
 By bold bad men crowded into his nature,
 Can startle me. Fortune ne'er razed this fort yet ;
 I am the same, the same man, living, dying ;
 The same mind to 'em both, I poize thus equal :

62 *witness,*] The comma inserted 1778.

87] Ff and first three editors put 'Exit' at end of Duke's speech. F1 has 'Exit' also at end of Boroskie's speech.

Only the juggling way that toll'd me to it, 95
 The Judas way, to kiss me, bid me welcome,
 And cut my throat, a little stick upon me.
 Farewell : commend me to his grace, and tell him
 The world is full of servants ; he may have many,
 (And some I wish him honest ; he's undone else,) 100
 But such another doting Archas never,
 So tried and touch'd a faith : farewell for ever !

Burrus. Be strong, my lord : you must not go thus
 lightly.

Archas. Now, what's to do ? what says the law
 unto me ?

Give me my great offence, that speaks me guilty. 105

Bor. Laying aside a thousand petty matters,
 As scorns and insolencies, both from yourself and
 followers,

Which you put first fire to (and these are deadly),
 I come to one main cause, which, though it carries
 A strangeness in the circumstance, it carries death
 too, 110

Not to be pardon'd neither : ye have done a sacrilege.

Archas. High Heaven defend me, man ! how, how,
 Boroskie ?

Bor. Ye have took from the temple those vow'd
 arms,

The holy ornament you hung up there,
 No absolution of your vow, no order 115

From holy church to give 'em back unto you,
 After they were purified from war, and rested
 From blood, made clean by ceremony : from the altar
 You snatch'd 'em up again, again ye wore 'em,
 Again you stain'd 'em, stain'd your vow, the church
 too, 120

And robb'd it of that right was none of yours, sir ;
 For which the law requires your head, ye know it.

Archas. Those arms I fought in last ?

Bor. The same.

Archas. God-a-mercy !

95 *toll'd me*] i. e. drew me on by degrees. F1 *told*. Cf. *Scornful Lady*,
 II. i. 35, 'You toll'd him when his rage was set a-tilt' (metaphor from a
 cask).

105 *guilty*] F2 *guilty*.

Thou hast hunted out a notable cause to kill me,
 A subtle one : I die for saving all you. 125
 Good sir, remember, if you can, the necessity,
 The suddenness of time, the state all stood in ;
 I was entreated to, kneel'd to, and pray'd to,
 The duke himself, the princess, all the nobles,
 The cries of infants, bed-rid fathers, virgins ! 130
 Prithee, find out a better cause, a handsomer ;
 This will undo thee too ; people will spit at thee ;
 The devil himself would be ashamed of this cause.
 Because my haste made me forget the ceremony,
 The present danger every where, must my life satisfy ? 135

Bor. It must and shall.

Archas. Oh, base ungrateful people !
 Have ye no other sword to cut my throat with,
 But mine own nobleness ? I confess I took 'em,
 The vow not yet absolved I hung 'em up with ;
 Wore 'em, fought in 'em, gilded 'em again 140
 In the fierce Tartars' bloods ; for you I took 'em,
 For your peculiar safety, lord, for all ;
 I wore 'em for my country's health, that groan'd then ;
 Took from the temple, to preserve the temple :
 That holy place, and all the sacred monuments, 145
 The reverent shrines of saints, adored and honour'd,
 Had been consumed to ashes, their own sacrifice,
 Had I been slack ; or stay'd that absolution,
 No priest had lived to give it. My own honour,
 Cure of my country, murder me !

Bor. No, no, sir ; 150
 I shall force that from ye will make this cause light
 too.—

Away with him !—I shall pluck down that heart, sir.

Archas. Break it thou mayst ; but, if it bend for
 pity,
 Dogs and kites eat it !—Come ; I am honour's martyr.
 [Exeunt.]

129] *Ff Princes.*

137 *sword*] *F2 Seward* and ed. 1778 *swords.*

140-41 *gilded . . . In . . . bloods*] Cf. *Macbeth*, II. ii. 56, 'I'll gild the
 faces of the grooms withal.'

SCENE VI.

*Another apartment in the same.**Enter DUKE and BURRIS.**Duke.* Exceed my warrant!*Burris.* You know he loves him not*Duke.* He dares as well meet death as do it; eat
wildfire.

Through a few fears I mean to try his goodness,

That I may find him fit to wear here, Burris.

I know Boroskie hates him, to death hates him;

5

I know he is a serpent too, a swoln one;

But I have pull'd his sting out. [*Noise within.*]

What noise is that?

Theod. [*Within.*] Down with 'em, down with 'em,
down with the gates!*Soldiers.* [*Within.*] Stand, stand, stand!*Puts.* [*Within.*] Fire the palace before ye!

10

Burris. Upon my life, the soldier, sir, the soldier!

A miserable time is come.

*Enter Gentleman.**Gent.* Oh, save him!

Upon my knees, my heart's knees, save lord Archas!

We are undone else.

Duke. Dares he touch his body?*Gent.* He racks him fearfully, most fearfully.

15

Duke. Away, Burris!

Take men, and take him from him; clap him up,

And, if I live, I'll find a strange death for him.

[*Exit* BURRIS.]

Are the soldiers broke in?

Gent. By this time, sure they are, sir;

SC. VI.] Locality due to Weber.

2 meet] F2 has, by a misprint, "eat"—a reading which Seward preferred!

6 he is] Ff *he's*. "Meaning *Borosky*; but the pronoun is used rather
confusedly, both here and in the lines that follow [in the fourth speech of the
Duke]."—Ed. 1778.

They beat the gates extremely, beat the people. 20

Duke. Get me a guard about me; make sure the lodgings,

And speak the soldiers fair.

Gent. Pray Heaven that take, sir! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The court of the Palace.

Enter PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, Soldiers, with torches.

Puts. Give us the general; we'll fire the court else;
Render him safe and well!

Anc. Do not fire the cellar,
There's excellent wine in 't, captain; and though it be
cold weather,

I do not love it mull'd.—Bring out the general!

We'll light ye such a bonfire else! where are ye? 5

Speak, or we'll toss your turrets; peep out of your hives,

We'll smoke ye else. Is not that a nose there?

Put out that nose again, and, if thou darest

But blow it before us—Now he creeps out on 's
burrow.

Enter Gentleman.

Puts. Give us the general!

Gent. Yes, gentlemen; 10
Or any thing ye can desire.

Anc. You musk-cat,
Cordevan-skin! we will not take your answer.

Puts. Where is the duke? speak suddenly, and send
him hither.

Anc. Or we'll so fry your buttocks!

Gent. Good sweet gentlemen——

22 s.d. *Exeunt*] *Fr* 'Exit.' In *Ff* and ed. 1778 what follows is the continuation of the same scene.

Sc. VII.] Locality and scene division due to Weber.

5 *bonfire*] So the word was written and spoken.

12 *Cordevan-skin*] i. e. Spanish leather hide.—Ed. 1778 *Cordevant-skin*
Fz, Sew., 1778

Anc. We are neither good nor sweet ; we are soldiers, 15
And you miscreants that abuse the general.—
Give fire, my boys ! 'tis a dark evening ;
Let 's light 'em to their lodgings.

Enter THEODORE, OLYMPIA, HONORA, VIOLA, PETESCA,
and Gentlewoman.

Hon. Good brother, be not fierce.

Theod. I will not hurt her.—
Fear not, sweet lady.

Olym. 'May do what you please, sir ; 20
I have a sorrow that exceeds all yours,
And more contemns all danger.

Enter DUKE above.

Theod. Where is the duke ?

Duke. He's here.—What would ye, soldiers ? where-
fore troop ye
Like mutinous madmen thus ?

Theod. Give me my father !

Puts. Anc. Give us our general !

Theod. Set him here before us ; 25
Ye see the pledge we have got ; ye see these torches ;
All shall to ashes, as I live, immediately !
A thousand lives for one !

Duke. But hear me !

Puts. No ;
We come not to dispute.

Enter ARCHAS and BURRIS.

Theod. By Heaven I swear,
He's rack'd and whipt !

18 s.d.] Ff and editors till Dyce 'Enter Olympia, Honora, Viola, Theodore,
[and] women.'

20 'May do' So F1 (i. e. 'You may do'). F2 reads "Nay, do" ; and so
Seward.

26 these] F2 the.

28 No] Printed as part of next line in Ff.

29] Dyce gives stage direction after Puts.'s next speech. Ff print "By
heaven . . . whipt" as one line.

Hon. Oh, my poor father ! 30

Puts. Burn, kill and burn !

Archas. Hold, hold, I say ! hold, soldiers !
On your allegiance, hold !

Theod. We must not

Archas. Hold !

I swear by Heaven, he is a barbarous traitor stirs first,
A villain, and a stranger to obedience,
Never my soldier more, nor friend to honour !— 35
Why did you use your old man thus ? thus cruelly
Torture his poor weak body ? I ever loved ye.

Duke. Forget me in these wrongs, most noble Archas.

Archas. I have balm enough for all my hurts ; weep
no more, sir ;

A satisfaction for a thousand sorrows : 40
I do believe ye innocent, a good man,
And Heaven forgive that naughty thing that wrong'd
me !—

Why look ye wild, my friends ? why stare ye on
me ?

I charge ye, as ye are men, my men, my lovers,
As ye are honest faithful men, fair soldiers, 45
Let down your anger ! Is not this our sovereign ?

The head of mercy and of law ? who dares, then,
But rebels scorning law, appear thus violent ?

Is this a place for swords, for threatening fires ?
The reverence of this house dares any touch, 50
But with obedient knees and pious duties ?

Are we not all his subjects, all sworn to him ?
Has not he power to punish our offences,
And do we not daily fall into 'em ? Assure your-
selves

I did offend, and highly, grievously ; 55
This good sweet prince I offended, my life forfeited,
Which yet his mercy and his old love met with,
And only let me feel his light rod this way :

Ye are to thank him for your general,
Pray for his life and fortune, sweat your bloods for him. 60

33] In ed 1778 *I swear* is put at end of previous line.

33 25] F1 *it*.

33 *barbarous*] Altered by Seward to *base*.

41 *ye*] F2, Dyce and ed. 1778 *you*

60 *sweat*] F2 *swear*.

Ye are offenders, too, daily offenders ;
Proud insoucencies dwell in your hearts, and ye do
'em,

Do 'em against his peace, his law, his person .

Ye see he only sorrows for your sins,
And where his power might persecute, forgives ye. 65
For shame, put up your swords ! for honesty,
For order's sake, and whose ye are, my soldiers,
Be not so rude !

Theod. They have drawn blood from ye, sir.

Archas. That was the blood rebell'd, the naughty
blood,

The proud, provoking blood ; 'tis well 'tis out,
boy. 70

Give you example first ; draw out, and order'y ;—

Hon. Good brother, do

Archas. Honest and high example,
As thou wilt have my blessing follow thee,
Inherit all mine honours.—Thank ye, Theodore,
My worthy son.

Theod. If harm come, thank yourself, sir ; 75
I must obey ye. [*Exit.*]

Archas. Captain, you know the way now :
A good man and a valiant you were ever,
Inclined to honest things.—I thank ye, captain ;—
Soldiers, I thank ye all : and love me still,
But do not love me so you lose allegiance ; 80
Love that above your lives. Once more I thank ye.

[*Exeunt PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, and Soldiers.*]

Duke. Bring him to rest, and let our cares wait on
him.—

Thou excellent old man, thou top of honour,
Where justice and obedience only build,
Thou stock of virtue, how am I bound to love thee, 85
In all thy noble ways to follow thee !

Burriss. Remember him that vex'd him, sir.

Duke. Remember !
When I forget that villain, and to pay him

61 Ye] F1 You.

68 ye] F2, Seward and ed. 1778 you.

78] Ff Seward and ed. 1778 have 'Ex. Soul.' at end of this line.

81 s.d.] Stage direction due to Weber.

For all his mischiefs, may all good thoughts forget me !

Archas. I am very sore.

Duke. Bring him to bed with ease, gentlemen : 90

For every stripe I 'll drop a tear to wash 'em ;

And in my sad repentance——

Archas. 'Tis too much ;

I have a life yet left to gain that love, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

*An apartment in the Palace.**Enter DUKE, BURRIS, and Gentlemen.**Duke.* How does lord Archas yet?

Burris. But weak, an 't please ye,
 Yet all the helps that art can are applied to him :
 His heart 's untouch'd and whole yet ; and no doubt, sir,
 His mind being sound, his body soon will follow.

Duke. Oh, that base knave that wrong'd him ! with-
 out leave too !

But I shall find an hour to give him thanks for 't.
 He's fast, I hope ?

Burris. As fast as irons can keep him ;
 But the most fearful wretch !—

Duke. He has a conscience,
 A cruel stinging one, I warrant him,
 A loaden one. But what news of the soldier ?

I did not like their parting ; 'twas too sullen.

Burris. That they keep still, and I fear a worse clap :
 They are drawn out of the town, and stand in councils,
 Hatching unquiet thoughts and cruel purposes.
 I went myself unto 'em, talk'd with the captains,
 Whom I found fraught with nothing but loud murmurs
 And desperate curses, sounding these words often,
 Like trumpets to their angers, " We are ruin'd,
 Our services turn'd to disgraces, mischiefs ;
 Our brave old general, like one had pilfer'd,
 Tortur'd and whipt." The colonel's eyes, like torches,
 Blaze every where, and fright fair peace.

V. i.] Locality due to Weber.

1 yet] Omitted in F2, Seward and ed. 1778.

10 soldier] Collective sense, as above, I. i. 12, 44, etc.

18-21] Inverted commas first in 1778.

First Gent. Yet worse, sir ;
 The news is current now, they mean to leave ye,
 Leave their allegiance ; and under Olin's charge,
 The bloody enemy, march straight against ye. 25
Burris. I have heard this too, sir.
Duke. This must be prevented,
 And suddenly and warily.
Burris. 'Tis time, sir ;
 But what to minister, or how ?
Duke. Go in with me,
 And there we'll think upon 't. Such blows as these.
 Equal defences ask, else they displease. [*Exeunt.* 30

SCENE II.

Another apartment in the same.

Enter PETESCA and Gentlewoman.

Pet. Lord, what a coil has here been with these
 soldiers !
 They are cruel fellows.
Gent. And yet methought we found 'em
 Handsome enough. I'll tell thee true, Petesca,
 I look'd for other manner of dealings from 'em,
 And had prepared myself. But where's my lady ? 5
Pet. In her old dumps within, monstrous melancholy :
 Sure she was mad of this wench.
Gent. An she had been a man,
 She would have been a great deal madder. I am glad
 she is shifted.
Pet. 'Twas a wicked thing for me to betray her ;
 And yet I must confess she stood in our lights. 10

Enter YOUNG ARCHAS in his own dress.

What young thing's this ?

Y. Arch. Good morrow, beauteous gentlewomen :

Sc. II.] Locality due to Weber.

10 s.d.] Ff have 'Enter Alinda,' and *Al.* or *Alin.* in prefixes throughout scene.

'Pray ye, is the princess stirring yet?

Gent. He has her face.

Pet. Her very tongue, and tone too; her youth upon him.

Y. Arch. I guess ye to be the princess' women.

Pet. Yes, we are, sir.

Y. Arch. Pray, is there not a gentlewoman waiting on her grace,

15

Ye call Alinda?

Pet. The devil, sure, in her shape.

Gent. I have heard her tell my lady of a brother,
An only brother, that she had, in travel——

Pet. 'Mass, I remember that: this may be he too.
I would this thing would serve her!

Gent. So would I, wench; 20
We should love him better, sure.

Enter OLYMPIA.

Sir, here's the princess;

She best can satisfy ye.

Y. Arch. [Aside.] How I love that presence!
Oh, blessed eyes, how nobly shines your comforts!

Olym. What gentleman is that?

Gent. We know not, madam:
He ask'd us for your grace; and, as we guess it, 25
He is Alinda's brother.

Olym. Ha! let me mark him:
My grief has almost blinded me. Her brother!
[*Aside.*] By Venus, he has all her sweetness upon him!
Two silver drops of dew were never liker.

Y. Arch. Gracious lady——

Olym. [Aside.] That pleasant pipe he has too. 30

Y. Arch. Being my happiness to pass by this way,
And having, as I understand by letters,
A sister in your virtuous service, madam——

12 ye] F1 *you*.

20 *serve her*] Ff and ed. 1778 have 'Enter Olym.' here.

22 s.d. *Aside*] Added Weber.

23 *shines*] F1 (the old plural). *shine* F2 and editors.

28, 30, s.d. *Aside*] Added Dyce.

28 *upon*] Altered by Sewall, Colm., Web. to *on*.

32 *understand*] Weber chose to print *understood*.

Olym. [*Aside.*] Oh, now my heart, my heart aches !

Y. Arch. All the comfort

My poor youth has, all that my hopes have built me ; 35

I thought it my first duty, my best service,

Here to arrive first, humbly to thank your grace

For my poor sister, humbly to thank your nobleness,

That bounteous goodness in ye——

Olym. [*Aside.*] 'Tis he, certainly.

Y. Arch. That spring of favour to her ; with my life,

madam,

If any such most happy means might meet me,

To shew my thankfulness.

Olym. [*Aside.*] What have I done, fool !

Y. Arch. She came a stranger to your grace, no
courtier,

Nor of that curious breed befits your service ;

Yet one, I dare assure my soul, that loved ye 45

Before she saw ye ; doted on your virtues ;

Before she knew those fair eyes, long'd to read 'em ;

You only had her prayers, you her wishes ;

And that one hope to be yours once, preserved her.

Olym. [*Aside.*] I have done wickedly.

Y. Arch. A little beauty, 50

Such as a cottage breeds, she brought along with
her ;

And yet our country eyes esteem'd it much too.

But for her beauteous mind (forget, great lady,

I am her brother, and let me speak a stranger,)

Since she was able to beget a thought, 'twas honest : 55

The daily study how to fit your services,

Truly to tread that virtuous path you walk in,

So fired her honest soul, we thought her sainted.

I presume she is still the same : I would fain see
her ;

For, madam, 'tis no little love I owe her. 60

Olym. Sir, such a maid there was, I had——

Y. Arch. There was, madam !

Olym. [*Aside.*] Oh, my poor wench ! Eyes, I will
ever curse ye

For your credulity.—Alinda——

34, 39, 42, 50, 62 s.d. *Aside*] Added Dyce.

54 a *stranger*] i. e. as a stranger.

Y. Arch. That's her name, madam,

Olym. Give me a little leave, sir, to lament her.

Y. Arch. Is she dead, lady?

Olym. Dead, sir, to my service: 65
She is gone. Pray ye, ask no further.

Y. Arch. I obey, madam.
Gone!—[*Aside.*] Now must I lament too.—Said ye
“gone,” madam?

Olym. Gone, gone for ever!

Y. Arch. That's a cruel saying.
Her honour too?

Olym. Prithee, look angry on me,
And, if thou ever lov'dst her, spit upon me: 70
Do something like a brother, like a friend,
And do not only say thou lov'st her.

Y. Arch. Ye amaze me.

Olym. I ruin'd her, I wrong'd her, I abused her;
Poor innocent soul, I flung her—Sweet Alinda,
Thou virtuous maid! my soul now calls thee virtuous.— 75
Why do ye not rail now at me?

Y. Arch. For what, lady?

Olym. Call me base treacherous woman?

Y. Arch. Heaven defend me!

Olym. Rashly I thought her false, and put her from
me;
Rashly and madly I betray'd her modesty;
Put her to wander, Heaven knows where: nay, more, 80
sir,
Stuck a black brand upon her.

Y. Arch. 'Twas not well, lady.

Olym. 'Twas damnable; she loving me so dearly,
Never poor wench loved so. Sir, believe me,
'Twas the most duteous wench, the best companion;
When I was pleased, the happiest and the gladdest; 85
The modestest sweet nature dwelt within her:
I saw all this, I knew all this, I loved it,
I doted on it too, and yet I kill'd it.

Oh, what have I forsaken! what have I lost!

Y. Arch. Madam, I'll take my leave; since she is
wandering, 90
'Tis fit I know no rest.

Olym. Will you go too, sir?

I have not wrong'd you yet. If you dare trust me—
 For yet I love Alinda there, I honour her,
 I love to look upon those eyes that speak her,
 To read that face again—[*Aside*] modesty keep me ! 95
 Alinda in that shape !—but why should you trust me ?
 'Twas I betray'd your sister, I undid her ;
 And, believe me, gentle youth, 'tis I weep for her.
 Appoint what penance you please ; but stay then,
 And see me perform it ; ask what honour this place 100
 Is able to heap on ye, or what wealth :
 If following me will like ye, my care of ye,
 Which for your sister's sake, for your own goodness——
Y. Arch. Not all the honour earth has, now she's
 gone, lady,
 Not all the favour——yet, if I sought preferment, 105
 Under your bounteous grace I would only take it.
 Peace rest upon ye ! one sad tear every day,
 For poor Alinda's sake, 'tis fit ye pay. [*Exit.*]
Olym. A thousand, noble youth ; and when I sleep,
 Even in my silver slumbers still I'll weep. [*Exeunt.* 110

95 s d. *Aside*] Marked by Seward, and by parentheses in F2.

102 *like*] i. e. please.

110 *silver slumbers*] “Perhaps originally ‘SILENT *slumbers*.’”—Ed. 1778.
 “The text is perfectly right. In *Henry IV.*, Part I., we have *golden sleep*, upon which Mr. Holt White observes—‘The various epithets borrowed from the qualities of metals which have been bestowed on *sleep* may serve to show how vaguely words are applied in poetry. In the line before us sleep is called *golden*, and in *King Richard III.* we have *leaden slumbers*. But in *Vuigil* it is *ferreus somnus*, while Homer terms sleep *brazen*, or more strictly *copper*, *χάλκεος ὕπνος*.’—*Shakspeare*, ed. 1803, XI. 262 Fletcher is perhaps singular in applying the epithet *silver* to sleep.”—Weber.

110 s d. *Exeunt*] *Exit* Ff.

SCENE III.

*Another apartment in the same.**Enter DUKE and Gentlemen.**Duke.* Have ye been with 'em ?

First Gent. Yes, an 't please your grace ;
 But no persuasion serves 'em, nor no promise :
 They are fearful angry, and by this time, sir,
 Upon their march to the enemy.

Duke. They must be stopp'd.

First Gent. Ay, but what force is able ? and what
 leader——

5

*Enter BURRIS.**Duke.* How now ! have you been with Archas ?

Burris. Yes, an 't please ye,
 And told him all : he frets like a chafed lion,
 And calls for his arms, and all those honest courtiers
 That dare draw swords.

Duke. Is he able to do any thing ?

Burris. His mind is well enough ; and where his
 charge is, 10
 Let him be ne'er so sore, 'tis a full army.

Duke. Who commands the rebels ?

Burris. The young colonel :
 That makes the old man almost mad ; he sweais, sir,
 He will not spare his son's head for the dukedom.

Duke. Is the court in arms ?

Burris. As fast as they can bustle. 15
 Every man mad to go now ; inspired strangely,
 As if they were to force the enemy.
 I beseech your grace to give me leave.

Duke. Pray go, sir,
 And look to the old man well : take up all fairly,
 And let no blood be spilt ; take general pardons, 20
 And quench this fury with fair peace.

Sc. III.] Locality due to Weber.

4 *the*] Seward and ed. 1778 *th*. Ft, Seward and ed. 1778 have 'Enter
 Burris' at *stopp'd*.

8] Seward and ed. 1778 omit *And* at beginning of line.

Burriss. I shall, sir,
Or seal it with my service. They are villains.
The court is up : good sir, go strengthen 'em ;
Your royal sight will make 'em scorn all dangers :
The general needs no proof.

Duke. Come, let's go view 'em. [*Exeunt.* 25

SCENE IV.

The open country.

*Enter THEODORE, PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, Soldiers,
drums and colours.*

Theod. 'Tis known we are up, and marching. No
submission,
No promise of base peace, can cure our maladies ;
We have suffer'd beyond all repair of honour :
Your valiant old man's whipt ; whipt, gentlemen,
Whipt like a slave ; that flesh that never trembled, 5
Nor shrunk one sinew at a thousand charges,
That noble body, ribb'd in arms, the enemy
So often shook at, and then shunn'd like thunder,
That body's torn with lashes.

Anc. Let's turn head.

Puts Turn nothing, gentlemen ; let's march on fairly, 10
Unless they charge us.

Theod. Think still of his abuses,
And keep your angers.

Anc. He was whipt like a top ;
I never saw a whore so laced : court school-butter,—
Is this their diet ? I'll dress 'em one running banquet.

22 *Or seal it with my service*] "This expression is obscure ; but the following seems to be the meaning of it : I'll either quench this fury, or, in endeavouring so to do, put a period to my service."—J. N., ed. 1778.

SC. IV.] Locality due to Weber.

13 *school-butter*] Cant term for a flogging (Grose).

14 *running banquet*] The equivalent of our "hasty meal." Here used with a quibble as in Fletcherian passages of *Henry VIII.*, I. iv. 12—

"Some of these—

Should find a *running banquet* ere they rested" ;
and V. iv. 71, "besides the *running banquet* of two beadles that is to come."
—A. H. Bullen.

SCENE V] THE LOYAL SUBJECT 347

What oracle can alter us? did not we see him? 15
See him we loved?

Theod. And though we did obey him,
Forced by his reverence for that time; is't fit, gentle-
men,

My noble friends, is't fit we men and soldiers,
Live to endure this, and look on too?

Puts. Forward! 20
They may call back the sun as soon, stay time,
Prescribe a law to death, as we endure this.

Theod. They will make ye all fair promises.

Anc. We care not.

Theod. Use all their arts upon ye.

Anc. Hang all their arts!

Puts. And happily they'll bring him with 'em.

Anc. March apace, then;
He is old, and cannot overtake us.

Puts. Say he do? 25

Anc. We'll run away with him; they shall never see
him more.

The truth is, we'll hear nothing, stop at nothing,
Consider nothing but our way; believe nothing,
Not though they say their prayers; be content with
nothing

But the knocking out their brains; and last do nothing 30
But ban 'em and curse 'em, till we come to kill 'em.

Theod. Remove, then, forwards bravely! keep your
minds whole,
And the next time we face 'em shall be fatal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the country.

Enter DUKE, ARCHAS, BURRIS, Gentlemen, *and* Soldiers.

Archas. Peace to your grace! take rest, sir; they are
before us.

First Gent. They are, sir, and upon the march.

[*Exit* DUKE.

Sc. V.] Locality due to Weber.

Archas. Lord Burris,
Take you those horse and coast 'em : upon the first
advantage,
If they will not slack their march, charge 'em up
roundly ;
By that time I 'll come in.

Burris. I 'll do it truly. [*Exit.* 5

First Gent. How do you feel yourself, sir ?

Archas. Well, I thank ye ;
A little weak, but anger shall supply that.—
You will all stand bravely to it ?

All. Whilst we have lives, sir.

Archas. Ye speak like gentlemen. I 'll make the
knaves know,
The proudest and the strongest-hearted rebel, 10
They have a law to live in, and they shall have.
Beat up apace ; by this time he is upon 'em ;
And, sword, but hold me now, thou shalt play ever !
[*Drum within. Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another part of the country.

*Enter, drums beating, THEODORE, PUTSKIE, ANCIENT,
and their Soldiers.*

Theod. Stand, stand, stand close and sure ; the horse
will charge us.

Anc. Let 'em come on ; we have provender fit
for 'em.

Puts. Here comes lord Burris, sir, I think to
parley.

3 *coast 'em*] i. e. keep alongside of them.—Mason.

4 *slack*] F2 *slake*.

12 Ff, Seward and ed. 1778 have here 'Drum within,' and make one scene
with that following.

Sc. VI.] Locality due to Weber, who first marked this as a separate scene.

1] Printed as two lines in Ff, the first ending at *sure*.

Enter BURRIS, and one or two Soldiers.

Theod. You are welcome, noble sir; I hope to our part.

Burris. No, valiant colonel, I am come to chide ye, 5
To pity ye; to kill ye, if these fail me.
Fie, what dishonour seek ye! what black infamy!
Why do ye draw out thus? draw all shame with ye?
Are these fit cares in subjects? I command ye
Lay down your arms again; move in that peace, 10
That fair obedience, you were bred in.

Puts. Charge us :
We come not here to argue.

Theod. Charge up bravely,
And hotly too; we have hot spleens to meet ye,
Hot as the shames are offer'd us.

Enter ARCHAS, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Burris. Look behind ye :
Do you see that old man? do you know him, soldiers? 15

Puts. Your father, sir, believe me.

Burris. You know his marches,
You have seen his executions. Is it yet peace?

Theod. We'll die here first.

Burris. Farewell: you'll hear on's presently.

Archas. Stay, Burris :
This is too poor, too beggarly a body, 20
To bear the honour of a charge from me;
A sort of tatter'd rebels.—Go, provide gallowses.—
Ye are troubled with hot heads; I'll cool ye presently.—
These look like men that were my soldiers,
Now I behold 'em nearly and more narrowly, 25
My honest friends: where got they these fair figures?
Where did they steal these shapes?

Burris. They are struck already.

Archas. Do you see that fellow there that goodly
rebel?
He looks as like a captain I loved tenderly,

3 s.d. Enter Burris, etc.] After *sure* (l. 1) in Ff, Seward and ed. 1778.

19 *Stay, Burris*] Printed in Ff as part of the following line.

22 *sort*] i. e. company, set.

A fellow of a faith indeed :—

Burris. He has shamed him. 30

Archas. And that that bears the colours there, most
certain

So like an Ancient of mine own, a brave fellow,
A loving and obedient, that, believe me, *Burris*,
I am amazed and troubled : and, were it not
I know the general goodness of my people, 35
The duty, and the truth, the stedfast honesty,
And am assured they would as soon turn devils
As rebels to allegiance, for mine honour—

Burris. Here needs no wars.

Puts. I pray forgive us, sir.

Anc. Good general, forgive us, or use your sword ; 40
Your words are double death.

All. Good noble general !

Burris. Pray, sir, be merciful.

Archas. Weep out your shames first ;
Ye make me fool for company. Fie, soldiers !
My soldiers too, and play these tricks ! What's he
there ?

Sure I have seen his face too : yes ; most certain 45
I have a son (but I hope he is not here now)
Would much resemble this man, wondrous near him ;
Just of his height and making too.—You seem a leader.

Theod. Good sir, do not shame me more : I know
your anger,

And less than death I look not for. 50

Archas. You shall be my charge, sir : it seems you
want foes,

When you would make your friends your enemies :
A running blood ye have, but I shall cure ye.

Burris. Good sir—

Archas. No more, good lord.—Beat forward, sol-
diers :— 55

And you march in the rear ; you have lost your places.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*Moscow. The court of the Palace.**Enter DUKE, OLYMPIA, HONORA, and VIOLA.*

Duke. You shall not be thus sullen still with me,
sister ;

You do the most unnobly to be angry,
For, as I have a soul, I never touch'd her ;
I never yet knew one unchaste thought in her.
I must confess I loved her ; as who would not ? 5
I must confess I doted on her strangely ;
I offer'd all, yet so strong was her honour,
So fortified as fair, no hope could reach her :
And whilst the world beheld this, and confirm'd it,
Why would you be so jealous ?

Olym. Good sir, pardon me ; 10
I feel sufficiently my folly's penance,
And am ashamed ; that shame a thousand sorrows
Feed on continually. Would I had never seen her !
Or with a clearer judgment look'd upon her !
She was too good for me ; so heavenly good, sir, 15
Nothing but Heaven can love that soul sufficiently,
Where I shall see her once again.

Duke. No more tears ;
If she be within the dukedom, we'll recover her.

Enter BURRIS.

Welcome, lord Burris ; fair news I hope.

Burris. Most fair, sir :
Without one drop of blood these wars are ended, 20
The soldier cool'd again, indeed ashamed, sir,
And all his anger ended.

Duke. Where's lord Archas ?
Burris. Not far off, sir ; with him his valiant son,
Head of this fire, but now a prisoner ;

Sc. VII.] In Ff, Seward and ed. 1778 Scene VI. Locality due to Weber.

1 *still*] Omitted by Weber !

18 s.d. Enter Burris] After *again*, l. 17, in Ff, Sew., Col., Web.

And, if by your sweet mercy not prevented, 25
 I fear some fatal stroke. [*Drums.*
Duke. I hear the drums beat.

Enter ARCHAS, THEODORE, Gentlemen, [*and*]
 Soldiers

Welcome, my worthy friend!

Archas. Stand where ye are, sir;
 Even as you love your country, move not forward,
 Nor plead for peace, till I have done a justice,
 A justice on this villain, (none of mine now,) 30
 A justice on this rebel.

Hon. Oh, my brother!

Archas. This fatal firebrand——

Duke. Forget not, old man,
 He is thy son, of thine own blood.

Archas. In these veins
 No treachery e'er harbour'd yet, no mutiny;
 I ne'er gave life to lewd and headstrong rebels. 35

Duke. 'Tis his first fault.

Archas. Not of a thousand, sir;
 Or, were it so, it is a fault so mighty,
 So strong against the nature of all mercy,
 His mother, were she living, would not weep for him.
 He dare not say he would live.

Theod. I must not, sir, 40
 Whilst you say 'tis not fit.—Your grace's mercy,
 Not to my life applied, but to my fault, sir!
 The world's forgiveness, next! last, on my knees, sir,
 I humbly beg, [*Kneels.*

Do not take from me yet the name of father; 45
 Strike me a thousand blows, but let me die yours!

Archas. He moves my heart: I must be sudden
 with him,

I shall grow faint else in my execution.

[*Aside, and then draws his sword.*

26 s.d. Enter Archas, etc.] After *stroke* in folios and ed. 1778.

33 *thy son,*] Comma first in F2.

35 *lewd*] i. e. wicked, vile.

44 *I humbly beg*] So arranged in Ff. 'Kneels' inserted Weber, l. 41, here Dyce.

48] s.d. as Dyce. Weber inserted 'Draws' l. 46 and dash at *execution*.

Come, come, sir, you have seen death; now meet
him bravely.

Duke. Hold, hold, I say, a little hold! consider, 50
Thou hast no more sons, Archas, to inherit thee.

Archas. Yes, sir, I have another and a nobler;
No treason shall inherit me; young Archas,
A boy as sweet as young; my brother breeds him,
My noble brother Briskie breeds him nobly: 55
Him let your favour find, give him your honour.

Enter PUTSKIE, and YOUNG ARCHAS.

Puts. Thou hast no child left, Archas, none to
inherit thee,
If thou strik'st that stroke now. Behold young Archas!
Behold thy brother here, thou bloody brother,
As bloody to this sacrifice as thou art! 60
Heave up thy sword, and mine's heaved up; strike,
Archas,

And I'll strike too, as suddenly, as deadly!
Have mercy, and I'll have mercy; the duke gives it;
Look upon all these, how they weep it from thee!
Choose quickly, and begin.

Duke. On your obedience, 65
On your allegiance, save him!

Archas. Take him to ye:—

[*THEOD. rises: Soldiers shout.*

And, sirrah, be an honest man; ye have reason.—
I thank ye, worthy brother.—Welcome, child,
Mine own sweet child!

Duke. Why was this boy conceal'd thus?

Puts. Your grace's pardon: 70
Fearing the vow you made against my brother,
And that your anger would not only light
On him, but find out all his family,
This young boy, to preserve from after-danger,
Like a young wench, hither I brought; myself, 75
In the habit of an ordinary captain
Disguised, got entertainment, and served here,

[56] The stage direction in Ff is 'Enter Putskie (alias Buskie) and Alinda (alias Archas).'

[66] s.d. 'Soul. shout' Ff. Dyce prefixed 'Theod. rises.'

That I might still be ready to all fortunes.
The boy your grace took, nobly entertain'd him,
But thought a girl ;—Alinda, madam.

Olym. Stand away, 80
And let me look upon him.

Duke. My young mistress !—
This is a strange metamorphosis.—Alinda !

Y. Arch. Your grace's humble servant.

Duke. Come hither, sister.
I dare yet scarce believe mine eyes.—[*Aside*] How
they view one another !—

Dost thou not love this boy well ?

Olym. I should lie else, trust me, 85
Extremely lie, sir.

Duke. Didst thou never wish, Olympia,
It might be thus ?

Olym. A thousand times.

Duke. Here, take him ;
Nay, do not blush ; I do not jest ; kiss sweetly :
Boy, ye kiss faintly, boy ;—Heaven give ye comfort !—
Teach him ; he'll quickly learn.—There's two hearts
eased now. 90

Archas. You do me too much honour, sir.

Duke. No, Archas ;
But all I can I will.—Can you love me ? speak truly.

Hon. Yes, sir, dearly.

Duke. Come hither, Viola : can you love this man ?

Viola. I'll do the best I can, sir.

Duke. Seal it, Burris. 95
We'll all to church together instantly ;

And then a vie for boys ! Stay, bring Boroskie :

[*Exeunt Gentlemen, who re-enter with BOROSKIE.*

I had almost forgot that lump of mischief.

There, Archas, take the enemy to honour,

The knave to worth ; do with him what thou wilt. 100

79 *The*] F1. F2, Seward *That*.

84 s.d. *Aside*] Dyce. Weber put the whole line between dashes.

85 *trust me*] Printed as part of following line in Ff.

86 *sir*] Weber chose to print *else*.

97 *a vie*] i. e. a wager. To *vie* (a term in various games at cards) "was to hazard, to put down, a certain sum upon a hand." See Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, i. 106.

97] Stage direction enlarged by Dyce. Ff Enter Boroskie.

Archas. Then, to my sword again, you to your prayers; [*Draws his sword.*]
Wash off your villainies; you feel the burden.

Bor. Forgive me ere I die, most honest *Archas*! [*Kneels.*]

'Tis too much honour that I perish thus.
Oh, strike my faults to kill them, that no memory, 105
No black and blasted infamy, hereafter——

Archas. Come, are ye ready?

Bor. Yes.

Archas. And truly penitent, to make your way straight?

Bor. Thus I wash off my sins.

Archas. Stand up, and live, then, [*BOROSKIE rises.*]
And live an honest man; I scorn men's ruins.— 110
Take him again, sir, try him; and believe
This thing will be a perfect man.

Duke. I take him.

Bor. And when I fail those hopes, Heaven's hopes fail me!

Duke. You are old: no more wars, father.—
Theodore,

Take you the charge; be general.

Theod. All good bless ye! 115

Duke. And, my good father, you dwell in my bosom;
From you rise all my good thoughts: when I would think,

And examine Time for one that's fairly noble,
And the same man through all the straits of virtue,
Upon this silver book I'll look, and read him.— 120
Now forward merrily to Hymen's rites,
To joys, and revels, sports! and he that can
Most honour *Archas*, is the noblest man. [*Exeunt.*]

101, 103] Stage directions due to Weber

109 s.d.] Added Dyce.

114 *Theodore*] Begins the next line in Ff.

122 *revels, sports*] "I should read 'revel-sports.'"—Mason.

EPILOGUE

THOUGH something well assured, few here repent
Three hours of precious time, or money spent
On our endeavours ; yet, not to rely
Too much upon our care and industry,
'Tis fit we should ask, but a modest way, 5
How you approve our action in the play ?
If you vouchsafe to crown it with applause,
It is your bounty, and you give us cause
Hereafter with a general consent
To study, as becomes us, your content. 10

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE

EDITED BY R. WARWICK BOND

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE

TEXT —The quarto of 1640, issued from the Oxford University Press, deserves on the whole Weber's praise for careful printing. The few corrections made in the folio of 1679 (e.g. 'hei' for 'your' (Prol.) 'look d'st' for 'look'st' I. v. 41, 'Altea' for '4' [Lady] II. i. iii, III. i, 'them' for 'him' II. iv. 80, 'manners' for 'meaner' III. iii. 4, were for 'are' III. iv. 45, 'us'd' for 'use' IV. iii. 193) are outweighed by its corruptions (e.g. 'staid' for 'staid' I. v. 31, 'Not' for 'Nor' III. iv. 78, etc.) and omission of a line at III. iv. 23 and III. v. 73, and of a word in three other places, while 11, 19, and 20 other doubtful changes are of no weight. The mistakes left as common to both are fewer than usual (the chief are, the Spanish I. v. 50, 'civill' for 'Seville' I. vi. 20, 'plates' for 'plate' II. ii. 35, the probable omission of a line at II. iv. 22 and (?) V. iii. 83 and the transposition of III. i. 95 and 96, 'last' for 'lust' III. i. 101, prefixes wrong or omitted IV. i. 50, iii. 17, V. v. 158, 162, 'business' III. ii. 30, 'bought' for 'brought' V. ii. 62, punctuation V. iii. 39, 'reach' for 'reach'd' 82, 'swear' for 'sweat' V. iv. 26, 'foily' v. 108, 'you' for 'we' 176); while, as regards metre, the quarto text (always faithfully followed in this matter by the folio) is much better than usual, the slight dislocation occurring at I. v. 29-32, vi. 59-63, II. iv. 85-90, 93-5, III. i. 23-6, 113-5, V. v. 63-5, and of a word or two in many other places, being due rather to a strict counting of syllables which failed to take account of Fletcher's redundancies than to the usual ignorant neglect of the whole matter.

Most of the errors, whether metrical or verbal, were corrected by Sewall. Colman supplied a few stage directions and corrected the prefixes IV. i. 50, iii. 17: Weber numbered and located the scenes and marked most of the asides and s.d.: and Dyce ably supplemented their work whether of rearrangement, correction or addition of s.d.

We have restored the old text at II. iv. 7. V. iii. 30-1, and iv. i. s.d., and have found we believe the true emendation at III. iii. 51, and perhaps the right explanation at IV. iii. 206-7, V. iii. 82. Where not otherwise noted, the stage directions here are verbally reproduced from the quarto.

ARGUMENT —An unattached heiress, Margarita, is the object of general interest among the gallants and officers at Seville, where recruiting is going on for the war in Flanders. She is anxious to marry, but only as a cover to illicit intrigue, and Altea, her confidential attendant, plots to obtain the coveted prize for her brother Leon, lately recommended as ensign to captain Juan de Castro. Promising Altea a thousand crowns, Leon, a tall strong fellow, assumes before the officers a character of foolish simplicity, and is introduced to Margarita as Altea's happy discovery, who will make the most submissive of husbands. With admirably-affected sheepishness he agrees to a complete subservience, and the heiress accepts and marries him. On their return to her town-house she prepares to entertain her wanton admirers, and especially the Duke of Medina, instructing Leon to occupy himself with the other servants. She is surprised by an ironical outburst on his part; and, when the guests are come, he boldly asserts his rights as her husband and master of the house. The incensed Duke, overcome by his eloquence and spirit and the advocacy of Juan, suppresses his annoyance for the moment, and

Upon St. Steevens night, the prince only being there, Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, by the kings company. Att Whitehall.³⁹

Fletcher's sole authorship is confirmed by the title-page of the quarto, and the attribution to him in the commendatory verse of G. Hills. The Prologue, too, evidently contemporary with the first production and probably by Fletcher himself, speaks of 'the poet'. And the verse exhibits the most marked degree of his special characteristics—a double or triple ending to almost every line, rarely a line run-on, and no prose at all. It was his latest or almost his latest play. His own marriage is very doubtful.

SOURCES.—The Perez-Estefania underplot is borrowed from one of Cervantes' *Novelas Ejemplares*, 'El Casamiento Engañoso' (The Deceitful Marriage), of which no English translation is known earlier than that of Thomas Shelton in 1642—it is not among the six translated by James Mabbe in 1640. There existed, however, a French translation with the following title: 'Les nouvelles, ou sont contenues plusieurs rares adventures, et memorables exemples d'amour . . . Traduites d'espagnol en françois: les six premieres par F. de Rosset et les autres par le sr d'Avdignier. Avec l'Histoire de Ruys Dias, etc Paris, 1620.' 8vo.¹ Since 'El Casamiento' was the eleventh of the twelve tales as published by Cervantes, the translation of it would fall to the Sieur d'Audiguer, who translated *Lasarillo de Tormes* the same year. The existence of this French version of the *Novelas* is important for the question of Fletcher's familiarity with Spanish, but the occurrence of a few words and phrases in his text (e.g. I. i. 12, v. 50) can hardly be held to prove. It is doubtful whether there be anything of his, of Spanish connexion, not attributable to the use of translations or of other sources. *Love's Cure*, where, as we hope to show, large use is made of an untranslated Spanish play, is not Fletcher's. Yet the probability of his reading Spanish may be admitted.

The following full sketch of Cervantes' tale (abridged from W. K. Kelly's translation) gives everything of which Fletcher can have made the slightest use.

One morning in Valladolid the licentiate Peralta meets his friend, the alfezre Campuzano [I. i. 12, 67], issuing from the Hospital of the Resurrection, so pale and with limbs so weak as shewed he 'must have sweated a good deal in the last few weeks' [I. ii. 8]. Making the sign of the cross as though he had seen a ghost [IV. i. 5], he expresses his surprise—"Why, I thought you were in Flanders trailing a pike [I. i. 56], instead of hobbling along with your sword for a walking-stick" [I. ii. 12-3]. Campuzano attributes his condition to a woman whom he has been so unfortunate as to marry recently; and, being invited to dine by Peralta, relates his story. Being some time since with a friend, Captain Pedro de Herrera, now in Flanders, they were accosted by two ladies of genteel appearance, one of whom drew the captain aside, while Campuzano addressed himself to the other, who was veiled, but excited his curiosity by shewing a very white hand with handsome rings. He imagined that with his rich dress, gold chain and good looks he would easily induce her to unveil: she remained obdurate, however, only promising that, if he would send a servant to note where she lived, he should see her with less reserve. The interview over, Herrera reported that he had been requested to carry letters to Flanders to one whom the lady called her cousin, but whom he knew to be only her gallant [cf. Juan's suspicion, I. i. 117-20]. Campuzano, repairing next day to the house indicated by his servant, found a lady of about thirty whose name was Doña Estefania de Caycedo, well-looking rather than beautiful, but possessed of a sweet voice and fascinating address, occupying a handsomely-furnished house, and waited on by a girl more rogue than simpleton. After

¹ There is no copy of this in the British Museum. The title is here given from Mr. J. Fitzmaurice Kelly's *Life of Cervantes*, 1892, p. 357. Ward, who mentions it (ii. 753), gives its date as 1614-5.

and who could blame her, or any woman, for contriving to get an honourable husband, though it were by a little artifice? I replied that it was a very great stretch of friendship she thought of making, and that she ought to look well to it beforehand, for very probably she might be constrained to have recourse to justice to recover her effects . . . however he complies with her wishes 'on the assurance that the affair would not last more than eight days, during which we were to lodge with another friend of his.

We finished dressing; she went to take her leave of the señora and the señor, ordered my servant to follow her with my luggage, and I too followed without taking leave of any one. Doña Estefanía stopped at a friend's house, and stayed talking with her a good while, leaving us in the street, till at last a girl came out and told me and my servant to come in. We went up-stairs to a small room in which there were two beds so close together that they seemed but one, for the bedclothes actually touched each other. There we remained six days, during which not an hour passed in which we did not quarrel, for I was always telling her what a stupid thing she had done in giving up her house and goods.

One day in Estefanía's absence the woman of the house asks him about this continual wangling, and hears from him the story. 'Thereupon the woman began to cross and bless herself at such a rate, and to cry out, "O, Lord! O, the jade!" that she put me into a great state of uneasiness.' At last she tells him—"The truth is, that Doña Clementa Buseo is the real owner of the house and property which you have had palmed upon you for a dowry; the lies are every word that Doña Estefanía has told you, for she has neither house nor goods, nor any clothes besides those on her back. What gave her an opportunity for this trick was that Doña Clementa went to visit one of her relations in the city of Plasencia, and there to perform a novenary in the church of our Lady of Guadalupe, meanwhile leaving Doña Estefanía to look after her house, for in fact they are great friends. And after all, rightly considered, the poor señora is not to blame, since she has had the wit to get herself such a person as the Señor Alferez for a husband." . . . I took my cloak and sword, and went out in search of Doña Estefanía, resolved to inflict on her an exemplary chastisement; but chance ordained, whether for my good or not I cannot tell, that she was not to be found in any of the places where I expected to fall in with her. I went to the church of San Lorente . . . [IV. 1. 9-26] and there the wretched man finds relief in sleep, but is soon awakened. 'I went with a heavy heart to Doña Clementa's, and found her as much at ease as a lady should be in her own house. Not daring to say a word to her, because Don Lope was present, I returned to my landlady, who told me she had informed Doña Estefanía that I was acquainted with her whole roguery; that she had asked how I had seemed to take the news; that she, the landlady, said I had taken it very badly, and had gone out to look for her, apparently with the worst intentions; whereupon Doña Estefanía had gone away, taking with her all that was in my trunk, only leaving me one travelling coat. I flew to my trunk, and found it open, like a coffin waiting for a dead body; and well might it have been my own, if sense enough had been left me to comprehend the magnitude of my misfortune.'

Here Peralta breaks in with condolence on the loss of his valuables—the chain alone must have weighed over 200 ducats—but Campuzano assumes him that all the trinkets together were only worth ten or twelve crowns, being counterfeit. "So then it seems to have been a drawn game," says the licentiate; to which Campuzano gives doubtful assent—he at least is saddled with her as wife: "without looking for her, I always find her in imagination; and, wherever I am, my disgrace is always present before me." She, however, has gone off with the 'cousin whom she brought to our wedding, who had been a lover of hers of long standing,' and he feels himself well rid of her. But, as a

means of introducing the heroine Doña Juana to the imperial Court, where the emperor bestows her hand on Cortez, for whom she has conceived a passion; while the reference to Margarita's possessions in the Indies (IV. iii. 199-201) might be suggested by this or a thousand other works.

Were literary example needed for wanton life the Italian novelists supplied it in abundance. Two conspicuous cases from Bandello, for instance, had been reproduced (through Belleforest) in Geoffrey Fenton's *Tragical Discourses* of 1567, of which the seventh deals with the Countess of Celant, and the third with Pandora, 'a younge Ladye in Myllan' who 'longe abused the vertue of her youth and honor of marriage with an vnlawful haunte of diuerse yonge Gentlemen,' and secured 'the whole conveygh of all the househoulde doinges, whereby her commaundement was only currant, and she, houldinge the rayne of hei lybertie in her owne hand, might haunte and use what place for recreation she lyste at her pleasure' but this is the limit of suggestion. A germ at least for Leon and Margarita is furnished in the Doña Clementa and the Duke (cf. Leon's satirical 'What cousin's this?' IV. iii. 126, following II. 97, 99). But the vigorous Leon remains still without foreunner. Dr. Koeppel is inclined to find a leading source of inspiration in Morose's disillusion when his silent wife breaks into her first flow of talk (cf. note on III. i. 89), a reference which he also made in regard to *The Woman's Prize*, and a probable reminiscence, but quite inadequate.

In all probability Fletcher relied upon his own invention in the rehandling and variation of a theme of conjugal contest which he had treated with striking similarities of detail in two other and earlier plays. In *The Woman's Prize* (before 1622) Petruchio, like Margarita and Morose, is surprised to find that he has caught a Tartar. Maria's successful revolt is followed by an exhibition of wasteful extravagance. Petruchio feigns sickness: she meets the move by ordering the hangings to be taken down, the linen and plate packed up and the infected house cleared, and afterwards pretends the order was his. When he himself threatens departure, she feigns madness. His pretended death is equally vain; but the moment of final victory is also that of wifely submission—

'From this hour make me what you please I have tamed ye,
And now am vow'd your servant' (V. iv. 45-6.)

Compare, in IV. iii. of our play, Leon's orders to pack and Margarita's feigned sickness, and in V. iii. 19-20 his generous confidence—

'Command you now and ease me of that trouble,
I'll be as humble to you as a servant.'

In *The Noble Gentleman* (perhaps adapted from Tourneur's *The Nobleman* of 1612), which was performed Feb. 3, 1626, after Fletcher's death (see our *Introd.* to the play in a later volume) we have a close parallel to Margarita in the wanton and extravagant Madame Mount Marine, who allies herself with some loose courtiers in order to overcome her husband's determination to quit Paris. There is the same talk of hasty packing, and the same device of pretended promotion which, when it proves unsuccessful, is, as here, withdrawn. A similar contest of wills, drawn out through a succession of devices, is seen in the still earlier *Scornful Lady* (1609 or 1610).

Finally Dr. Koeppel has well noted that Altea's plot to secure a good match for her brother is anticipated by that of Cleanthe and Syphax in regard to the princess Calis in *The Mad Lover*.

HISTORY.—Among the drolls, or excerpts from the comic portions of plays, furtively given at fairs during the suppression of the theatres and mostly

terrorizing by Margarita. Otherwise the action and motives remain the same here, as throughout; nor is anything inserted in the piece beyond a stage direction ('Perez sings, Estefania sings') at IV. 1. 97, and some half-dozen words at one or two points, not of the least importance. This, we take it, is the Garrick alteration in its first form, introduced perhaps 1756, perhaps later: the close reprint of it in 1772 gives the Drury Lane cast of 1771, with Garrick as Leon.

(2) But in the above-cited dramatic collections of 1776 and in the 8th of 1777 we have a somewhat different revision, based indeed on this as regards omissions, to which it adds the whole of I. ii, yet restoring some lines of the original and printing all the omitted lines of Fletcher in inverted commas. Its insertions throughout are marked in italics, and in this respect as in the matter of inverted commas the version in *The New English Theatre* (vol. iii), 1776, is far more accurately printed than in Bell's collection of the same year. Its most marked departures are in V. iii and v. The intervening scene iv. is taken before scene iii. The substance of the last ten lines of V. iii. and the first ten lines of V. v. are drawn together in some twenty lines at the end of the former, mostly new, and closing with the following soliloquy by Leon—

'My work is done; and now my heart's at ease.
I read in every look she means me fairly
And nobly shall my love reward her for't.
He who betrays his rights, the husband's rights,
To the wantonness, or who denies
The heart he has subdued,
Forfeits his claim to manhood and humanity.'

Then, in scene v., the interview between the Duke and Margarita is wholly rewritten, the humour of her attitude being sacrificed (as by the omissions of the earlier revision, 1767), and her new-found virtue even more strongly emphasized, *e. g.* the Duke protesting himself 'high in blood,' she replies—

'As low in blood you mean.
Dishonest thoughts debase the greatest birth.
The man that acts unworthily, though ennobled,
Sullies his honour . . .
Ill wishes once, my lord, my mind debas'd
You found my weakness, wanted to ensnare it
Shameful I own my fault, but 'tis repented
No more the wanton Margarita now,
But the chaste wife of Leon. His great merit,
His manly tenderness, his noble nature,
Command from me affection in return
Pure as esteem can offer. He has won me.
I owe him all my heart.'

Their colloquy is shortened to less than half its length in Fletcher. The Duke persisting in his amorous attempt, she calls for aid, whereupon Leon enters with the officers and first allies, then forgives, the shamefaced intriguer. Some twenty lines are then added where the drunken Cacafofo is introduced, and the rest of the scene from the entry of Perez and Estefania (l. 135) proceeds as in Fletcher.

The title-pages of 1776, as noted above are precise in their reference to the prompt-book; and in Bell's collection the play is preceded by a portrait of Mrs. Abington as Estefania, the part she actually took at Drury Lane in 1775 (Genest, v. 482). Evidently, then, this second revision is the authorized acting-version of the revival of that year; and when Garrick in a letter dated Aug. 19, 1776 (*Biog. Dram.*, ed. 1812, quoted by Dyce), disavowed the alteration, he probably merely meant to deny the actual authorship of these insertions. That they had his concurrence cannot be doubted. They are, however, as nothing compared to what was undergone by some of Shakespeare's best work. The action and characters remain unchanged.

PROLOGUE

PLEASURE attend ye! and about ye sit
 The springs of mirth, fancy, delight, and wit
 To stir you up! Do not your looks let fall,
 Nor to remembrance our late errors call,
 Because this day w' are Spaniards all again, 5
 The story of our play, and our scene, Spain.
 The errors, too, do not for this cause hate;
 Now we present their wit, and not their state.
 Nor, ladies, be not angry, if you see
 A young fresh beauty, wanton, and too free, 10
 Seek to abuse her husband; still 'tis Spain;
 No such gross errors in your kingdom reign
 W' are vestals all; and, though we blow the fire,
 We seldom make it flame up to desire.
 Take no example neither to begin, 15
 For some by precedent delight to sin;
 Nor blame the poet if he slip aside
 Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide;
 But hold your fans close, and then smile at ease:
 A cruel scene did never lady please. 20
 Nor, gentlemen, pray, be not you displeased,
 Though we present some men fool'd, some diseased,
 Some drunk, some mad - we mean not you, you're
 free;
 We tax no farther than our comedy;
 You are our friends; sit noble, then, and see. 25

PROLOGUE] It appears on fol. A2 in Q, and at end of play with Epilogue in F.

4, 5 *our late errors*. *Spaniards all again*] Weber detected the allusion to Middleton's *Game of Chess*, produced at the Globe shortly before Aug 12, 1624, in which the English and Spanish Courts were represented as white and black chessmen, with such reflection on Spanish ambition and intrigue as caused Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, to complain to James, whereupon it was suppressed. It had run for nine nights, and the actors are said to have taken the unusual sum of over £1500.

11 *her*] *your* Q.

12 *reign*] *raignes* Q.

13 *W^{re} are*] So F, Q. Seward and all editors *You're*; but the change seems needless - *all* implies 'we, no less than you,' while the allusion to the Vestals' task, of keeping the fire alive, is much more appropriate to the actors than to the audience.

17 *slip*] Weber alone *slipt*.

18 *if*] Provided that.

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Seville. A room in a lodging-house.

Enter JUAN DE CASTRO, *and* MICHAEL PEREZ.

Perez. Are your companies full, colonel?

Juan. No, not yet, sir;
Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.
How rises your command?

Perez. We pick up still,
And, as our moneys hold out, we have men come :
About that time I think we shall be full too. 5
Many young gallants go.

Juan. And unexperienced :
The wars are dainty dreams to young hot spirits ;
Time and experience will allay those visions.
We have strange things to fill our numbers :
There's one Don Leon, a strange goodly fellow, 10
Recommended to me from some noble friends,
For my alferes : had you but seen his person,

ACT I. . . . lodging-house.] The play is divided into Acts, and the first scene of each Act marked, in Q, F. Weber completed the numbering of the scenes, and marked their localities. We follow Dyce, noting where Weber differs. Weber here 'Valladolid. The lodgings of Juan de Castro.'

s.d. Perez.] Colman, Weber, Dyce. Q, F, Seward 'Mich.' or 'Michael,' and so throughout Scene i only.

1 colonel] F. Q here and always *Coronell*

9 numbers] Seward silently printed "*numbers up.*"

10 strange] i. e. uncommonly.—Mason. Theobald proposed, and Colman adopted, *strong*.

12 alferes] "ensign. *Spanish*"—Reed. Q, F and eds. before Weber *Alferes*.

With a light rein to rule my wife . if ever woman
Of the most subtlest mould went beyond me, 40
I would give the boys leave to hoot me out o' th' parish.

Enter a Servant

Serv. Sir, there be two gentlewomen attend to speak
with ye.

Juan. Wait on 'em in.

Perez. Are they two handsome women ?

Serv. They seem so, very handsome ; but they are
veil'd, sir.

Perez. Thou putt'st sugar in my mouth ; how it
melts with me ! 45

I love a sweet young wench.

Juan. Wait on them in, I say. [*Exit Servant.*]

Perez. Don Juan !

Juan. How you itch, Michael ! how you burnish !
Will not this soldier's heat out of your bones yet ?
Do your eyes glow now ?

Perez. There be two.

Juan. Say honest ;
What shame have you, then !

Perez. I would fain see that : 50
I have been in the Indies twice, and have seen strange
things ;

But, two honest women !——one I read of once.

Juan. Prithee, be modest.

Perez. I'll be any thing.

[*Re-*]enter Servant, DONNA CLARA and ESTEFANIA veiled.

Juan. You are welcome, ladies.

Perez. Both hooded ! I like 'em well though.
They come not for advice in law, sure, hither : 55

40 *most subtlest*] Q, followed by Weber and Dyce. F and preceding editors
most subtle.

42 *ye*] Q. F *you.* With *ye* [*you*] at beginning of l. 43 in Q, F.

49 *Say honest*] With *what shame . . . then* ! Q, F.

49, 50 *Say honest ; What shame have you, then* !] Sufficiently explained by
Seward, 'How will you be ashamed if you offer rudeness to women of virtue !'
Theobald proposed *What share*, etc

55 *hither*] F. Q *heather*

You may to me.

Estef. You must excuse me, signior ; so
I come not here to sell myself.

Perez. As I am a gentleman !
By the honour of a soldier !

Estef. I believe you ;
I pray you, be civil ; I believe you would see me,
And, when you have seen me, I believe you will like
me ;

But in a strange place, to a stranger too, 85
As if I came on purpose to betray you !
Indeed, I will not.

Peres. I shall love you dearly ;
And 'tis a sin to fling away affection :
I have no mistress, no desire to honour
Any but you.—[*Aside.*] Will not this oyster open?— 90
I know not, you have struck me with your modesty—
[*Aside.*] She will draw, sure—so deep, and taken from
me

All the desire I might bestow on others :
Quickly, before they come !

Estef. Indeed, I dare not :
 But, since I see you are so desirous, sir, 95
 To view a poor face that can merit nothing
 But your repentance——

Peres. It must needs be excellent.

Estef. And with what honesty you ask it of me;
When I am gone let your man follow me,
And view what house I enter ; thither come , 100
For there I dare be bold to appear open,
And, as I like your virtuous carriage then,
I shall be able to give welcome to you.

[*Re-*]enter JUAN, CLARA, a Servant.

She hath done her business ; I must take my leave, sir.

Perez. I'll kiss your fair white hand, and thank ye,
lady :

105

81 *I come*] At end of l. 80, and Perez's next speech as one line, Q, F, Seward ; corrected Colman.

90, 92] Seward first marked these asides by a parenthesis.

92 *draw*] Probably 'draw back her veil.' Cf. l. 60.

105 ye] Q. F you.

SCENE II.

*A street.**Enter SANCHIO and ALONZO**Sanc.* What, are you for the wars, Alonzo?*Alon.* It may be ay,

It may be no ; e'en as the humour takes me
 If I find peace amongst the female creatures,
 And easy entertainment, I'll stay at home ;
 I am not so far obliged yet to long marches 5
 And mouldy biscuits, to run mad for honour.
 When you are all gone, I have my choice before me.

Sanc. Of which hospital thou wilt sweat in. Wilt thou never leave whoring?*Alon.* There is less danger in 't than gunning,
Sanchio :

Though we be shot sometimes, the shot's not mortal ; 10
 Besides, it breaks no limbs.

Sanc. But it disables 'em :

Dost thou see how thou pullest thy legs after thee,
 As they hung by points?

Alon. Better to pull 'em thus, than walk on wooden
ones ;

Serve bravely for a billet to support me. 15

Sanc. Fie, fie ! 'tis base.*Alon.* Dost thou count it base to suffer?

Suffer abundantly ! 'tis the crown of honour.

You think it nothing to lie twenty days

Under a surgeon's hands, that has no mercy.

Sanc. As thou hast done, I am sure. But I perceive
now 20

Why you desire to stay ; the orient heiress,
 The Margarita, sir !

Sc. II. 8 *never* . . . *whoring*] As separate line until Dyce, though Weber printed *never* with l. 8.

13 *As they*] With l. 12 Q, F. Corrected Seward, who inserted *2f*. Colman, Weber made two separate lines of Sanchio's speech.

13 *points*] Laces such as fastened the breeches to the doublet.—Dyce.

15 *Serve*] i. e. they (his legs) serve.

22 *Margarita*] *Margaretta* Q. The word is Spanish, Latin and Italian for 'a pearl,' hence *orient heiress*, as Weber and Dyce point out. Again, III iii. 32.

SCENE III.

Another street; before the town-house of MARGARITA.

Enter a Servant of MICHAEL PEREZ.

Serv. 'Tis this or that house, or I have lost mine aim;
They are both fair buildings. She walk'd plaguy fast;
And hereabouts I lost her.

Enter ESTEFANIA.

Stay; that's she,
'Tis very she,—she makes me a low court'sy.
Let me note the place; the street I well remember. 5
[*Exit ESTEFANIA into the house of MARGARITA.*
She is in again. Certain some noble lady:
How happy should I be if she love my master!
A wondrous goodly house; here are brave lodgings,
And I shall sleep now like an emperor,
And eat abundantly: I thank my fortune. 10
I'll back with speed, and bring him happy tidings.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Before MARGARITA'S country-house

Enter three old Ladies.

First Lady. What should it mean, that in such haste
we are sent for?

Sec. Lady. Belike the Lady Margaret has some
business

Sc. III. Another street . . . Margarita] Adding 'town-' to Dyce. Weber,
who marked Scene II. 'The Street,' marks this 'The same.'

1 *mine*] Q. *F my.*

5 s.d into . . . Margarita] Added Dyce. Weber had added 'into a house.'

Sc. IV. Before . . . house] Weber 'The Country. An Apartment in the
Villa of Margarita.' Dyce 'The Country. Before the house of Margarita.'

1 *we are sent for*] As separate line Q, F.

SCENE V.

*Seville. A street.**Enter JUAN DE CASTRO and LEON**Juan.* Have you seen any service?*Leon.* Yes*Juan.* Where?*Leon.* Every where*Juan.* What office bore yee?*Leon.* None; I was not worthy.*Juan.* What captains know you?*Leon.* None, they were above me.*Juan.* Were you never hurt?*Leon.* Not that I well remember;

But once I stole a hen, and then they beat me. 5

Pray, ask me no long questions; I have an ill memory.

Juan. [*Aside.*] This is an ass.—Did you never draw
your sword yet?*Leon.* Not to do any harm, I thank Heaven for't.*Juan.* Nor ne'er ta'en prisoner?*Leon.* No, I ran away,

For I had ne'er no money to redeem me. 10

Juan. Can you endure a drum?*Leon.* It makes my head ache.*Juan.* Are you not valiant when you are drunk?*Leon.* I think not.

But I am loving, sir.

Juan. [*Aside.*] What a lump is this man!—

Was your father wise?

Leon. Too wise for me, I'm sure,

For he gave all he had to my younger brother. 15

Juan. That was no foolish part, I'll bear you witness.

Canst thou lie with a woman?

Leon. I think I could make shift, sir,

But I am bashful.

Juan. In the night?*Leon.* I know not;

Sc. V. 7, 13 s.d.] Asides first in Dyce. Marked in Weber by a dash
 12, 13 *I think . . . sir*] As one line Q. F, as also *What . . . man*.
 Corrected Seward.

Cac. I am satisfied, you shall not.—

Come out ; I know thee ; meet mine anger instantly !

Leon. I never wrong'd yee.

Cac. Thou hast wrong'd mine honour ;
Thou look'dst upon my mistress thrice lasciviously ;
I 'll make it good.

Juan. Do not heat yourself ; you will surfeit.

Cac. Thou wann'st my money, too, with a pair of
base bones,

In whom there was no truth ; for which I beat thee,
I beat thee much : now I will hurt thee dangerously ;
This shall provoke thee. 45

Alon. You struck too low by a foot, sir.

Juan. You must get a ladder when you would beat
this fellow.

Leon. I cannot choose but kick again ; pray, pardon
me.

[Kicks CACAFOGO.

Cac. Hadst thou not ask'd my pardon, I had kill'd
thee.

I leave thee as a thing despised.—*Beso las manos á
vuestra señoría.* 50

Alon. You have scaped by miracle ; there is not, in
all Spain,

A spirit of more fury than this fire-drake.

Leon. I see he is hasty ; and I would give him leave
To beat me soundly, if he would take my bond.

Juan. What shall I do with this fellow ?

Alon. Turn him off. 55

He will infect the camp with cowardice,

If he go with thee.

Juan. About some week hence, sir,
If I can hit upon no abler officer,

41 *look'dst*] F. Q *look'st*.

42 *heat*] Q. F *hear*.

43 *wann'st*] *want'st* Q, F. The quarto of 1720 *want'st*.

43 *base bones*] Loaded dice. Halliwell quotes Skeel's *Wicks*, l. 43, 'And on the borde he whyrled a payre of bones, | Quater . . . he clattered as he wente.'

46 s.d. He strikes] So Q, F.

48 s.d. Kicks Cacafofo] 'Kicks him' supplied Weber.

50 *Beso las manos, etc.*] Q, F "*assoles mains a vostra sinare a Maistre*"; corrected by Theobald and Weber. "For what '*a Maistre*' is intended, a very acute Spaniard, to whom I submitted the passage, was unable to conjecture."—Dyce.

52 *fire-drake*] Fiery dragon or serpent, as *Beggars' Bush*, V. i. 39.—Dyce.

SCENE VI] AND HAVE A WIFE 385

I think I have, besides, as fair as Seville, 20
Or any town in Spain, can parallel.

Perez. [*Aside.*] Now, if she be not married, I have
some hopes.—

Are you a maid?

Estef. You make me blush to answer ;
I ever was accounted so to this hour,
And that 's the reason that I live retired, sir. 25

Perez. Then would I counsel you to marry pre-
sently,—

[*Aside.*] If I can get her, I am made for ever,—
For every year you lose, you lose a beauty ;
A husband now, an honest careful husband,
Were such a comfort ! Will ye walk above stairs ? 30

Estef. This place will fit our talk ; 'tis fitter far, sir ;
Above there are day-beds, and such temptations
I dare not trust, sir.

Perez. [*Aside.*] She is excellent wise withal too.

Estef. You named a husband ; I am not so strict, sir,
Nor tied unto a virgin's solitariness, 35
But if an honest, and a noble one,
Rich, and a soldier (for so I have vow'd he shall be),
Were offer'd me, I think I should accept him ;
But, above all, he must love.

Perez. He were base else.

[*Aside.*] There's comfort minister'd in the word soldier : 40
How sweetly should I live !

Estef. I am not so ignorant,
But that I know well how to be commanded,
And how again to make myself obey'd, sir :
I waste but little, I have gather'd much ;
My royal not the less worth, when 'tis spent, 45

20, 21 as *fair as Seville*, Or] Theobald and Seward's correction of *as faire as civil*, Or Q. as *fair, as civil*, As F.

22, 27, 33, 40 s.d. Asides] First marked by Weber. Line 27 printed as parenthesis by Seward ; and all but the first indicated by dash in Colman.

32 *day-beds*] i. e. a sort of couches or sofas.—Dyce. Again, III. i. 25. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, II. v. 55, 'having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.'

45 *royal*] Q, F *rial*, a recognized variant ; but they have *royal* III. iv. 71. The Spanish *real* was a little silver coin (the real is now worth about $2\frac{1}{2}$ d) ; the English *royal* or rose-noble was a gold coin worth, when coined by Edward IV., ten shillings (*Cent. Dict.*). The latter is probably meant here, as certainly in III. iv. 71.

Perez. I'll stir it better ere you sleep, sweet lady.

I'll send for all my trunks, and give up all to ye,
Into your own dispose, before I bed ye;
And then, sweet wench——

Estef. You have the art to cozen me. [*Exeunt.*

- Marg.* Yes ;
 Why was I made a woman ? 20
Sec. Lady. And every day a new ?
Marg. Why fair and young, but to use it ?
First Lady. You are still i' th' right ; why would
 you marry, then ?
Altea. Because a husband stops all doubts in this
 point,
 And clears all passages.
Sec. Lady. What husband mean ye ?
Altea. A husband of an easy faith, a fool ; 25
 Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure ;
 One, though he see himself become a monster,
 Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.
Sec. Lady. You grant there may be such a man ?
First Lady. Yes, marry ;
 But how to bring 'em to this rare perfection ? 30
Sec. Lady. They must be chosen so ; things of no
 honour,
 Nor outward honesty.
Marg. No, 'tis no matter ;
 I care not what they are, so they be lusty.
Sec. Lady. Methinks now, a rich lawyer ; some such
 fellow,
 That carries credit and a face of awe, 35
 But lies with nothing but his clients' business.
Marg. No, there's no trusting them ; they are too
 subtle ;
 The law has moulded 'em of natural mischief.
First Lady. Then some grave governor,
 Some man of honour, yet an easy man. 40
Marg. If he have honour, I am undone ; I'll none
 such :
 I'll have a lusty man ; honour will cloy me.
Altea. 'Tis fit ye should, lady ;
 And to that end, with search, and wit, and labour,
 I have found one out, a right one and a perfect ; 45

22 *would*] Silently altered to "should" by the editors of 1778 ; and so Weber.

23 *Altea*] So F, and throughout. Q prefixes '4' to this and all her speeches in this scene, meaning '4th Lady,' i.e. the fourth of those enumerated in the initial stage direction, as Weber shewed.

SCENE II.

*Seville. A street.**Enter JUAN, ALONZO, and PEREZ**Juan.* Why, thou art not married indeed ?*Perez.* No, no, pray, think so :
Alas, I am a fellow of no reckoning,
Not worth a lady's eye !*Alon.* Wouldst thou steal a fortune,
And make none of all thy friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy wedding ?*Perez.* No, indeed, 5
There was no wisdom in 't, to bid an artist,
An old seducer, to a female banquet :
I can cut up my pie without your instructions.*Juan.* Was it the wench i' th' veil ?*Perez.* *Basta* ; 'twas she ;
The prettiest rogue that e'er you look'd upon, 10
The loving'st thief !*Juan.* And is she rich withal too ?*Perez.* A mine, a mine, there is no end of wealth,
colonel :
I am an ass, a bashful fool ! Prithee, colonel,
How do thy companies fill now ?*Juan.* You are merry, sir ;
You intend a safer war at home belike now ? 15*Perez.* I do not think I shall fight much this year,
colonel ;
I find myself given to my ease a little :
I care not if I sell my foolish company ;
They are things of hazard.*Alon.* [*Aside.*] How it angers me,
This fellow at first sight should win a lady, 20

Sc. II. Seville. A street] Dyce. Weber 'Valladolid The Lodgings of Don Juan.'

9 *Basta*] Seward. Q, F *Basto*. The verb, both Italian and Spanish, as Dyce points out, means 'it is enough.' Again, *Mad Lover*, III. ii. 137 ; *Little French Lawyer*, IV. i.14 *companies*] Q, F (*compaines*), Seward. Colman read *companions* ; corrected Mason.19 s.d. *Aside*] Added Weber.

Tell me ten days hence what he is, and how 45
 The gracious state of matrimony stands with him.
 Come, let's to dinner. When Margarita comes,
 We'll visit both; it may be then your fortune. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An apartment in MARGARITA'S country-house.

Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, and Ladies.

Marg. Is he come?

Altea. Yes, madam; h'as been here this half hour.
 I have question'd him of all that you can ask him,
 And find him as fit as you had made the man:
 He will make the goodliest shadow for iniquity!

Marg. Have ye search'd him, ladies?

Ladies. He's a man at all points, 5
 A likely man.

Marg. Call him in, Altea.

Exit ALTEA and re-enters with LEON.

A man of a good presence!—Pray ye, come this way—
 Of a lusty body!—Is his mind so tame?

Altea. Pray ye, question him; and, if you find him
 not
 Fit for your purpose, shake him off; there's no harm
 done. 10

Marg. Can you love a young lady?—How he
 blushes!

⁴⁸ *visit both*] So Q, F and all editors till Dyce, who reads *visit*, *both* (making *both* agree with *we*), no doubt because he reflected that the real connexion of Estefania and Margarita is not yet known. But Juan is supposed to have an inkling of the truth (I. i. 117-20); and if he has not, there is nothing to prevent their visiting *two* houses on the same occasion.—In Dyce's support cf. V. iii. 100.

Sc. III. s.d. Altea, and Ladies] F. 'Altea, the Ladies' Q. They are Margarita's attendants, resident in the house, not to be identified with those of I. iv., II. i., though probably played by the same actors. As in II. i., Q uses '4.' as prefix for 'Altea' throughout the scene.

¹ *has*] F. Q *has*.

⁵ Ladies] Dyce. Q, F 'Omnes.'

⁶ s.d. Exit . . . Leon] So Weber, for 'Exit Lady. Ent. Leon, Altea' of Q, F.

¹⁰ *done*] With l. 11 Q, F. Here as Seward and rest.

Marg. Nor do not labour to arrive at any :
 'Twill spoil your head. I take ye upon charity,
 And like a servant ye must be unto me :
 As I behold your duty, I shall love ye,
 And, as you observe me, I may chance lie with ye 45
 Can you mark these ?

Leon. Yes, indeed, forsooth.

Marg. There is one thing
 That if I take ye in, I put ye from me,
 Utterly from me ; you must not be saucy,
 No, nor at any time familiar with me ,
 Scarce know me when I call ye not.

Leon. I will not : 50
 Alas, I never knew myself sufficiently !

Marg. Nor must not now.

Leon. I'll be a dog to please ye.

Marg. Indeed, you must fetch and carry as I
 appoint ye

Leon. I were to blame else.

Marg. Kiss me again.—A strong fellow !
 There is a vigour in his lips.—If you see me 55
 Kiss any other, twenty in an hour, sir,
 You must not start, nor be offended.

Leon. No,
 If you kiss a thousand I shall be contented ;
 It will the better teach me how to please ye.

Altea. I told ye, madam.

Marg. 'Tis the man I wish'd for.— 60
 The less you speak——

Leon. I'll never speak again, madam,
 But when you charge me ; then I'll speak softly
 too.

Marg. Get me a priest ; I'll wed him instantly.—
 But, when you are married, sir, you must wait upon
 me,
 And see you observe my laws.

Leon. Else you shall hang me. 65

Marg. I'll give ye better clothes when you deserve
 'em.—

Come in, and serve for witnesses.

47 *That if I take ye in*] If I find you given to which.

64 *upon me*] With l. 65 Q, F ; corrected Seward.

And all he has I have 'stow'd at my devotion.

Clara. Does thy lady know this? she is coming now
to town,

Now to live here in this house.

Estef. Let her come ;
She shall be welcome, I am prepared for her ; 15
She is mad, sure, if she be angry at my fortune,
For what I have made bold.

Clara. Dost thou not love him ?

Estef. Yes, entirely well
As long as there he stays, and looks no farther
Into my ends ; but, when he doubts, I hate him, 20
And that wise hate will teach me how to cozen him.
[A lady-tamer he, and reads men warnings]
How to decline their wives, and curb their manners,
To put a stern and strong rein to their natures ;
And holds he is an ass not worth acquaintance, 25
That cannot mould a devil to obedience.
I owe him a good turn for these opinions,
And, as I find his temper, I may pay him.
Oh, here he is ; now you shall see a kind man.

Enter PEREZ.

Perez. My Estefania ! shall we to dinner, lamb ? 30
I know thou stay'st for me.

Estef. I cannot eat else.

Perez. I never enter, but methinks a paradise
Appears about me.

Estef. You are welcome to it, sir.

Perez. I think I have the sweetest seat in Spain, wench ;
Methinks the richest too. We'll eat i' th' garden, 35
In one o' th' arbours, (there 'tis cool and pleasant,)

12 'stow'd'] Q, F, Seward, i. e. bestowed. *stow'd* Col., Web., Dyce ; but the sense is the same—'lodged,' 'stowed away.'

12 *devotion*] disposal, command, as often.

22 [*A lady-tamer he, and reads men warnings*] Added by Seward—something being evidently wanting here.—Dyce. Cf. III. iv. 67–70. Coleridge inserted in MS. in Lamb's copy of F *The best on't tis, he professes to teach husbands.*

23 *decline*] i. e. lower, or subdue—Mason, quoting *The False One*, II. i., 'a conqueror | That you cannot decline with all your flatteries' ; and *Valentinian*, III. i., 'I would not stain your honour for the empire, | Nor any way decline you to discredit.'

Clara. I shall leave ye 60
Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with ye.

[*Exit. Knock.*]

Estef. Why, where's this girl? Who's at the door?

Perez. Who knocks there?

Is't for the king ye come, you knock so boisterously?
Look to the door.

Enter Maid.

Maid. [*Aside to ESTEF.*] My lady, as I live, mistress!
my lady's come! 65

She's at the door; I peep'd through, and I saw her,
And a stately company of ladies with her. [*Exit.*]

Estef. [*Aside.*] This was a week too soon; but I must
meet with her,

And set a new wheel going, and a subtle one,
Must blind this mighty Mars, or I am ruin'd. 70

Perez. What are they at door?

Estef. Such, my Michael,
As you may bless the day they enter'd here;
Such for our good.

Perez. 'Tis well.

Estef. Nay, 'twill be better,
If you will let me but dispose the business,
And be a stranger to it, and not disturb me: 75
What have I now to do but to advance your fortune?

Perez. Do; I dare trust thee. I am ashamed I am
angry;

I find thee a wise young wife.

Estef. [*Aside*] I 'll wise your worship
Before I leave ye.—Pray ye, walk by, and say nothing,
Only salute them, and leave the rest to me, sir: 80

61 s.d. Knock] So Q, F.

65 s.d. *Aside to Estef.*] Supplied Weber.

66 *I* (the second)] Silently omitted by Weber. Dyce.

67, 68 s.d. *Exit*] *Aside*] Added Dyce.

68 *meet with her*] 'To meet with' is often used for 'get even with,' 'be a match for' (e.g. *King, and No King*, II. ii. 75; *Night-Walker*, I. i.), and possibly bears here the sense not only of 'facing' her, but of 'being equal to' the occasion. Cf. IV. i. 169.

72 *here*] Q. F *there*.

77 *am* (the second)] Q, F and Weber. Seward changed to *was*, followed by Colman and Dyce. Perez refers to his tone, II. 71, 73.

80 *them*] F and all editors. Q *him*.

Perez. Forward. She has a rare face.

Estef. This we must carry with discretion, husband.
And yield unto her for four days.

Perez. Yield our house up,
Our goods, and wealth!

Estef. All this is but in seeming, 105
To milk the lover on. Do you see this writing?

[*Shews a paper.*]

Two hundred pound a-year, when they are married,
Has she seal'd to for our good. The time's unfit now;
I'll shew it you to-morrow.

Perez. All the house?

Estef. All, all; and we'll remove too, to confirm
him: 110

They'll into th' country suddenly again
After they are match'd, and then she'll open to him.

Perez. The whole possession, wife? Look what you do.
A part o' th' house——

Estef. No, no, they shall have all,
And take their pleasure too; 'tis for our 'vantage. 115
Why, what's four days? had you a sister, sir,
A niece or mistress, that required this courtesy,
And should I make a scruple to do you good?

Perez. If easily it would come back——

Estef. I swear, sir,
As easily as it came on. Is it not pity 120
To let such a gentlewoman for a little help?
You give away no house.

Perez. Clear but that question.

Estef. I'll put the writings into your hand.

Perez. Well, then.

Estef. And you shall keep them safe.

Perez. I am satisfied.

Would I had the wench so too!

Estef. When she has married him, 125

106 *milk* . . . *on*] cajole with false baits, an extension of *milk* for 'swindle.'
106 s.d. *Shews a paper*] Added Dyce. She must be supposed to have
devised the pretence in her brief absence, ll. 81-7. See note on s.d. l. 1.

112 *open to him*] undeceive him.

121 *To let such a gentlewoman for a little help*] i. e. to obstruct or hinder
the advancement of such a lady, for want of some little assistance.—Colman.

125 *Would I had the wench so too*] Would the trick was successfully over;
but perhaps this, and his admiration, ll. 96, 102, is intended to reproduce the

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Seville. A hall in the house of MARGARITA.

Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, and Boy.

Altea. Are you at ease now? is your heart at rest,
Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella,
To keep the scorching world's opinion
From your fair credit?

Marg. I am at peace, *Altea*:
If he continue but the same he shews, 5
And be a master of that ignorance
He outwardly professes, I am happy:
The pleasure I shall live in, and the freedom,
Without the squint-eye of the law upon me,
Or prating liberty of tongues that envy! 10

Altea. You are a made woman.

Marg. But, if he should prove now
A crafty and dissembling kind of husband,
One read in knavery, and brought up in the art
Of villany conceal'd?

Altea. My life, an innocent.

Marg. That's it I aim at, 15
That's it I hope too; then I am sure I rule him;
For innocents are like obedient children
Brought up under a hard mother-in-law, a cruel,
Who, being not used to breakfasts and collations,
When they have coarse bread offer'd 'em, are thankful, 20
And take it for a favour too. Are the rooms made
ready

III. i. hall] 'Apartment' Weber.

9 *the law*] Cf. II. i. 7-8, and below, l. 59.

11 *Altea*] F. Q, having printed '*Altea*' in s.d. for entry and in first prefix, gives here and throughout rest of scene '4.' as above, II. i. iii.

15 *an innocent*] i. e. a natural fool, an idiot.—Weber.

21 *made ready*] With l. 22 Q, F and all editors.

New hangings every hour for entertainment,
And new plate bought, new jewels to give lustre?

Serv. They are, and yet there must be more and
richer;
It is her will.

Leon. Hum—is it so? 'tis excellent.
It is her will too, to have feasts and banquets, 45
Revels and masques.

Serv. She ever loved 'em dearly,
And we shall have the bravest house kept now, sir!
I must not call ye master (she has warn'd me),
Nor must not put my hat off to ye.

Leon. 'Tis no fashion;
What though I be her husband, I am your fellow. 50
I may cut first.

Serv. That's as you shall deserve, sir.

Leon. And, when I lie with her——

Serv. May be I'll light ye;
On the same point you may do me that service. [*Exit.*]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the Duke Medina, with some
captains,
Will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine, 55
And their best services.

Marg. They shall be welcome.
See all be ready in the noblest fashion,
The house perfumed. [*Exit Lady.*] Now I shall take
my pleasure,
And not my neighbour Justice maunder at me.—
Go, get your best clothes on; but, till I call ye, 60
Be sure you be not seen: dine with the gentlewomen,

46 *masques.*] Q, F, Seward. Colman, Weber, Dyce *masques*?

49 '*Tis no fashion*] Like '*'Tis no fair fashion,*' *Mad Lover*, I. i. 128.

51 *I may cut first*] i. e. I may be allowed to carve first at the servants' table.—Weber.

53 s.d. *Exit*] Added Dyce.

53 s.d. a *Lady*] Seward and all editors, for '*1. Lady*' of Q, F.

58 s.d. *Exit Lady*] Added Dyce.

59 *maunder*] i. e. mutter, grumble (properly applied to beggars who mutter or whine out supplications for charity; perhaps originally from begging with a *maund*, a basket to receive the dole). Cf. *Thierry and Theod.*, V. 1.: 'Beg, beg, . . . maunder for buttermilk'; and *Beggars' Bush*, II. i.: 'maund on your own pads' (beg on your own roads).—Dyce.

Marg. The fellow's mad !

Leon. [*Aside.*] He that shall counsel ladies
That have both liquorish and ambitious eyes, 85
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak gospel.

Altea. [*Aside.*] He breaks out modestly.

Leon. Pray ye ; be not angry :
My indiscretion has made bold to tell ye
What you'll find true.

Marg. Thou dar'st not talk ?

Leon. Not much, madam
You have a tie upon your servant's tongue ; 90
He dares not be so bold as reason bids him :
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your temper.
Ne'er look so stern upon me ; I am your husband :
But what are husbands ? read the New World's
 wonders,

And you will scarce find such deformities, 95
Such husbands as this monstrous world produces ;
They are shadows to conceal your venial virtues,
Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions,
Balls that lie by you, to wash out your stains,
And bills nail'd up with horn before your stories, 100

fencing-school of exercises gone through to win the degree of 'master.' 'provost,' or 'scholar.' Again, *Hum. Lieut.*, V. ii. 31 (where see note), and below, V. v. 8. The reader will understand that in ll. 80-83 Leon is speaking, with coarse irony, of an exercise that must be nameless, and of aphrodisiacs.

84 s.d. *Aside*] Here first. The speech is too direct to be spoken aloud at this point, and would contradict Altea's, l. 87.

85 *liquorish*] Or 'lickerish,' i. e. lecherous.

87 s.d. *Aside*] Added Weber.

89 *Thou dar'st not talk?*] Dr. Koeppel, under this play (*Munchener Beiträge*, 1895), compares Morose's astonishment at the first flow of talk from Epicene, whom he has married for her silence: 'You can speak, then?'—*The Silent Woman*, III. ii., a play which he thinks may be Fletcher's chief original for the main plot, and to which he refers again under *The Woman's Prize*, I. iii.

95, 96] In Q, F and the first three editions these two lines were transposed. As here first by Dyce, on Mason's suggestion, which Weber had contented himself with reporting.

97 *venial virtues*] little lapses to which your virtue is subject; and so Seward, 'virtues that want pardon,' i. e. vices, rejecting Sympson's amendment *venal virtues*.

98 *grind with all occasions*] A favourite metaphor, used by Chaucer in *The Merchant's Tale*, I. i. 262: 'you grind with all gusts, gallants.'

99 *Balls*] Of soap. Cf. Motto the barber in Lyly's *Midas*, V. ii. 165: 'bason, ball and apron.'

100 *bills* . . . *stories*] i. e. notices . . . upper floors; *horn* allegorical.

100 *horn*] Q, F. Seward and all editors *horns*.

Marg. No, your old clothes ;
 And get you into the country presently,
 And see my hawks well train'd : you shall have victuals,
 Such as are fit for saucy palates, sir,
 And lodgings with the hinds ; it is too good too. 130
Altea. Good madam, be not so rough with repentance:
 You see now he's come round again.

Marg. I see not
 What I expect to see.

Leon. You shall see, madam,
 If it shall please your ladyship.

Altea. He's humbled ;
 Forgive, good lady.

Marg. Well, go get you handsome, 135
 And let me hear no more.

Leon. [*Aside.*] Have ye yet no feeling ?
 I'll pinch ye to the bones, then, my proud lady ! [*Exit.*]

Marg. See you preserve him thus, upon my favour ;
 You know his temper, tie him to the grindstone.
 The next rebellion I'll be rid of him : 140
 I'll have no needy rascals I tie to me
 Dispute my life. Come in, and see all handsome.

Altea. [*Aside.*] I hope to see you so too ; I have
 wrought ill else. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A room in a mean house.

Enter PEREZ.

Perez. Shall I never return to mine own house again ?
 We are lodged here in the miserablest dog-hole !
 A conjuror's circle gives content above it ;
 A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it :
 We have a bed no bigger than a basket, 5
 And there we lie like butter clapt together,

131] Punctuated in Q, F *rough, with repentance*, . Seward, unfollowed, gave the line to Leon.

136 s.d. *Aside*] Added Colman.

143 s.d. *Aside*] Added Weber.

143 s.d. *Exeunt*] F. Q 'Exit.'

Enter ESTEFANIA.

Oh, are you come, wife?

Shall we be free again?

Estef. I am now going,
 And you shall presently to your own house, sir : 35
 The remembrance of this small vexation
 Will be argument of mirth for ever.

By that time you have said your orisons,
 And broke your fast, I shall be back, and ready
 To usher you to your old content, your freedom. 40

Perez. Break my neck rather : is there any thing
 here to eat
 But one another, like a race of cannibals?
 A piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent.
 Let's have our house again immediately ;
 And, pray ye, take heed unto the furniture, 45
 None be embezzled.

Estef. Not a pin, I warrant ye.

Perez. And let 'em instantly depart.

Estef. They shall both,
 (There's reason in all courtesies), they must both ;
 For by this time I know she has acquainted him,
 And has provided too ; she sent me word, sir, 50
 And will give over gratefully unto you.

Perez. I'll walk i' th' church-yard ;
 The dead cannot offend more than these living.
 An hour hence I'll expect ye.

Estef. I'll not fail, sir.

Perez. And, do you hear, let's have a handsome
 dinner ; 55
 And see all things be decent as they have been ;
 And let me have a strong bath to restore me,
 I stink like a stall-fish shambles, or an oil-shop.

37 *be argument*] Seward silently printed *be an argument*. Query *our* lost.
 58 *stall-fish shambles*] So, and so punctuated, Q, F (*F stal-fish*). Seward
 read *stale-fish shambles* in text and *stale fish-shambles* in his note, adding :
 "A stall for fish and a fish-shambles seems to differ but as a part^s from the
 whole." Colman *stall-fish, shambles*, inserting comma and explaining as two
 objects, 'fish-stall' and 'butcher's shambles.' Weber kept his comma. But
 explained *stall-fish* (more reasonably) as a fish that has lain long on the stall
 and not in fresh water. Dyce read *stale fish-shambles* without further comment.
 We retain the Q, F reading, believing that one object is meant : 'A place where
 stall-fish (in Weber's sense) are destroyed.'

My money is mine own ; I make no doubt on 't.

Juan. What dost thou do with it ?

Cac. Put it to pious uses,
Buy wine and wenches, and undo young coxcombs 10
That would undo me.

Juan. Are those hospitals ?

Cac. I first provide to fill my hospitals
With creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,
And then I build ; those are more bound to pray for
me :

Besides, I keep th' inheritance in my name still. 15

Juan. A provident charity ! Are you for the wars,
sir ?

Cac. I am not poor enough to be a soldier,
Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet :
This is no lining for a trench, I take it.

Juan. Ye have said wisely.

Cac. Had you but my money, 20
You would swear it, colonel : I had rather drill at home
A hundred thousand crowns, and with more honour,
Than exercise ten thousand fools with nothing :
A wise man safely feeds, fools cut their fingers.

Sanc. A right state-usurer ! Why dost thou not
marry, 25
And live a reverend justice ?

Cac. Is't not nobler
To command a reverend justice, than to be one ?
And for a wife, what need I marry, captain,
When every courteous fool that owes me money,
Owes me his wife too, to appease my fury ? 30

Juan. Wilt thou go to dinner with us ?

Cac. I will go,
And view the pearl of Spain, the orient fair one,
The rich one too ; and I will be respected ;
I bear my patent here : I will talk to her ;

18 *ward*] i.e. ward off.—Weber.

19 *This is no lining etc.*] Probably of his fat body ; but possibly he is again
flaunting his fat purse, as in I. v. 37.

23 *with nothing*] who have got nothing.

27 *To command etc.*] By bribing him. Cacafoego estimates the whole world
basely.

32 *pearl . . . orient*] As above, I. ii. 21-2. *fair one* with l. 33 Q, F ;
corrected Seward.

And tune your pipe a little higher, lady :
I 'll hold ye fast. Rub! how came my trunks
open?

And my goods gone? what pick-lock spirit——

Old Wom. Ha! what would ye have?

Perez. My goods again! how came my trunks all
open?

5

Old Wom. Are your trunks open?

Perez. Yes, and [my] clothes gone,
And chains, and jewels.—How she smells, like hung
beef!—

The palsy and pick locks! fie, how she belches!

The spirit of garlic!

Old Wom. Where's your gentlewoman?

The young fair woman?

Perez. What's that to my question? 10

She is my wife, and gone about my business.

Maid. Is she your wife, sir?

Perez. Yes, sir; is that wonder?

Is the name of wife unknown here?

Old Wom. Is she truly,

Truly your wife?

Perez. I think so, for I married her;

It was no vision, sure.

Maid. She has the keys, sir. 15

Perez. I know she has; but who has all my goods,
spirit?

Old Wom. If you be married to that gentle-
woman,

You are a wretched man; she has twenty husbands.

Maid. She tells you true.

Old Wom. And she has cozen'd all, sir.

Perez. The devil she has!—I had a fair house with
her, 20

That stands hard by, and furnish'd royally.

6 [my].] Inserted by Colman, Weber and Dyce.

7 *hung beef*] salted beef.

8 *The palsy and pick locks*.] Seward emended the punctuation of Q, F, which (after comma at *beef*) printed *picklocks* (one word, followed by comma), F adding comma at *palsy*. Weber, after misreporting Seward, explained as no doubt Seward intended: 'Can palsied hands pick locks?' Kirkman's droll (1672) gave *the palsy and picklocks fit*. omitting *fit*.

12 *sir* (the second)] See note, II. iv. 49, and IV. i. 148.

No jewels, nor no hangings?

Maid. Not a farthing ; 45
She is poor, sir, a poor shifting thing.

Perez. No money?

Old Wom. Abominable poor, as poor as we are,
Money as rare to her, unless she steal it :
But for one civil gown her lady gave her,
She may go bare, good gentlewoman.

Perez. [Aside.] I am mad now ! 50
I think I am as poor as she ; I am wide else :
One civil suit I have left too, and that 's all,
And, if she steal that, she must flay me for it.—
Where does she use ?

Old Wom. You may find truth as soon :
Alas, a thousand conceal'd corners, sir, she lurks in ! 55
And here she gets a fleece, and there another,
And lives in mists and smokes where none can find
her.

Perez. Is she a whore too ?

Old Wom. Little better, gentleman ;
I dare not say she is so, sir, because she is yours, sir ;
But these five years she has fir'd a pretty living, 60
Until she came to serve.—[*Aside.*] I fear he will knock
My brains out for lying.

Perez. [Aside] She has served me faithfully ;
A whore and thief ! two excellent moral learnings
In one she-saint ! I hope to see her legend.

49 *civil*] i. e. sober, not shewy.—Dyce.

50 s.d. *Aside*] Added Dyce

51 *wide*] i. e. wide of the mark.—Weber. Kirkman's droll, and the 1717 4°, 1720 12°, corrupted it to *wild*.

54 *use*] i. e. frequent, lodge —Weber.

60 *fir'd a pretty living*] Weber reports Steevens as explaining this phrase, here, as 'collected by low and dishonest industry' (and so Dyce, 'by all sorts of roguish tricks'); but Weber himself suspects an obscene sense, as in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist* and Middleton's *Game of Chess*

61 s.d. *Aside*] First in Weber. Colman marked it with a dash.

62 *for lying*] Omitted by Seward on the ground that most of the things that the old woman said were true. Mason urged that there *was* lying, e. g. 'twenty husbands,' l. 18 [how did Mason know?] Coleridge (*Lectures*, p. 438) says: "The humour lies in Estefania's having ordered the Old Woman to tell these tales of her; for though an intriguer, she is not represented as other than chaste." He is thinking, no doubt, of IV. i. 110, which is merely Estefania's ready invention. But all this is beside the point. True or false, the old woman fears the husband won't believe it.

62 s.d. *Aside*] First in Dyce; Weber having put dash at *noose*, l. 71.

I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome. 5

Duke. Now, Cacafofo, how like you this mansion ?
'Twere a brave pawn.

Cac. I shall be master of it ;
'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide and
spacious,
Airy and full of ease, and that I love well.
I 'll tell you when I taste the wine, my lord, 10
And take the height of her table with my stomach,
How my affections stand to the young lady.

Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, Ladies, and Servants.

Marg. All welcome to your grace, and to these
soldiers !

You honour my poor house with your fair presence.
Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here, sir, 15
I do beseech your grace command ; they are yours ;
Your servant but preserves 'em to delight ye.

Duke. I thank ye, lady. I am bold to visit ye,
Once more to bless mine eyes with your sweet beauty :
'T has been a long night since you left the court, 20
For, till I saw you now, no day broke to me.

Marg. Bring in the duke's meat !

Sanc. She is most excellent.

Juan. Most admirable fair as e'er I look'd on ;
I had rather command her than my regiment.

Cac. [*Aside.*] I 'll have a fling ; 'tis but a thousand ducats, 25
Which I can cozen up again in ten days,
And some few jewels, to justify my knavery.
Say I should marry her, she 'll get more money
Than all my usury, put my knavery to it :
She appears the most infallible way of purchase. 30
I could wish her a size or two stronger for the
encounter,

For I am like a lion where I lay hold ;
But these lambs will endure a plaguy load,

11 *take the height of*] form an estimate of.

23 *on*] Q. *F upon.*

25 s.d. *Aside*] First in Dyce, though Weber seems to have intended only
ll. 35-6, *I am . . . ass*, to be spoken aloud.

30 *infallible*] F. Q *unfallible*.

30 *way of purchase*] i. e. means of acquiring gain.—Dyce. Cf. *The Night-Walker*, I. i., 'Stealing's thy only purchase.'

Both into bravery and fortune too?

I much admire the man ; I am astonish'd.

Marg. I'll be divorc'd immediately.

Leon. You shall not ;
You shall not have so much will to be wicked : 60
I am more tender of your honour, lady,
And of your age. You took me for a shadow,
You took me to gloss over your discredit,
To be your fool ; you had thought you had found a
coxcomb :

I am innocent of any foul dishonour I mean to ye ; 65
Only I will be known to be your lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for 't.

Marg. I do command ye from me, thou poor fellow,
Thou cozen'd fool !

Leon. Thou cozen'd fool ! 'tis not so ;
I will not be commanded ; I am above ye : 70
You may divorce me from your favour, lady,
But from your state you never shall ; I'll hold that,
And hold it to my use ; the law allows it :
And then maintain your wantonness ; I'll wink at it.

Marg. Am I braved thus in mine own house ?

Leon. 'Tis mine, madam ; 75
You are deceived ; I am lord of it, I rule it
And all that's in 't : you have nothing to do here, madam,
But as a servant to sweep clean the lodgings,
And at my farther will to do me service ;
And so I'll keep it.

Marg. As you love me, give way ! 80
It shall be better.

Leon. I will give none, madam.

72 *state*] i. e. estate.—Weber.

73 *And . . . allows it*] This line om. F.

77 *And all that's in 't*] At end of l. 76 Q, F. Corrected Seward.

81 *It shall be better.*] Q, F print this as the beginning of Leon's speech ; but we think Seward was right in assigning it to Margarita, as 'promising that it should be better for him.' We explain as 'Tis your best course,' not 'Your status shall be raised.' Colman, giving it to Leon, explained, 'I shall do better by opposing you' ; and Coleridge (*Lectures*, p. 438) explained, 'It shall be a better way, first.' But Mason 'had no doubt' of the correctness of Seward's emendation, which Weber, though he did not print it, supported by urging that the words *I will give none* begin [as do these] a new line in Q, and that the prefix had probably been placed by accident a line too high. The acting-version (Garrick's) of 1767 prints . . . *I'll keep it.* *Marg.* 'Tis well. *Leon.* *It shall be better.* *Marg.* *As you . . . way.* *Leon.* *I will give none, madam, etc.*

So bravely off; you shall not wrong a lady
In a high huffing strain, and think to bear it:
We stand not by as bawds to your brave fury,
To see a lady weep.

Leon. They are tears of anger, 115
I beseech ye note 'em not worth pity,
Wrung from her rage, because her will prevails not
(She would sownd now, if she could not cry);
Else they were excellent, and I should grieve too;
But falling thus, they shew nor sweet nor orient. 120
Put up, my lord; this is oppression,
And calls the sword of justice to relieve me,
The law to lend her hand, the king to right me;
All which shall understand how you provoke me.
In mine own house to brave me! is this princely? 125
Then to my guard! and, if I spare your grace,
[*Draws.*

And do not make this place your monument,
Too rich a tomb for such a rude behaviour,
(I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye!)
Mercy forsake me!

Juan. Hold, fair sir, I beseech ye! 130
The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.

Leon. He that dares strike against the husband's
freedom,
The husband's curse stick to him, a tamed cuckold!
His wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and have no feeling of it, 135
No conscience to reclaim her from a monster!
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,
And at one instant kill both name and honour!
Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,
Nor find no earth that 's base enough to bury him!— 140

113 *bear it*] support, maintain, make it good.

116 *note 'em*] F (not Q) placed a comma after 'em, followed by Seward, which led Colman, Weber and Dyce to print *I beseech . . . 'em* in a parenthesis. The Q reading, here followed, means 'put not the note or mark of pity upon them.' Seward inserted *do* before *beseech*.

118 *sownd*] Q. F *swound*, followed by Dyce, who cites *The Faithful Shepherdess*, III. i., where it rhymes to *ground*. The first three editors *swoon*, Seward inserting *even* before it.

120 *nor orient*] i. e. not like pearls.

129] Seward transposed this line with *Mercy orsake me!* Colman restored the order, rightly placing this line in a parenthesis.

Marg. No, certainly; I am sure my money paid
for it;

And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, sir. 165

Perez. The hangings and the plate too?

Marg. All are mine, sir,

And every thing you see about the building:

She only kept my house when I was absent,

And so ill kept it, I was weary of her.

Sanc. What a devil ails he?

Juan. Is possess'd, I'll assure you. 170

Perez. Where is your maid?

Marg. Do not you know that have her?

She is yours now; why should I look after her?

Since that first hour I came, I never saw her.

Perez. I saw her later.—[*Aside.*] Would the devil
had had her!

It is all true, I find; a wild-fire take her! 175

Juan. Is thy wife with child, Don Michael? thy
excellent wife?

Art thou a man yet?

Alon. When shall we come and visit thee?

Sanc. And eat some rare fruit? thou hast admirable
orchards.

You are so jealous now! pox o' your jealousy,

How scurvily you look!

Perez. Prithee, leave fooling; 180

I am in no humour now to fool and prattle.—

Did she ne'er play the wag with you?

Marg. Yes, many times,

So often that I was ashamed to keep her;

But I forgave her, sir, in hope she would mend still;

And, had not you o' th' instant married her, 185

I had put her off.

Perez. I thank ye.—[*Aside.*] I am blest still!

Which way soe'er I turn, I am a made man!

Miserably gull'd beyond recovery!

Juan. You'll stay and dine?

Perez. Certain I cannot, captain.

Hark in thine ear; I am the arrant'st puppy, 190

The miserablest ass! but I must leave ye;

170 *Is*] Q. *He's* F.

174, 186] *Asides* added by Dyce, and justified by L. 190.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*Seville. A street.**Enter PEREZ.*

Perez. I'll go to a conjuror but I'll find this polecat,
 This pilfering whore. A plague of veils, I cry,
 And covers for the impudence of women!
 Their sanctity in show will deceive devils.

Enter ESTEFANIA, with a casket.

[*Aside.*] It is my evil angel; let me bless me! 5

Estef. [*Aside.*] 'Tis he; I am caught; I must stand
 to it stoutly,
 And shew no shake of fear; I see he is angry,
 Vex'd at the uttermost.

Perez. My worthy wife,
 I have been looking of your modesty
 All the town over.

Estef. My most noble husband, 10
 I am glad I have found ye; for, in truth, I am weary,
 Weary and lame, with looking out your lordship.

Perez. I have been in bawdy-houses.

Estef. I believe ye,—
 And very lately too.

Perez. Pray ye, pardon me;—
 To seek your ladyship. I have been in cellars, 15
 In private cellars, where the thirsty bawds
 Hear your confessions: I have been at plays,
 To look you out amongst the youthful actors:
 At puppet-shows (you are mistress of the motions):

IV. i. 5, 6] Asides first in Dyce.

5 *bless me*] cross myself —Weber.

7 *shake*] Q, F and all editors.

15 *ladyship.*] Q, F, Seward read comma.

19 *motions*] i. e. puppets (used with a quibble).—Weber.

But I shall dash it instantly to nothing —
 Here leave we off our wanton languages,
 And now conclude we in a sharper tongue.
 Why am I cozen'd?

Estef. Why am I abused? 50

Perez. Thou most vild, base, abominable——

Estef. Captain!

Perez. Thou stinking, over-stew'd, poor, pocky——

Estef. Captain!

Perez. Do you echo me?

Estef. Yes, sir, and go before ye,
 And round about ye! Why do you rail at me
 For that that was your own sin, your own knavery? 55

Perez. And brave me too?

Estef. You had best now draw your sword, captain!
 Draw it upon a woman, do, brave captain!
 Upon your wife, oh, most renowned captain!

Perez. A plague upon thee! answer me directly;
 Why didst thou marry me?

Estef. To be my husband; 60
 I had thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.

Perez. Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me wonders,
 A house and riches, when they are but shadows,
 Shadows to me?

Estef. Why did you work on me
 (It was but my part to requite you, sir) 65
 With your strong soldier's wit, and swore you would
 bring me

So much in chains, so much in jewels, husband,
 So much in right rich clothes?

Perez. Thou hast 'em, rascal;
 I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,
 And thou hast open'd 'em, and sold my treasure. 70

Estef. Sir, there's your treasure; sell it to a tinker
 To mend old kettles: is this noble usage?
 Let all the world view here the captain's treasure!
 A man would think now, these were worthy matters:

[*Opens the casket.*

50 *Why am I cozen'd?*] Q, F and Seward give this, as well as *Why am I abused?* to Estefania. Colman was probably right in correcting as here (followed by all succeeding editors). since Q, F make two lines of the speech.

74 s d. Opens, etc.] Added Weber.

No plate nor hangings?

Estef. There are none, sweet husband ;
Shadow for shadow is an equal justice.
Can you rail now? pray, put your fury up, sir,
And speak great words ; you are a soldier ; thunder !

Perez. I will speak little ; I have play'd the fool, 100
And so I am rewarded.

Estef. You have spoke well, sir ;
And, now I see you are so conformable,
I'll heighten you again · go to your house,
They are packing to be gone ; you must sup there ;
I'll meet ye, and bring clothes and clean shirts after, 105
And all things shall be well.—[*Aside.*] I'll colt ye once
more,

And teach you to bring copper !

Perez. Tell me one thing,
I do beseech thee tell me, tell me truth, wife,
(However, I forgive thee,) art thou honest?
The beldame swore——

Estef. I bid her tell you so, sir ; 110
It was my plot. Alas, my credulous husband !
The lady told you too——

Perez. Most strange things of thee.

Estef. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your
sufferance :
And she denied the house?

Perez. She knew me not,
No, nor no title that I had.

Estef. 'Twas well carried. 115
No more ; I am right and straight.

Perez. I would believe thee,
But Heaven knows how my heart is. Will ye follow
me?

Estef. I'll be there straight.

98 *put your fury up*] Q and Kirkman. F *put up your fury*, altering the sense, which, as Seward saw, is 'put forth your fury.'

103-4 *your house, etc.*] i. e. she retracts her admission of l. 96, and 'colts him once more with the hope of great possessions.

106 s.d. *Aside*] Supplied Seward.

106 *colt*] i. e. fool, trick.—Reed, quoting 1 *Henry IV.*, II. ii., 'What a plague mean you to colt me thus?'

109 *However*] In any case.

110 *I bid her tell you so*] Of course this is her invention. Cf. III. iv. 62 note.

I'll none of 'em.—[*Aside.*] I would she did but know
me,

Or would this fellow had but use of money,
That I might come in any way!

Estef. I am gone, sir;
And I shall tell the beauty sent me to ye,
The Lady Margarita——

Cac. Stay, I prithee; 145
What is thy will? I turn me wholly to ye;
And talk now till thy tongue ache; I will hear ye.

Estef. She would entreat ye, sir——

Cac. She shall command, sir.
Let it be so, I beseech thee, my sweet gentlewoman,
Do not forget thyself.

Estef. She does command, then, 150
This courtesy, because she knows you are noble——

Cac. Your mistress by the way?

Estef. My natural mistress——
Upon these jewels, sir——they are fair and rich,
And, view 'em, right——

Cac. To doubt 'em is an heresy.

Estef. A thousand ducats; 'tis upon necessity 155
Of present use; her husband, sir, is stubborn.

Cac. Long may he be so!

Estef. She desires withal
A better knowledge of your parts and person;
And, when you please to do her so much honour——

Cac. Come, let's despatch.

Estef. In troth, I have heard her say, sir, 160
Of a fat man, she has not seen a sweeter.
But in this business, sir——

Cac. Let's do it first,

And then dispute; the lady's use may long for't.

Estef. All secrecy she would desire: she told me

141 s.d. *Aside*] Added Dyce; a dash in Weber.

148 *sir* (the second)] As above, II. iv. 49, III. iv. 12.

152 *way*?] F. Q *way*. The meaning is, 'This is merely a casual mission'
You are not in her regular service?' Colman and his successors, by inserting a
comma at mistress, change the sense.

153 *Upon*] 'On the security of.' Continues the construction of *entreat*, l. 148

154 *right*] i. e. not counterfeit, real; compare *Love's Cure*, III. ii., where
Piorato asks the steward Bobadilla, 'Is your chain [a new gold one] right?'—
Dyce

To let a slovenly unwieldy fellow,
 Unruly and self-will'd, dispose her beauties?
 We suffer all, sir, in this sad eclipse ;
 She should shine where she might shew like herself,
 An absolute sweetness, to comfort those admire her. 15
 And shed her beams upon her friends. We are gull'd
 all,

And all the world will grumble at your patience,
 If she be ravish'd thus.

Duke. Ne'er fear it, Sanchio ;
 We'll have her free again, and move at court
 In her clear orb. But one sweet handsomeness 20
 To bless this part of Spain, and have that slubber'd !

Alon. 'Tis every good man's cause, and we must stir
 in it.

Duke. I'll warrant he shall be glad to please us,
 And glad to share too : we shall hear anon
 A new song from him ; let's attend a little. [*Exeunt.* 25

SCENE III.

An apartment in the house of MARGARITA.

Enter LEON with a paper, and JUAN.

Leon. Colonel, I am bound to you for this nobleness.
 I should have been your officer, 'tis true, sir ;
 And a proud man I should have been to have served
 you ;
 'T has pleased the king, out of his boundless favours,
 To make me your companion ; this commission 5
 Gives me a troop of horse.

Juan. I rejoice at it,
 And am a glad man we shall gain your company :
 I am sure the king knows you are newly married,
 And out of that respect gives you more time, sir.

Leon. Within four days I am gone, so he commands
 me, 10

23 *I'll warrant he*] Seward silently printed "*I'll warrant ye he.*"
 Sc. III. s.d. Enter . . . Juan] Dyce. Q 'Ent. Leon, and Juan with a
 Commission,' and so F, adding comma at 'Juan.'
 6 *I rejoice*] Q. F *I do rejoice*, followed by Seward only.

We'll flay these beer-bellied rogues: come away quickly! *[Exit.]*

Juan. [Aside.] H'as taken a brave way to save his honour,

And cross the duke; now I shall love him dearly:

By the life of credit, thou art a noble gentleman! 35

Enter MARGARITA, led by two Ladies.

Leon. Why, how now, wife! what, sick at my preferment?

This is not kindly done.

Marg. No sooner love ye,
Love ye entirely, sir, brought to consider
The goodness of your mind and mine own duty,
But lose you instantly, be divorced from ye? 40
This is a cruelty: I'll to the king,
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two souls,
Two minds so nearly mix'd.

Leon. By no means, sweetheart.

Marg. If he were married but four days, as I am——

Leon. [Aside.] He would hang himself the fifth, or
fly his country. 45

Marg. He would make it treason for that tongue
that durst

But talk of war, or any thing to vex him.

You shall not go.

Leon. Indeed, I must, sweet wife.

What, shall I lose the king for a few kisses?

We'll have enough.

Marg. I'll to the duke my cousin; 50
He shall to th' king.

Leon. He did me this great office,
I thank his grace for't; should I pray him now
To undo't again, fie, 'twere a base discredit!

Marg. Would I were able, sir, to bear you company;
How willing should I be then, and how merry! 55
I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace; you shall not. *[Knock within.]*

33 s.d. *Aside*] Added Weber.

45 s.d. *Aside*] Added Seward and all editors.

56 s.d. *Knock within*] Q, F.

But we may both be cozen'd in that point, sir.

Leon. In such a strait point, sure, I could not err,
madam.

Juan. [*Aside.*] This is another tenderness to try him.
Fetch her up now.

Marg. You must provide a cradle ;
And what a trouble 's that !

Leon. The sea shall rock it, 85
'Tis the best nurse ; 'twill roar and rock together :
A swinging storm will sing you such a lullaby !

Marg. Faith, let me stay ; I shall but shame ye, sir.

Leon. An you were a thousand shames, you shall
along with me ;
At home I am sure you 'll prove a million : 90
Every man carries the bundle of his sins
Upon his own back ; you are mine ; I 'll sweat for ye.

Enter DUKE, ALONZO, SANCHIO.

Duke. What, sir, preparing for your noble journey ?
'Tis well, and full of care,
I saw your mind was wedded to the war, 95
And knew you would prove some good man for your
country ;

Therefore, fair cousin, with your gentle pardon,
I got this place. What, mourn at his advancement ?
You are to blame ; he will come again, sweet cousin ;
Mean time, like sad Penelope and sage, 100
Amongst your maids at home, and huswifely——

Leon. No, sir, I dare not leave her to that solitariness :
She is young, and grief, or ill news from those quarters,
May daily cross her ; she shall go along, sir.

Duke. By no means, captain.

Leon. By all means, an 't please ye. 105

Duke. What, take a young and tender-bodied lady,
And expose her to those dangers, and those tumults ;
A sickly lady too ?

Leon. 'Twill make her well, sir ;
There's no such friend to health as wholesome travel.

Sanc. Away ! it must not be.

83 s.d. *Aside*] Added Weber.

89 *Ans*] Colman. Weber, Dyce. Q, F *And*

101 *huswifely*——] The break by Colman for full stop of Q. F.

And my wife told me I should find it so ;
'Tis true I do. You were merry when I was last here,
But 'twas your will to try my patience, madam.
I am sorry that my swift occasions
Can let you take your pleasure here no longer ; 140
Yet I would have you think, my honour'd cousin,
This house and all I have are all your servants.

Leon. What house, what pleasure, sir? what do you mean?

Perez. You hold the jest so stiff, 'twill prove discourteous :

This house I mean, the pleasures of this place. 145

Leon. And what of them?

Perez. They are mine, sir, and you know it ;
My wife's, I mean, and so conferr'd upon me :
The hangings, sir, I must entreat your servants,
That are so busy in their offices,
Again to minister to their right uses ; 150
I shall take view o' th' plate anon, and furnitures
That are of under place. You are merry still, cousin,
And of a pleasant constitution ;
Men of great fortunes make their mirths *ad placitum*.

Leon. Prithee, good stubborn wife, tell me directly, 155
Good evil wife, leave fooling, and tell me honestly,
Is this my kinsman?

Marg. I can tell ye nothing.

Leon. I have many kinsmen ; but so mad a one,
And so fantastic——All the house?

Perez. All mine, 160
And all within it : I will not bate ye an ace on't.
Can you not receive a noble courtesy,
And quietly and handsomely, as ye ought, coz,
But you must ride o' th' top on't?

Leon. Canst thou fight?

Perez. I'll tell ye presently ; I could have done, sir.

Leon. For ye must law and claw before ye get it. 165

Juan. Away ; no quarrels !

Leon. Now I am more temperate,
I'll have it proved if you were never yet in Bedlam,
Never in love (for that's a lunacy),

136 *my wife told me*] Cf. IV. i. 104.

159 *fantastic——*] Break in F for comma of Q.

You have more furniture, more houses, lady.
 And rich ones too ; I will make bold with those :
 And you have land i' th' Indies, as I take it ;
 Thither we'll go, and view a while those climates, 200
 Visit your factors there, that may betray ye :
 'Tis done : we must go.

Marg. Now thou art a brave gentleman,
 And, by this sacred light, I love thee dearly !—
 [To PEREZ.] The house is none of yours, I did but
 jest, sir ;
 Nor you are no coz of mine ; I beseech ye vanish ; 205
 I tell you plain, you have no more right than he has :
 Thou senseless thing ! your wife has once more fool'd
 ye :

Go ye, and consider !

Leon. Good morrow, my sweet cousin !
 I should be glad, sir——

Perez. By this hand, she dies for 't,
 Or any man that speaks for her ! [Exit PEREZ.]

Juan. These are fine toys. 210

Marg. Let me request you stay but one poor month,
 You shall have a commission, and I'll go too ;
 Give me but will so far.

Leon. Well, I will try ye.—
 Good morrow to your grace ; we have private business.

Duke. [Aside.] If I miss thee again, I am an arrant
 bungler. 215

204 s.d. To Perez] Added Weber.

206-7 *than he has* . | *Thou senseless thing ! your wife etc.*] Q, F have *then he* | *Has, that senseless thing, your wife etc.* Seward, omitting *he*, read *than has* | *That senseless thing Your wife etc.* holding *senseless thing* applicable to any of the characters save the absent Cacafofo, and that she points to a chair, table or anything near her.' But, metrically, *than he has* is much more like Fletcher. Colman, followed by Weber and Dyce, read *than he has ; That, senseless thing, your wife etc.*, applying *senseless thing* to Perez, and *than he has* to 'any indifferent person in the company,' and (we suppose) taking *That* as 'In that respect.' Mason, explaining *than he has* as Colman, proposed *Thou senseless thing*. We adopt this : Weber owned it plausible. After ll. 202-3 we can hardly refer *than he has* to Leon, though his conquest of her is not yet complete. The emphasis of l. 183 inclines us to suspect her *volite face* here merely as the abandonment of a ruse she sees is useless, and to refer *than he has* to the duke, as intended, like ll. 202-3, to lull Leon's suspicion. Her sincerity at ll. 211-12 is sufficiently negatived by V. iii. But query *than she has*, i. e. Estefania ?

215 s.d. Aside] Added Weber. The duke recognizes that her request of a month's delay has given him a new chance.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Seville. A garden belonging to the house of MARGARITA.

Enter LEON with a letter, and MARGARITA.

Leon. Come hither, wife ; do you know this hand ?

Marg. I do, sir ;

'Tis Estefania's, that was once my woman.

Leon. She writes to me here, that one Cacafogo,
An usuring jeweller's son (I know the rascal),
Is mortally fall 'n in love with ye.

Marg. Is a monster : 5
Deliver me from mountains !

Leon. [*Aside.*] Do you go a-birding for all sorts of
people ?—

And this evening will come to ye and shew ye jewels,

And offers any thing to get access to ye :

If I can make or sport or profit on him 10

(For he is fit for both), she bids me use him ;

And so I will, be you conformable,

And follow but my will.

Marg. I shall not fail, sir.

Leon. Will the duke come again, do you think ?

Marg. No, sure, sir ; *

H'as now no policy to bring him hither. 15

Leon. [*Aside.*] Nor bring you to him, if my wit hold
fair, wife—

Let 's in to dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

I. i. A garden, etc.] Dyce. Weber 'The same,' i. e. an apartment in M.'s house.

2 *Estefania's*] *Estifanas* Q. F *Estifania*.

5 *Is*] Q, F. *He's* Seward.

7 s.d. *Aside*] Added Dyce ; Colman and Weber having marked a dash.

15 *Has*] F. Q *Has*.

15 *policy*] subterfuge, excuse.

16 *fair, wife*] So Dyce, rightly. Q, F have no comma anywhere, and the first three editors read *hold, fair wife!* We have marked the line as an aside.

Come, prithee, come ; art thou so pure a coxcomb 25
To be undone ? do not dissemble with me ;
Tell me, I conjure thee.

Cac. Then keep thy circle,
For I am a spirit wild that flies about thee,
And, whoe'er thou art, if thou be'st human.
I'll let thee plainly know, I am cheated damnably. 30

Perez. Ha, ha, ha !

Cac. Dost thou laugh ? Damnably, I say, most
damnably.

Perez. By whom, good spirit ? speak, speak ! ha, ha,
ha !

Cac. I will utter—laugh till thy lungs crack—by a
rascal woman,
A lewd, abominable, and plain woman. *35
Dost thou laugh still ?

Perez. I must laugh, prithee, pardon me ;
I shall laugh terribly.

Cac. I shall be angry,
Terrible angry ; I have cause.

Perez. That 's it,
And 'tis no reason but thou shouldst be angry,
Angry at heart ; yet I must laugh still at thee. 40
By a woman cheated ? art sure it was a woman ?

Cac. I shall break thy head ; my valour itches at
thee.

Perez. It is no matter. By a woman cozen'd ?
A real woman ?

Cac. A real devil ;
Plague of her jewels, and her copper chains, *45
How rank they smell !

Perez. Sweet cozen'd sir, let me see them ;
I have been cheated too, (I would have you note that,)
And lewdly cheated, by a woman also,
A scurvy woman ; I am undone, sweet sir,
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.

Cac. Pray ye, take it ; 50
You are the merriest undone man in Europe :
What need we fiddles, bawdy songs, and sack,
When our own miseries can make us merry ?

29 *whoe'er*] Seward alone *whoso'er*.

35 *plain woman*] very woman, absolute woman.

This place is full of charge, and full of hurry ;
No part of sweetness dwells about these cities.

Marg. Whither you will, I wait upon your pleasure ; 5
Live in a hollow tree, sir, I 'll live with ye.

Leon. Ay, now you strike a harmony. a true one,
When your obedience waits upon your husband,
And your sick will aims at the care of honour.
Why, now I dote upon ye, love ye dearly, 10
And my rough nature falls, like roaring streams,
Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.
Oh, what a jewel is a woman excellent,
A wise, a virtuous, and a noble woman !
When we meet such, we bear our stamps on both sides, 15
And through the world we hold our current virtues ;
Alone, we are single medals, only faces,
And wear our fortunes out in useless shadows.
Command you now, and ease me of that trouble ;
I 'll be as humble to you as a servant : 20
Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,
They shall be welcome all ; visit acquaintance,
Go at your pleasure, now experience
Has link'd you fast unto the chain of goodness !

[*Clashing swords. A cry within, Down with
their swords !*]

What noise is this ? what dismal cry ?

Marg. 'Tis loud too : 25
Sure, there 's some mischief done i' th' street.—Look
out there !

Leon. Look out, and help !

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh, sir, the Duke Medina——

Leon. What of the Duke Medina ?

Serv. Oh, sweet gentleman,

Is almost slain !

Marg. Away, away, and help him !

³ *hurry*] gossip, alarming rumour. Again, *Woman's Prize*, II. vi. 32, III. i. 83. See note on the former passage, and cf. Defoe's *Journal of the Plague* (1722), ed. 1896, p. 305, 'Several little Hurries . . . contrived to fright and disorder the People.'

⁹ *care*] Altered, most unnecessarily, to *cure* by Seward. Dyce.

²⁴ s.d. Clashing . . . their swords] So Q. F.

'Tis rarely counterfeited !

Juan. True, it is so, sir ;
And take you heed this last blow do not spoil ye.
He is not hurt, only we made a scuffle, 50
As though we purposed anger ; that same scratch on
's hand

He took, to colour all, and draw compassion,
That he might get into your house more cunningly.
I must not stay. Stand now, and y' are a brave
fellow.

Leon. I thank you, noble colonel, and I honour ye. 55

[*Exit* JUAN.]

Never be quiet ?

Re-enter MARGARITA.

Marg. He 's most desperate ill, sir ;
I do not think these ten months will recover him.

Leon. Does he hire my house to play the fool in,
Or does it stand on fairy ground, we are haunted ?
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams
thus ? 60

Marg. What ail you, sir ?

Leon. Nay, what ail you, sweet wife,
To put these daily pastimes on my patience ?
What dost thou see in me, that I should suffer thus ?
Have not I done my part like a true husband,
And paid some desperate debts you never look'd for ? 65

Marg. You have done handsomely, I must confess,
sir.

Leon. Have I not kept thee waking like a hawk ?
And watch'd thee with delights to satisfy thee,
The very tithes of which had won a widow ?

Marg. Alas, I pity ye !

Leon. Thou wilt make me angry : 70
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.

Marg. You are always ;
You carry a kind of Bedlam still about ye.

51 *on 's hand*] With l. 52 Q, F, Seward, Colman, Weber. Corrected Dyce.
59 *Or does it stand on fairy ground, we are haunted ?*] The modern editors,
not catching the meaning of the line (which is—Or does it stand on fairy ground,
that we are haunted), point “*Or does it stand on fairy ground ? We 're haunted.*”
—Dyce.

And you must work too.

Altea. I shall, sir, most willingly.

Leon. Away, then, both, and keep him close in some place

From the duke's sight ; and keep the duke in too ;
Make 'em believe both : I 'll find time to cure 'em. 100

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A street.

Enter, severally, PEREZ and ESTEFANIA, with a Pistol, and a Dagge.

Perez. Why, how dar'st thou meet me again, thou
rebel, [Draws.
And know'st how thou hast used me thrice, thou
rascal?

Were there not ways enough to fly my vengeance,
No holes nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,
But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee ? 5
I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly,
But now thou comest to invite me, and comest upon
me :

How like a sheep-biting rogue, taken i' th' manner,
And ready for the halter, dost thou look now !

Sc. IV. s.d. severall. Added Dyce.

s.d. with a Pistol, and a Dagge] This forms part of the s.d. in Q, F (F first inserts comma at 'Estefania'), but is omitted by all editors. 'Dagge' is 'a heavy pistol or hand-gun' (the *N.E.D.* denies the sense 'dagger'), as in *Love's Cure*, II. ii.: 'What d'ye call this gun? A dag?'; and we can only suppose Estefania to be armed with two such weapons.

I s.d. Draws] Inserted Weber, followed by Dyce.

7 and . . . me] As separate line Q, F. With this by Seward (omitting *and*) and all editors.

8 *sheep-biting*] Of one that preys on the defenceless, properly of a dog that worries the sheep. The *Cent. Dict.* quotes 'your sheep-biting face' from *Measure for Measure*. V. i. 359.

‘*S taken in the manner*’ ‘*Taken in the manner*, or with the manner, means, in the language of the law, taken with the thing stolen about you.’—Mason. Cf. *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, I. i. 205. Seward proposed altering *manner* to *matter*.

Estef. Let mine own husband, then,
Be in's own wits.—There, there's a thousand ducats—

[Shows a purse.

Who must provide for you?—and yet you'll kill me. 35

Perez. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand millions.

Estef. When will you redeem your jewels? I have pawn'd 'em,

You see for what : we must keep touch.

Perez. I'll kiss thee,

And, get as many more, I'll make thee famous.

Had we the house now !

Estef. Come along with me ; 40

If that be vanish'd, there be more to hire, sir.

Perez. I see I am an ass when thou art near me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Ante-room to a bed-chamber in the house of MARGARITA.

Enter LEON, MARGARITA, *and* ALTEA *with a taper.*

Leon. Is the fool come?

Altea. Yes, and i' th' cellar fast,

And there he stays his good hour till I call him ;

He will make dainty music among the sack-butts :

I have put him just, sir, under the duke's chamber.

Leon. It is the better.

Altea. H'as given me royally, 5

And to my lady a whole load of portigues.

34 s d. Shews a purse] Added Weber.

³⁴ *keep touch*] Dyce refers to *Beggars' Bush*, V. i.: 'I have kept touch, sir,' where he quotes from Coles' *Dut.*, 'To keep touch, *Facere quod dixeris*'; but here the phrase bears the more general sense of keeping together, making common cause.

39 *And, get*] So punctuated Weber and Dyce, i.e. 'And, if you get.' Q, F *And get* but no doubt with the same sense.

42 s.d. Exeunt] Colman Omitted Q, F.

Sc. V. Ante-room, etc.] Dyce Weber 'A Chamber in M.'s House.'

3 *sack-butts*] Of course with pun.

5 *H'as*] Seward. Q, F *Has*.

⁶ *portigues*] (or *portagues*, *portugues*) A Portuguese gold coin worth about £4 10s., mentioned in *The Sea Voyage*, I. iv. (Weber), and in Lyly's *Midas*, II. ii. 41.

And feign'd the quarrel too, to enjoy you, sweet : 25
Let's lose no time. [*Noise below.*] Hark, the same
noise again !

Marg. What noise? why look ye pale? I hear no stirring.—

[*Aside.*] This goblin in the vault will be so tippled!—
You are not well, I know by your flying fancy;
Your body's ill at ease; your wounds——

Duke. I have none ; 30

I am as lusty, and as full of health,
High in my blood——

Marg. Weak in your blood, you would say.
How wretched is my case, willing to please ye,
And find you so dis^able!

Duke. Believe me, lady——

Marg. I know you will venture all you have to satisfy me,
Your life, I know, but is it fit I spoil ye?
Is it my love, do you think?

Cac. [*Below.*] Here's to the duke!

Duke. It named me certainly ;
I heard it plainly sound.

Marg. You are hurt mortally,
And fitter for your prayers, sir, than pleasure. 40
What starts you make ! I would not kiss you wantonly,
For the world's wealth. Have I secured my husband,
And put all doubts aside, to be deluded ?

Cac. [*Below.*] I come, I come.

Duke. Heaven bless me !

Marg. And bless us both, for, sure, this is the devil ! 45
I plainly heard it now ; he will come to fetch ye ;
A very spirit, for he spoke under ground,
And spoke to you just as you would have snatch'd me.
You are a wicked man, and, sure, this haunts ye :
Would you were out o' th' house !

Duke. I would I were, 50

28 s.d. Aside] Added Weber and Dyce ; marked by parenthesis in Seward and Colman.

37 *Is it my love,*] Q, F, Seward, and Colman; meaning, we take it, 'Would it be consistent with my love?' or 'Is love for me the cause of your weakness?' Weber, followed by Dyce, read *Is it, my love*.

38, 44, 99 s.d. Below] In Q, F.

Your eyes were then commanded to look off me ;
 And I now stand in a circle and secure,—
 Your spells nor power can never reach my body.
 Mark me but this, and then, sir, be most miserable ; 85
 'Tis sacrilege to violate a wedlock,
 You rob two temples, make yourself twice guilty,
 You ruin hers, and spot her noble husband's.

Duke. Let me be gone ; I'll never more attempt ye.

Marg. You cannot go ; 'tis not in me to save ye : 90
 Dare ye do ill, and poorly then shrink under it ?

Were I the Duke Medina, I would fight now,
 For you must fight, and bravely, it concerns you ;
 You do me double wrong, if you sneak off, sir,
 And all the world would say I loved a coward ; 95
 And you must die too, for you will be kill'd,
 And leave your youth, your honour, and your state,
 And all those dear delights you worshipp'd here.

Duke. The noise again ! [*Noise below.*

Cac. [*Below.*] Some small beer, if you love me !

Marg. The devil haunts you, sure ; your sins are 100
 mighty ;

A drunken devil too, to plague your villany.

Duke. Preserve me but this once !

Marg. There's a deep well

In the next yard, if you dare venture drowning :

It is but death.

Duke. I would not die so wretchedly.

Marg. Out of a garret-window I'll let you down, then ; 105
 But say the rope be rotten ? 'tis huge high too.

Duke. Have you no mercy ?

Marg. Now you are frighted throughly,

And find what 'tis to play the fool in sin,

And see with clear eyes your detested folly,

I'll be your guard.

Duke. And I'll be your true servant, 110

Ever from this hour virtuously to love ye,

Chastely and modestly to look upon ye ;

83-4] Perhaps recalling Leon's words, III v. 90.

104 *death*] Q. *F death.*

108-9 *in sin . . . folly*] Q, *F in folly . . . jolly*, which Seward feeling as a printer's error proposed 1. *in folly . . . crime* : 2. (a) *in sin* (or (b) *in vice*) . . . *folly*. We adopt 2. (a) with Dyce. Colman chose 2. (b). Weber *in folly . . . vice.*

Cac. Butt in thy belly!

Leon. There's two in thine I am sure, 'tis grown so monstrous. 130

Cac. Butt in thy face!

Leon. Go, carry him to sleep:
A fool's love should be drunk; he has paid well for't too:

When he is sober, let him out to rail,
Or hang himself; there will be no loss of him.

[*Exeunt CACAFOGO and Servant.*]

Enter PEREZ and ESTEFANIA.

Who's this? my Mahound cousin? 135

Perez. Good, sir; 'tis very good! Would I had a house too,

For there is no talking in the open air!

My Termagant coz, I would be bold to tell ye,
I durst be merry too; I tell you plainly,

You have a pretty seat, you have the luck on't, 140

A pretty lady too; I have miss'd both:

My carpenter built in a mist, I thank him!

Do me the courtesy to let me see it,
See it but once more: but I shall cry for anger.

I'll hire a chandler's shop close under ye, 145

And, for my foolery, sell soap and whip-cord.

Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,

You are a fool, coz.

Leon. I must laugh a little;

And now I have done, coz,—thou shalt live with me,

My merry coz; the world shall not divorce us: 150

Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never want.

135 *my Mahound cousin*] Here Leon retorts on Perez his own expression:
IV. iii. 187.—Dyce.

138 *My Termagant coz*] Termagant was a violent deity that figured in lost miracle-plays. Reed quoted a play called *Ram Alley or Merry Tricks*: 'swears | Like a very Termagant,' and Hall's *Satires*, I. i. 3-4: 'Nor fright the reader with the pagan vaunt | Of mighty Mahound and great Termagaunt.' They are coupled again in Massinger's *Renegado*, I. i. 8. Singer's note on the passage from Hall suggests an origin in the *Tervagant* of the French or the *Trivigante* of the Italian romances; and further quotes Florio's *World of Wordes*, 1617: 'Termigasto, a great boaster, quarreller, killer, tamer, or ruler of the universe, the child of the earthquake, and of the thunder, the brother of death, etc.' Cf. *King and No King*, IV. ii. 152: 'make a saunt swear like a soldier, and a soldier like Termagant.'

141-2 *miss'd . . . must*] same pun *Moth. Bombe*, III. iv. 160.

Leon. Yes, indeed, good wife,
And my best sister ; for she proved so, wench,
When she deceived you with a loving husband.

Altea. I would not deal so truly for a stranger. 170

Marg. Well, I could chide yee;
But it must be lovingly, and like a sister.—
I'll bring you on your way, and feast ye nobly
(For now I have an honest heart to love ye),
And then deliver you to the blue Neptune. 175

Juan. Your colours we must wear, and wear 'em
proudly,
Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too:
And all the world shall know we are Virtue's servants.

Duke. And all the world shall know, a noble mind
Makes women beautiful, and envy blind. [*Exeunt.* 180

173-5 *I'll bring . . . Neptune*] Clearly a Shakespearean echo. Cf. *Pericles*, III. iii. 35-37—

"We'll bring you grace e'en to the edge o' th' shore :
Then give you up to the mask'd [qy. meek'st ?] Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven."—A. H. Bullen.

176 *we*] Dyce's correction, on Mason's suggestion, for *you* of Q, F—doubtless correct.

179, 180] These two lines italicized Q, F, and Seward.

THE LAWS OF CANDY

EDITED BY E. K. CHAMBERS

VOL. III.

H H

THE LAWS OF CANDY

TEXT.—The basis of the text is F1; all changes introduced either in F2 or in later editions have been recorded, if they are of the slightest importance, together with many which obviously are not. The orthography and punctuation are mainly Dyce's, and the latter does not exactly represent either the original text or modern usage; I have restored *ye* where he substituted *you*, and occasionally reverted to the seventeenth-century forms of some other words. The stage-directions are practically those of F1 throughout; the few necessary additions and corrections have been placed in square brackets.

DATE AND AUTHORSHIP.—There is little external evidence as to the date of the play. It is not mentioned in Sir Henry Herbert's Office-Book, the entries in which begin in May 1622, upon the appointment as Master of the Revels of Sir John Ashley, to whom Herbert acted as deputy, and record the licensing of all the plays in the Beaumont and Fletcher Folios from that date onwards. On the other hand, the list of actors given in F2, which belongs to the King's men, includes Joseph Taylor, and does not include Richard Burbage. Taylor was a member of Prince Charles' company when they performed Middleton's *Mash of Heroes* in January 1619, and joined the King's men probably on the death of Burbage on March 13, and certainly before March 19 in the same year (*Hist. MSS.*, iv. 299). It would seem, therefore, that *The Laws of Candy* must have been on the stage between March 1619 and May 1622; but it is not certain that its actor-list belongs to the original production, and some critics have assigned it to an earlier date. I will briefly set out the views that have been expressed, both upon this point and upon the cognate one of authorship. Dyce said that the play "has been generally considered (but whether justly or not I cannot pretend to determine) as a joint production of Beaumont and Fletcher." If Beaumont had a share in it, it must of course have been written before his death on March 6, 1616. Mr. Fleay has found some difficulty in maintaining consistency on the subject. In 1874 (*New Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1874, 53) he could not trace either Beaumont or Fletcher's work in the play, and omitted it from his list. But when he reprinted the same paper in his *Shakespeare Manual* (1876), 152, he dated it after 1621, and assigned it to Fletcher and Massinger. In 1886 (*Englische Studien*, ix. 23) he gave a very small share to Fletcher, and the rest in undetermined shares to Massinger and Field, with the provisional date 1618-19. In his paper of 1889 on Field (*Englische Studien*, xii. 28) he made no reference to the play. In 1891 (*Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama*, i. 209) he gives the plot, on the strength of a resemblance to *The Unnatural Combat*, to Massinger, together with most of the writing, but finds traces of Fletcher in ii. 1, iii. 3, v. 1, and especially iv. 1, and believes that he revised it for the stage. He indicates the evidence for a date of composition between March 1619 and May 1622, and prefers 1619, because he believes that in 1621 Fletcher and Massinger were writing "separately, not as coadjutors," and thinks that the 'comet or "blazing star" of 1618 "probably suggested passages in ii. 1."

question of authorship. I do not propose to enter further into this welter of critical opinion than by disclaiming any confidence in the methods by which it is achieved. On the whole, 1619 seems a reasonable date.

ARGUMENT.—There are two laws peculiar to Candia or Crete. By the first it is the privilege of a victorious army to choose one of its leaders for the honour of a triumph; by the other the crime of ingratitude is punished with death, unless the party wronged chooses to waive the penalty. After a war against Venice, a triumph is claimed both by Cassilane the general, and his son Antinous. The soldiers choose Antinous. Cassilane curses his son, and having spent his substance in the service of the state, retires from the court to live in poverty with his daughter Annophil. Antinous is looked upon and loved by the haughty Princess Erota, aunt to the reigning Prince of Candy, who herself is wooed by Philander, Prince of Cyprus, and the Venetian Gonzalo. Gonzalo is an intriguer, who plots to make himself despot both of Candy and Venice. He has got Cassilane into his power by lending him money, and now contrives that Cassilane, the more to impoverish him, shall be made to play host to Fernando, Prince of Venice, a prisoner of war. Meanwhile Antinous, consumed by despair at his father's curse, repulses Erota's love. Gonzalo tells his plots against Candy, though not those against Venice, to Fernando, who, having fallen in love with Annophil, imparts them to her, and she to her brother Antinous. Antinous agrees to wed Erota, on condition that she shall free Cassilane from Gonzalo's power. This she does, and further contrives a trap for the treacherous Venetian. Pretending to listen to his advances, she induces him to put his scheme on paper, and denounces him to the Senate and the Venetian ambassador. The proceedings are interrupted by Cassilane, who, mistaking the purport of the financial aid given him by Antinous and Erota, accuses his son of ingratitude. Erota, in her turn, accuses Cassilane, Antinous accuses Erota, and finally Annophil accuses the Senate, who had left Cassilane to a poverty-stricken old age. Explanations follow and reconciliations. Fernando marries Annophil; but Erota will not after all have Antinous, who once scorned her, and rewards the faithful Philander. Gonzalo is arrested, and the play ends happily.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT.—The political theme is taken from Giraldi Cinthio's *Hecatommitih* (1566), x. 9. The following is Weber's summary, as revised by Dyce. The city of Pisa being besieged by the Florentines with various success, the senate, in order to stimulate the warriors to exertion, proclaimed that the captain who most distinguished himself on an appointed day should be rewarded with a golden hauberk, and a statue erected to his memory. It happened that the two warriors who did the most glorious deeds of arms were a father and his son, both captains, the former of knights, the latter of light horse. The senate deliberated long, but being unable to decide who had best deserved the promised rewards, the son declared himself contented if his father would choose either the statue or the hauberk, and leave whichever he rejected to him. But the father declared that he would part with neither, boasted of his long and brilliant services, and upbraided the senators, as well as his son, with ingratitude. The senators wished to pacify him, and said, that any honour which his son obtained was equally to the credit of himself, who had produced and educated such a warrior. But the father refused to hearken to their advice, and openly calumniated his son in court. The latter then offered to forego his share of the prize; but the soldiers of his squadron insisted that he should demand it, and even revenge the insult he had received; nor could his arguments, full of filial piety, appease them. On the other hand, the soldiers of his father's squadron, boasting of their superior rank, refused to listen to

THE LAWS OF CANDY

A TRAGI-COMEDY

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*A Street.**Enter GASPERO and MELITUS.*

Mel. Sir, you'r the very friend I wish'd to meet with ;
I have a large discourse invites your ear
To be an auditor.

Gas. And what concerns it?

Mel. The sadly thriving progress of the loves
Between my lord the prince, and that great lady 5
Whose insolency and never-yet-match'd pride
Can by no character be well express'd
But in her only name, the proud Erotia.

Gas. Alas, Melitus, I should guess the best
Success your prince could find from her to be 10
As harsh as the event doth prove ! but now
'Tis not a time to pity passionate griefs,

The . . . Tragi-Comedy] F2. *The . . . Candy*, F1.

A Street] The acts and the scenes of Act I. are marked in the Ff. The remaining scenes and the notes of locality were added by Weber.

6 *insolency*] *insolencie* F1. *insolence* F2.

8 *the proud Erotia*] "Seward[Colman]endeavours to derive the name *Erotia* from some etymology expressive of pride; but without success or necessity. There is no difficulty in the passage. Every distinguishing appellation may be considered as part of a person's name. *Magnus* became part of the name of Pompey, and *Felix* of Sylla; and it appears that the only name the princess was called by was *the proud Erotia*. So the Soldier says of Macbeth,

'For brave Macbeth (well he deserves *that name*)';

which does not refer to *Macbeth*, but *brave*." (Mason.)

12 *passionate griefs*] "i.e. griefs proceeding from love." (Colman.)—"Rather, the griefs of love attended with complainings, *passion* being often used by our old writers in the sense of—sorrowful exclamation." (Dyce.) Thus the separate poems in Thomas Watson's *Ekatomgathra*, or *Passionate Centurie of Love*, are called *Passions*

But this he hath done. Now, 'tis fit, Melitus,
The senate should be thankful, otherwise
They should annihilate one of those laws
For which this kingdom is throughout the world
Unfellowed and admired.

Mel. What laws are these, sir? 50
Let me so much importune you.

Gas. You shall;
And they be worth your knowledge. Briefly thus:
Whoe'er he be that can detect apparently
Another of ingratitude for any
Received benefit, the plaintiff may 55
Require the offender's life; unless he please
Freely and willingly to grant remission.

Mel. By which strict law the senate is in danger,
Should they neglect Gonzalo?

Gas. Right; the law
Permits a like equality to aliens 60
As to a home-born patriot.

Mel. Pray, sir, the other?

Gas. Know, Melitus,
The elder Cretans flourish'd many years,
In wars, in peace unparallel'd; and they
(To spur heroic spirits on to virtue) 65
Enacted, that what man soe'er he were
Did noblest in the field against his enemy,
So by the general voice approved and known,
Might, at his home return, make his demand
For satisfaction and reward.

Mel. They are 70
Both famous laws indeed.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Master secretary,
The senate is about to sit, and crave
Your presence.

Gas. What, so suddenly!

46 *this*] *Fi.* *thus* *F2.*

49, 50 *For . . . Unfellowed*] *Theobald.* *For . . . unfellow'd* *Fi.* *In . . . unfollow'd* *Mason.*

50 *these*] *Fi.* *those* *F2.*

61 *home-born*] *Fi.* *home-bred* *F2.*

Ant. It were a sin against the piety
Of filial duty, if I should forget 5
The debt I owe my father—On my knee,
Your pleasure?

Cas. What, so low! canst thou find joints,
Yet be an elephant? Antinous, rise;
Thou wilt belie opinion, and rebate 10
The ambition of thy gallantry, that they,
Whose confidence thou hast bewitch'd, should see
Their little god of war kneel to his father,
Though in my hand I did grasp thunder.

Ant. Sir,
For proof that I acknowledge you the author 15
Of giving me my birth, I have discharged
A part of my obedience. But, if now
You should (as cruel fathers do) proclaim
Your right, and tyrant-like usurp the glory
Of my peculiar honours, not derived 20
From successary, but purchased with my blood,
Then I must stand first champion for myself
Against all interposers.

Cas. Boldly urged,
And proudly: I could love thee, did not anger
Consult with just disdain, in open language 25
To call thee most ungrateful. Say freely,
Wilt thou resign the flatteries whereon
The reeling pillars of a popular breath
Have raised thy giant-like conceit, to add
A suffrage to thy father's merit? speak. 30

Ant. Sir, hear me. Were there not a chronicle
Well penn'd by all their tongues who can report
What they have seen you do; or had you not
Best in your own performance writ yourself
And been your own text, I would undertake 35

7 *my father—On my knee*] Mason. *my father on my knee*; Ff.
10 *rebate*] blunt, equivalent to "bate" in the sense of "weaken."
21 *From successary*] *From successors* or *From ancestry* Theobald. *Nor successary* Seward. *From successry* Coleridge. "'Successary' may be considered as an adjective. 'My honours are not derived from successary blood, from the blood of my ancestors, but were purchased with my own blood,' is the evident and undeniable meaning the poets intended."—Mason.

26 *Say freely*] *but say freely* Seward.

Hath so long been the first of all his nation :
 Now, canst thou think it honest, charitable,
 Nay, human, being so young, my son, my child,
 Begot, bred, taught by me, by me thy father, 70
 For one day's service, and that one thy first,
 To rob me of a glory which I fought for
 A half of hundred years ?

Ant. My case observes
 Both equity and precedents ; for, sir,
 That very day whereon you got your fame, 75
 You took it from some other, who was then
 Chief in repute, as you are now, and had been
 Perhaps as many years deserving that
 Which you gain'd in a day, as I have mine.

Cas. But he was not my father then, Antinous ; 80
 Thou leavest out that.

Ant. Sir, had he been your father,
 He had been then immortal ; for a father
 Heightens his reputation where his son
 Inherits it ; as, when you give us life,
 Your life is not diminish'd, but renew'd 85
 In us when you are dead, and we are still
 Your living images.

Cas. So be thou cursed
 In thy posterity, as I in thee,
 Dishonourable boy !—Oh, shall that sun,
 Which not a year yet since beheld me mounted 90
 Upon a fiery steed, waving my sword,
 And teaching this young man to manage arms,
 That was a raw fresh novice in the feats
 Of chivalry, shall that same sun be witness,
 Against this brat, of his ingratitude ? 95
 Who, to eclipse the light of my renown,
 Can no way hope to get a noble name,
 But by the treading on his father's greatness !—
 Thou wilt not yield ?

Enter ARCANES [*and* DECIUS].

Ant. My life, but not the prize
 My sword hath purchased.

71 *that one*] Seward. *that on* Ff.

77 *had*] *has* F2.

It must not be.

Por. My lord, you are too modest.

Gon. It is no season to be troublesome,
Else—but I have done. Your lordships are observed.

Gas. Is the demandant ready?

Arc. He is ready.

Gas. Produce him, then.

Arc. Before this sacred presence, 125
I, by a general consent, am made

The soldier's voice, and to your gracious wisdoms

Present, as chief in arms, his country's champion,

Cassilane. [A few cheers.]

Dec. Most reverend lords, you hear the lesser number 130

Of those who have been guardians to this country,

Approve this champion: I, in all their names

Who fought for Candy, here present before you

The mightiest man in arms, Antinous.

Speak, fellow-soldiers.

Soldiers. Antinous, Antinous! 135

Gas. Stand by all, save the two competitors.

Pos. My lords, how much your country owes you both,
The due reward of your desertful glories,

Must to posterity remain: but yet,

Since by our law one only can make claim 140

To the proposed honours which you both,

It seems, have truly merited, take leave

Freely to plead your rights; we shall attend you.

Por. Wherein priority of voice is granted,

Lord Cassilane, to you; for that your rare 145

And long experience in the course of war

As well doth challenge it, as the best privilege

Of order and civility, for that

You are your brave opponent's worthy father.—

Say, countrymen, are you content?

Soldiers. Ay, ay. 150

Cas. Right grave, right gracious fathers, how unfit

It is for me, that all my life-time have

Been practised in the school of blood and slaughter,

123 *observed*] "i.e. obeyed."—Mason.

129 A few cheers] Ed. Line 130 makes it clear that we are here to suppose a feeble shout than that in l. 135.

143 *you*] F1. *ye* F2.

Of mine slew more than any twain besides;
 And, which is not the least of all my glory,
 When he, this young man, hand to hand in fight,
 Was by the general of the Venetians.
 And such as were his retinue, unhorsed,
 I stept between, and rescued him myself,
 Or horses' hoofs had trampled him to dirt;
 And whilst he was remounting, I maintain'd
 The combat with the gallant general,
 Till, having taken breath, he throng'd before me,
 Renewed the fight, and with a fatal blow
 Stole both that honour from me, and his life
 From him, whom I before, myself alone,
 Had more than full three-quarters kill'd,—a man
 Well worthy only by this hand to have died,
 Not by a boy's weak push. I talk too much;
 But 'tis a fault of age. If to bring home
 Long peace, long victory, even to your Capitol,
 If to secure your kingdom, wives and children,
 Your lives and liberties, if to renown
 Your honours through the world, to fix your names,
 Like blazing stars, admired and fear'd by all
 That have but heard of Candy or a Cretan,
 Be to deserve the approvement of my manhood,
 Then thus much have I done: what more, examine
 The annals of my life; and then consider
 What I have been and am. Lords, I have said.
Gon. With reverence to the senate, is it lawful,
 Without your custom's breach, to say a word?
Pos. Say on, my lord Gonzalo.
Gon. I have heard,
 And with no little wonder, such high deeds
 Of chivalry discoursed, that, I confess,
 I do not think the Worthies, while they liv'd,
 All Nine deserved as much applause or memory
 As this one: but who can do aught to gain
 The crown of honour from him, must be somewhat
 More than a man.—You tread a dangerous path:
 [To ANTINOUS.]

221 *the Worthies*] famous heroes of romance. of whom three were Gentiles, Hector, Alexander, Julius Cæsar; three Jews, Joshua, David, Judas Macabæus; three Christians, Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon.

The bold Venetians, doubling strength and courage,
 Had got the better of the day: our men,
 Supposing that their adversaries grew 260
 Like Hydra's head, recoil, and 'gan to fly;
 I follow'd them; and what I said, they know:
 The sum on't is; I call'd them back, new rank'd them;
 Led on, they follow'd, shrunk not till the end.—
 Fellows in arms, is't true, or no?

Soldiers. True, true 265

Ant. Lastly, to finish all, there was but one,
 The only great exploit, which was, to take
 Fernando prisoner; and that hand to hand
 In single fight I did, myself, without
 The help of any arm, save the arm of Heaven.— 270
 Speak, soldiers, is it true, or no?

Soldiers. Antinous, Antinous!

Ant. Behold my prisoner, fathers.

Fer. This one man

Ruin'd our army, and hath glorified
 Crete in her robes of mightiness and conquest.

Pos. We need not use long circumstance of words: 275
 Antinous, thou art conqueror; the senate,
 The soldiers, and thy valour have pronounced it.

All. Antinous, Antinous!

Por. Make thy demand.

Cas. Please ye, my lords, give leave
 That I may part.

Pos. No, Cassilane, the court 280
 Should therein be dishonour'd; do not imagine
 We prize your presence at so slight a rate.—
 Demand, Antinous.

Ant. Thus, my lords; to witness
 How far I am from arrogance, or thinking
 I am more valiant, though more favour'd, 285
 Than my most matchless father, my demand is,
 That, for a lasting memory of his name,
 His deeds, his real, nay, his royal worth,
 You set up in your Capitol in brass
 My father's statue, there to stand for ever, 290

264 *till*] *tell* F2.

279 *lords*] F2. *lord* F1.

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And tyrant-like insult'st upon my shame. 320

Ant. Sir, Heaven can tell, and my integrity,
What I did was but only to enforce
The senate's gratitude. I now acknowledge it.

Cas. Observe it, fathers, how this haughty boy
Grows cunning in his envy of mine honours: 325

He knows no mention can of me be made,
But that it ever likewise must be told,
How I by him was master'd; and for surety
That all succeeding times may so report it,
He would have my dishonour and his triumphs 330
Engraved in brass: hence, hence proceeds the false-
hood

Of his insinuating piety.—

Thou art no child of mine: thee and thy blood,
Here in the Capitol, before the senate,
I utterly renounce; so thrift and fate 335

Confirm me! henceforth never see my face;
Be, as thou art, a villain to thy father!—
Lords, I must crave your leaves.—Come, come,
Arcanes.

CASSILANE and ARCANES *Ex[eunt.]*

Gon. Here 's a strange high-born spirit.

Pos. 'Tis but heat
Of sudden present rage: I dare assure 340
Antinous of his favour.

Ant. I not doubt it;
He is both a good man and a good father.
I shall attend your lordships.

Pos. Do, Antinous.

Gon. Yes; feast thy triumphs with applause and
pleasures.

Por. Pos. Lead on. [*Exeunt. Flourish of cornets.*]

Ant. "I utterly renounce"—'twas so; 345
Was't not, my Decius?

Dec. Pish! you know, my lord,
Old men are cholerick.

Ant. And lastly parted
With "Never henceforth see my face": oh me,
How have I lost a father! such a father!
Such a one, Decius! I am miserable 350

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*An apartment in the palace of EROTA.**Enter GONZALO and GASPERO.*

Gas. Now to what you have heard ; as no man can
 Better than I give you her character ;
 For I have been both nursed and train'd up to
 Her petulant humours, and been glad to bear them :
 Her brother, my late master, did no less. 5
 Strong apprehensions of her beauty hath
 Made her believe that she is more than woman :
 And as there did not want those flatterers
 'Bout the world's conqueror, to make him think,
 And did persuade him, that he was a god ; 10
 So there be those base flies, that will not stick
 To buzz into her ears, she is an angel,
 And that the food she feeds on is ambrosia.

Gon. She should not touch it, then ; 'tis poets' fare.

Gas. I may take leave to say, she may as well 15
 Determine of herself to be a goddess,
 With lesser flattery, than he a god ;
 For she does conquer more, although not farther :
 Every one looks on her dies in despair,
 And would be glad to do it actually, 20
 To have the next age tell how worthily,
 And what good cause he had to perish so :
 Her beauty is superlative ; she knows it,
 And, knowing it, thinks no man can deserve,

6 *hath*] *have* Colman. The singular verb with a plural subject is common enough in the Elizabethan dramatists, cf. Abbot's *Shakespearean Grammar*, § 334.

8-10 *And . . . god*] Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2, 121. 'How he did shake ; 'tis true, this god did shake.'

23 *Her*] *Fi.* *Here Fz.*

Enter EROTA, PHILANDER, ANNOPHIL, HYPARCHA,
MOCHINGO, Attendants.

[*Aside*] This is the most passionate, most pitiful prince, 50
Who in the caldron of affections
Looks as he had been parboil'd.

Phil. If I offend with too much loving you,
It is a fault that I must still commit,
To make your mercy shine the more on me. 55

Ero. You are the self-same creature you condemn,
Or else you durst not follow me with hope
That I can pity you, who am so far
From granting any comfort in this kind,
That you and all men else shall perish first : 60
I will live free and single, till I find
Something above a man to equal me :
Put all your brave heroes into one,
Your kings and emperors, and let him come
In person of a man, and I should scorn him ; 65
Must, and will scorn him.

The god of love himself hath lost his eyes,
His bow and torch extinguish'd, and the poets,
That made him first a god, have lost their fire,
Since I appear'd, and from my eyes must steal it. 70
This I dare speak ; and let me see the man,
Now I have spoke it, that doth dare deny,
Nay, not believe it.

Mock. He is mad that does not.

Ero. Have not all the nations of the earth heard of me ?
Most come to see me, and, seeing me, return'd 75
Full of my praises, teaching their chroniclers
To make their stories perfect ? for where the name,
Merely the word, of fair Erota stands,
It is a lasting history to time,
Begetting admiration in the men, 80

50 *passionate*] Cf. note on i. i, 12.

63 *brave heroes*] *bravest heroes* Seward. "Our early poets sometimes used
'heroë' as a trisyllable ; cf. Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, i. 5.

Isis, the glory of the westerne world,
When our *heroë*, honour'd Essex, dy'd,
Strucken with wonder, backe againe she hurld,
And fill'd her banckes with an vnwoonted tyde."—Dyce.

76 *their*] Fz. *there* Fr.

Ero. Knows any one here what this fellow is?

First Attend. He is of Venice, madam, a great magnifico,

And gracious with the senate.

Ero. Let him keep, then, among them ; what makes he here ?

110

Here 's state enough where I am : here 's ado !—

You, tell him, if he have aught with us, let him

Look lower, and give it in petition.

Moch. Mighty magnifico, my mistress bid me tell you,

If you have aught with her, you must look lower,

115

And yield it in petition.

Gon. Here is for thee a ducat.

Moch. You say well, sir ; take your own course.

Gon. I will not grace you,

Lady, so much as take you by the hand ;

But when I shall vouchsafe to touch your lip,

120

It shall be through your court a holiday

Proclaim'd for so high favour.

Ero. This is some

Great man's jester.—Sirrah, begone ! here is

No place to fool in.

Gon. Where are the fools you talk of ?

I do keep two.

Ero. No question of it ;

125

For in yourself you do maintain an hundred.

Gon. And, besides them, I keep a noble train,
Statists and men of action ; my purse is large and
deep,

Beyond the reach of riot to draw dry :

Fortune did vie with nature, to bestow,

130

When I was born, her bounty equally.

'Tis not amiss you turn your eyes from me ;

For, should you stand and gaze me in the face,

You perish would, like Semele by Jove :

In Venice at this instant there do lie

135

No less than threescore ladies in their graves,

And in their beds five hundred, for my love.

128 *Statists*] "1 e., statesmen,—politicians"—Dyce.

134 *Jove*] F2 *Iolus* F1. The allusion is to Semele, mother of Dionysus, who begged Zeus to visit her as god of thunder, and who was destroyed by the lightning.

Phi. You are the patron of your country, sir ;
So your unimitable deeds proclaim you ; 170
It is no language of my own, but all men's.

Gon. Your enemies must needs acknowledge it ;
Then do not think it flattery in your friends,
For, if they had a heart, they could not want a tongue.

Ero. Is this your brother, Annophil ?

Anno. Yes, madam. 175

Ero. Your name's Antinous ?

Ant. I am, lady, that most unfortunate man.

Ero. How unfortunate ? are you not the soldier,
The captain of those captains, that did bring
Conquest and victory home along with you ? 180

Ant. I had some share in't ; but was the least
Of the least worthy.

Gon. Oh, sir, in your modesty you 'ld make
A double conquest ! I was an ear-witness
When this young man spoke lesser than he acted, 185
And had the soldiers' voice to help him out :
But that the law compell'd him, for his honour,
To enforce him make a claim for his reward,
I well perceive he would have stood the man
That he does now, buried his worth in silence. 190

Ero. Sir, I hearken not to him, but look on you,
And find more in you than he can relate :
You shall attend on me.

Ant. Madam, your pardon.

Ero. Deny it not, sir, for it is more honour
Than you have gotten i' th' field ; for, know, you shall, 195
Upon Erotas asking, serve Erotas.

Ant. I may want answers, lady,
But never want a will to do you service.
I came here to my sister, to take leave,

183 *you would*] Ed. *you'd* Ff. *you'll* 1711.

186 *soldiers*] Ed. *soldiers* Ff. *soldier's* Seward.

187, 188 *But . . . reward*] "i.e. the law compelled him, for the sake of his honour, to enforce the claim he had to make for his reward."—Weber. "To enforce him" means—to enforce himself, to exert himself; a sense in which *enforced* was frequently used by writers long anterior to Beaumont and Fletcher. 'But with all our hertes *enforce* we our selfe for to resist againste that vyle and abhominable sinne of lechery,' &c. Skelton's *Boke of Three Fooles*,—*Works*, i. 205, ed. Dyce.—Dyce.

187, 188 *for . . . him*] *And his honour enforced him*.—Seward.

194 *Deny*] "i.e. refuse"—Dyce.

Thus in the wars he got the start on me,
By being forward, but performing less ; 230
All the endeavours of my life are lost,
And thrown upon that evil of mine own
Cursèd begetting, whom I shame to father.—
Oh, that the heat thou robb'dst me of had burnt
Within my entrails, and begot a fever, 235
Or some worse sickness ! for thou art a disease
Sharper than any physic gives a name to.

Anno. Why do you say so ?

Cas. Oh, Annophil, there is good cause, my girl !
He has play'd the thief with me, and filch'd away 240
The richest jewel of my life, my honour,
Wearing it publicly with that applause,
As if he justly did inherit it.

Ant. Would I had in my infancy been laid
Within my grave, cover'd with your blessings, rather 245
Than grown up to a man, to meet your curses !

Cas. Oh, that thou hadst !
Then I had been the father of a child,
Dearer than thou wert even unto me
When hope persuaded me I had begot 250
Another self in thee. Out of mine eyes,
As far as I have thrown thee from my heart,
That I may live and die forgetting thee !

Ero. How has he deserved this untamèd anger,
That, when he might have ask'd for his reward 255
Some honour for himself or mass of pelf,
He only did request to have erected
Your statue in the Capitol, with titles
Engraved upon 't, *The patron of his country* ?

Cas. That, that's the poison in the gilded cup, 260
The serpent in the flowers, that stings my honour,
And leaves me dead in fame !—Gods, do a justice,
And rip his bosom up, that men may see,

245 *your*] F2. *you* F1.

245 *rather*] F2. Omitted in F1.

246 *than grown*] *than, grown* Dyce.

248 *I had*] *had I* Weber.

249 *even*] F1. *ever* F2. "By the 'child' Cassilane means unrivalled honour, which he had lost by his son's life."—Mason.

254 *he deserved*] *he, Sir, deserved* Seward. But we may scan *deserv'd* and *untam'd* as trisyllables, although the Ff print *deserv'd* and *untam'd*.

Ant. Better I were neglected ; for he is hasty,
 And through the choler that abounds in him,
 Which for the time divides from him his judgement,
 He may cast you off, and with you his life ; 305
 For grief will straight surprise him, and that way
 Must be his death : the sword has tried too often,
 And all the deadly instruments of war
 Have aim'd at his great heart, but ne'er could touch it ;
 Yet not a limb about him wants a scar. 310

Cas. Madam, my duty——

Ero. Will you be gone ?

Cas. I must, lady ; but I shall be ready,
 When you are pleased command me, for your service.—
 Excellent prince ! [*To PHILANDER*].—To all my hearty
 love,
 And a good farewell.

Moch. Thanks, honest Cassilane. 315

Cas. Come, Annophil.

Gon. Shall I not wait upon you, sir ?

Cas. From hence
 You shall not stir a foot : loving Gonzalo,
 It must be all my study to requite you.

Gon. If I may be so fortunate to deserve 320
 The name of friend from you, I have enough.

Cas. You are so, and you have made yourself so.

Gon. I will, then, preserve it.

[*Exeunt CASSILANE, ANNOPHIL, and ARCANES.*]

Ero. Antinous, you are my servant, are you not ?

Ant. It hath pleased you so to grace me. 325

Ero. Why are you then dejected ? You will say,
 You have lost a father ; but you have found a mistress
 Doubles that loss : be master of your spirit ;
 You have a cause for it, which is my favour.

Gon. And mine. 330

Ero. Will no man ease me of this fool ?

Gon. Your fellow.

Ero. Antinous, wait upon us.

Ant. I shall, Madam.

Gon. Nay, but, lady, lady,—

Ero. Sir, you are rude :

Gon. Let it be so, good cousin.

Moch. I am no great one's fool.

Gon. I hope so, for alliance sake.

Moch. Yet I do serve
The mighty, monstrous, and magnanimous,
Invincible Erotia.

Gon. Oh, good cousin, 370
Now I have you : I'll meet you in your coat.

Moch. Coat ! I have my horseman's coat, I must
confess,
Lined through with velvet, and a scarlet outside :
If you will meet me in 't, I'll send for it ;
And, cousin, you shall see me with much comfort, 375
For it is both a new one and a right one ;
It did not come collateral.

Gon. Adieu,
Good cousin ; at this present I have some business.

Moch. Farewell, excellent cousin. [*Exeunt severally.*]

374 *you will . . for it*] Seward. *you'll . . for't* Ff.

When Cassilane craved from the common treasure
Pay for his soldiers, I strook home, and lent him
An hundred thousand ducats.

Fer. Marry, sir,
The policy was little, the love less,
And honesty least of all.

Gon. How say ye by that? 30
Go fight, I say, go fight! I'll talk no more with you;
You are insensible.

Fer. Well, I shall observe ye.
Gon. Why, look you, sir; by this means have I got
The greatest part of Cassilane's estate
Into my hands, which he can ne'er redeem, 35
But must of force sink. Do you conceive me now?

Fer. So:
But why have you importuned the senate,
For me to sojourn with him?

Gon. There's the quintessence,
The soul, and grand elixir of my wit; 40
For he, according to his noble nature,
Will not be known to want, though he do want,
And will be bankrupted so much the sooner,
And made the subject of our scorn and laughter.

Fer. Here is a perfect plotted stratagem.

Gon. Why, could you 45
Imagine that I did not hate in heart
My country's enemies? yes, yes, Fernando,
And I will be the man that shall undo them.

Fer. Ye are in a ready way.

Gon. I was never out on] 't. Peace; 50
Here comes a wise coxcomb, a tame coward.

Enter GASPERO

Now, worthy Gaspero; what!
You come, I know, to be my lord Fernando's
Conductor to old Cassilane?

Gas. To wait upon him.

29 *less*] F1 *loss* F2.

39 *him*] Seward. *them* Ff.

49, 51 *ye . . . coward*] Ed.'s arrangement. Four lines, ending *way . . .*
on't . . . Peace . . . coward Ff.

SCENE II.

The neighbourhood of the city. A room in a mean dwelling.

Enter CASSILANE, ARCANES, and ANNOPHIL.

Cas. [To *Arcanes*] Urge me no farther.—*Annophil!*

Anno. My lord?

Cas. Thy father's poverty has made thee happy ;
For though 'tis true this solitary life
Suits not with youth and beauty, oh, my child,
Yet 'tis the sweetest guardian to protect 5
Chaste names from court-aspersions! there a lady,
Tender and delicate in years and graces,
That dotes upon the charms of ease and pleasure,
Is shipwreck'd on the shore ; for 'tis much safer
To trust the ocean in a leaking ship, 10
Than follow greatness in the wanton rites
Of luxury and sloth.

Anno. My wishes, sir,
Have never soar'd a higher flight, than truly
To find occasion wherein I might witness
My duty and obedience.

Cas. 'Tis well said.— 15
Canst thou forbear to laugh, *Arcanes*?

Arc. Why, sir?

Cas. To look upon my beggary, to look
Upon my patience in my beggary. Tell me,
Does it shew handsome? bravely? Thou 'lt flatter me,
And swear that I am miserable.

¹ farther.—*Annophil!* Colman. farther *Annophil* Ff. farther, *Annophil* 1711.

¹⁷⁻²⁰ To . . . nothing] Ed.'s arrangement. Six lines, ending upon . . . me . . . bravely? . . . me . . . miserable . . . nothing, Ff. Five lines, ending look . . . begging . . . bravely handsome . . . miserable . . . nothing, Dyce.

¹⁹ handsome? bravely?] Ed. handsome? bravely? | Handsome? Ff. handsome? bravely handsome? Colman.

¹⁹ Thou'lt] Colman. Thou wilt Ff.

²⁰ And . . . miserable] and swear that I'm not miserable Sympson's conjecture. "Mr. Sympson's reading does not satisfy, and I therefore prefer the old reading with the following interpretation—'You, *Arcanes*, will flatter me by talking of my former greatness and glory, and swear that this retirement is misery to a man of my abilities for the command of whole armies.'"—Seward.

Of him, the villain, whom, to my dishonour,
The world miscalls my son. But, by the—

Arc. Sir,
Remember that you promised no occasion
Should move your patience.

Cas. Thou dost chide me friendly :
He shall not have the honour to be thought upon 55
Amongst us.

Enter a Servant.

Now ? the news ?

Serv. The secretary,
With the Venetian prisoner, desire
Admittance to your lordship.

Cas. How ? to me ?
What mystery is this ? Arcanes, can they,
Think'st thou, mean any good ?

Arc. My lord, they dare not 60
Intend aught else but good.

Cas. 'Tis true, they dare not :
Arcanes, welcome them. [*Exeunt* ARCANES and Servant.]

Come hither, Annophil ;
Stand close to me : we'll change our affability
Into a form of state ; and they shall know,
Our heart is still our own.

Enter ARCANES, FERNANDO, and GASPERO.

Arc. My lord—

Cas. Arcanes, 65
I know them both.—Fernando, as you are
A man of greatness, I should undervalue
The right my sword hath fought for, to observe
Low-fawning compliments ; but as you are
A captive and a stranger, I can love you, 70
And must be kind. You are welcome.

Fer. 'Tis the all
Of my ambition.

Gas. And for proof how much
He truly honours your heroic virtues,
The senate, on his importunity,
Commend him to your lordship's guard.

Pray, sir, admit me.

Cas. If you come to mock me,
I shall be angry.

Fer. By the love I bear 110
To goodness, my intents are honourable !

Cas. Then, in a word, my lord, your visitations
Shall find all due respect : but I am now
Grown old, and have forgot to be an host :
Come when you please, you are welcome.

Fer. Sir, I thank you. 115

Anno. Good sir, be not too urgent ; for my father
Will soon be moved : yet in a noble way
Of courtesy he is as easily conquer'd.

Fer. Lady, your words are like your beauty, powerful ;
I shall not strive more how to do him service, 120
Than how to be your servant.

Cas. She's my daughter,
And does command this house.

Fer. I so conceive her.

Cas. Do you hear ?

Gas. My honour'd lord.

Cas. Commend me to them :

Tell 'em, I thank them.

Gas. Whom, my lord ?

Cas. The senate :
Why, how come you so dull ? oh, they are gracious, 125
And infinitely grateful ! Thou art eloquent :
Speak modestly in mentioning my services ;
And if aught fall out in the by, that must
Of mere necessity touch any act
Of my deserving praises, blush when you talk on't : 130
'Twill make them blush to hear on't.

Gas. Why, my lord—

Cas. Nay, nay, you are too wise now ; good, observe
me.

I do not rail against the hopeful springal,
That builds up monuments in brass, rears trophies

109 *Pray*] F1. 'Pray F2.

126 *grateful* !] Dyce *grateful*—Ff.

130 *Of . . . praises*] *Of mine, deserving praises* Mason.

131 *Why, my lord*—] *Why, my lord* ? Colman

133 *springal*] "i.e. youth."—Reed.

Petition for your favour.

Cas. Rash young man,
But that thou art under my own roof, and know'st
I dare not any way infringe the laws
Of hospitality, thou shouldst repent 160
Thy bold and rude intrusion. But presume not
Again to shew thy letter, for thy life ;
Decius, not for thy life.

Arc. Nay, then, my lord,
I can withhold no longer. You are too rough,
And wrestle against nature with a violence 165
More than becomes a father : wherein would ye
Come nearer to the likeness of a God,
Than in your being entreated ? let not thirst
Of honour make you quite forget you are
A man, and what makes perfect manhood's comforts, 170
A father.

Anno. If a memory remain
Of my departed mother ; if the purity
Of her unblemish'd faith deserve to live
In your remembrance, let me yet by these
Awake your love to my un comforted brother. 175

Fer. I am a stranger, but so much I tender
Your son's desertful virtues, that I vow
His sword ne'er conquer'd me so absolutely,
As shall your courtesy, if you vouchsafe,
At all our instances, to new-receive him 180
Into your wonted favour.

Gas. Sir, you cannot
Require more low submission.

Anno. Am I not
Grown vile yet in your eyes ? then, by the name
Of father, let me once more sue for him,
Who is the only now remaining branch, 185
With me, of that most ancient root, whose body
You are, dear sir.

Cas. 'Tis well : an host of Furies
Could not have baited me more torturingly,

167 *likeness of a God*] Seward. *likeness of God* Ff.

170, 171 *perfect . . . father*] Seward. *perfect manhoods, comforts* | *A*
father Ff "Don't forget you are a man, and what is the greatest blessing in
the state of manhood, a father,"—Seward

SCENE III.

*An apartment in the palace of EROTA.**Enter HYPARCHA (placing two chairs), ANTINOUS and EROTA.**Ero.* Leave us.*Hyp.* I shall.*Exit.**Ero.* Antinous, sit down.*Ant.* Madam—

Ero. I say, sit down ; I do command you sit ;
 For look, what honour thou dost gain by me,
 I cannot lose by it. Happy Antinous ! 5
 The Graces and the higher deities
 Smiled at thy birth, and still continue it :
 Then think that I, who scorn lesser examples,
 Must do the like : such as do taste my power,
 And talk of it with fear and reverence, 10
 Shall do the same unto the man I favour.
 I tell thee, youth, thou hast a conquest won,
 Since thou camest home, greater than that last
 Which dignified thy fame, greater than if
 Thou shouldst go out again, and conquer farther ; 15
 For I am not ashamed to acknowledge
 Myself subdued by thee.

Ant. Great lady—

Ero. Sit still ; I will not hear thee else. Now speak,
 And speak like my Antinous, like my soldier,
 Whom Cupid, and not Mars, hath sent to battle. 20

Ant. I must, I see, be silent.

Ero. So thou mayst ;
 There 's greater action in it than in clamour ;
 A look, if it be gracious, will begin
 The war, a word conclude it ; then prove no coward,
 Since thou hast such a friendly enemy, 25
 That teaches thee to conquer

Ant. You do amaze me, madam :4 *lost*] F2 *dist* F1.5 *lose by it*] F1. *lose it* F2.13 *greater*] *far greater* Seward.

Ero. Good prince, I thank you for it.

Phil. Oh, madam, pour not, too fast, joys on me,
But sprinkle 'em so gently, I may stand 'em!
It is enough at first, you have laid aside
Those cruel angry looks out of your eyes, 60
With which, as with your lovely, you did strike
All your beholders in an ecstasy.

Ero. Philander, you have long profess'd to love me.

Phil. Have I but profess'd it, madam?

Ero. Nay, but hear me—

Phil. More attentively than to an oracle. 65

Ero. And I will speak more truly, if more can be;
Nor shall my language be wrapt up in riddles,
But plain as truth itself. I love this gentleman,
Whose griefs has made him so incapable
Of love, he will not hear, at least not understand it. 70
I, that have look'd with scornful eyes on thee,
And other princes, mighty in their states,
And in their friends as fortunate, have now pray'd,
In a petitionary kind almost,
This man, this well-deserving man (that I must say), 75
To look upon this beauty; yet you see
He casts his eyes rather upon the ground
Than he will turn 'em this way.

Philander, you look pale; I'll talk no more.

Phil. Pray, go forward; I would be your martyr; 80
To die thus, were immortally to live.

Ero. Will you go to him, then, and speak for me?
You have loved longer, but not ferventer;
Know how to speak, for you have done it like
An orator, even for yourself; then how will you for me, 85
Whom you profess to love above yourself?

Phil. The curses of dissemblers follow me
Unto my grave, and if I do not so!

Ero. You may, as all men do, speak boldlier, better,
In their friends' cause still, than in your own: 90
But speak your utmost, yet you cannot feign;
I will stand by, and blush to witness it.
Tell him, since I beheld him, I have lost

56 for it] *Fi.* for't *F2.*

89, 90 You . . . own] *Fi* arrangement.

69 griefs] *Fi.* grief *F2.*

Two lines, ending boldlier . . .
own Seward.

Antinous !

Ant. My lord ?

Phil. Nay, pray,
No courtesy to me ; you are my lord, 130
Indeed you are, for you command her heart
That commands mine ; nor can you want to know it ;
For, look you, she that told it you in words,
Explains it now more passionately in tears :
Either thou hast no heart, or a marble one, 135
If those drops cannot melt it. Prithee, look up,
And see how sorrow sits within her eyes,
And love the grief she goes with, (if not her,)
Of which thou art the parent ; and never yet
Was there, by nature, that thing made so stony 140
But it would love whatever it begot.

Ant. He that begot me did beget these cares,
Which are good issues, though happily by him
Esteemèd monsters : nay, the ill-judging world
Is likely enough to give them those charàcters. 145

* *Phil.* What 's this to love, and to the lady ? He 's
old,
Wrathful, perverse, self-will'd, and full of anger ;
Which are his faults, but let them not be thine :
He thrusts you from his love, she pulls thee on ;
He doubts your virtues, she doth double them. 150
Oh, either use thy own eyes, or take mine,
And with them my heart ! then thou wilt love her,
Nay, dote upon her more than on thy duty,
And men will praise thee equally for it ;
Neglecting her, condemn thee as a man 155
Unworthy such a fortune. Oh, Antinous,
'Tis not the friendship that I bear to thee,
But her command, that makes me utter this !
And when I have prevail'd, let her but say,
" Philander, you must die, or this is nothing," 160
It shall be done together with a breath,
With the same willingness I live to serve her.

Ero. No more, Philander.

Phil. All I have done is little yet to purpose :

129 *pray*] F1. *pray* F2.

151 *thy*] F1. *thine* F2.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The same.

Enter HYPARCHA and MOCHINGO

Hyp. I cannot help it.

Moch. Nor do I require it ;
The malady needs no physician :
Help hospital-people.

Hyp. I am glad to hear
You are so valiant.

Moch. Valiant !
Can any man be proud that is not valiant ? 5
Foolish woman, what wouldst thou say ? thou—
I know not what to call thee.

Hyp. I can you,
For I can call you coxcomb, ass, and puppy.

Moch. You do do it, I thank you.

Hyp. That you'll lose a fortune,
Which a cobbler better deserves than thou dost. 10

Moch. Do not provoke my magnanimity ;
For when I am incensed I am insensible.
Go tell thy lady, that hath sent me word
She will discard me, that I discard her,
And throw a scorn upon her, which I would not, 15
But that she does me wrong. [*Exit.*]

Enter EROTA and ANTINOUS.

Ero. Do you not glory in your conquest more,
To take some great man prisoner, than to kill him ?
And shall a lady find less mercy from you,
That yields herself your captive, and for her ransom 20
Will give the jewel of her life, her heart,

6 *Foolish*] *You foolish* Seward,

Ant. With his love; and then nothing next that,
like yours.

Enter DECIUS.

Ero. Decius is come.

Ant. Oh, welcome, friend! if I apprehend not
Too much of joy, there's comfort in thy looks. 60

Ero. There is, indeed: I prithee, Decius, speak it.

Dec. How? "prithee, Decius"? this woman's
strangely alter'd. [*Aside.*]

Ant. Why dost not speak, good friend, and tell me
how

The reverend blessing of my life received
My humble lines? wept he for joy? 65

Dec. No; there's a letter will inform you more:

[*Gives letter.*]

Yet I can tell you what I think will grieve you;
The old man is in want, and angry still,
And poverty is the bellows to the coal,
More than distaste from you, as I imagine. 70

Ant. What's here? how's this? It cannot be: now,
sure,

My griefs delude my senses.

Ero. In his looks

I read a world of changes. Decius, mark

With what a sad amazement he surveys

The news! canst thou guess what 'tis?

Dec. None good, I fear. 75

Ero. I fear so too; and then—

Ant. It is her hand.

Ero. Are you not well?

Ant. Too well. If I were aught

But rock, this letter would conclude my miseries.

Peruse it, lady, and resolve me then,

In what a case I stand.

Dec. Sir, the worst is 80
Your father's lowness and distaste.

Ant. No, Decius:

My sister writes, Fernando has made suit

For love to her; and, to express sincerely

My father stands for certain sums engaged
 To treacherous Gonzalo, and has mortgaged
 The greatest part of his estate to him :
 If you receive this mortgage, and procure
 Acquittance from Gonzalo to my father, 120
 I am what you would have me be.

Ero. You'll love me, then?

Ant. Provided, madam, that my father know not
 I am an agent for him.

Ero. If I fail
 In this, I am unworthy to be loved.

Ant. Then, with your favour, thus I seal my truth 125
 To-day ; and Decius, witness how unchangingly
 I shall still love Erota !

Ero. Thou hast quicken'd
 A dying heart, Antinous.

Dec. This is well :
 Much happiness to both !

Enter HYPARCHA.

Hyp. The lord Gonzalo
 Attends you, madam.

Ero. Comes as we could wish. 130
 Withdraw, Antinous ; here's a closet, where
 You may partake his errand.—Let him enter

[*Exit HYPARCHA.*]

Ant. Madam, you must be wary.

Ero. Fear it not :
 I will be ready for him, to entertain him
 With smiling welcome. *Exit* [ANTINOUS.]

Enter GONZALO.

Noble sir, you take 135
 Advantage of the time ; it had been fit
 Some notice of your presence might have fashion'd
 A more prepared state.

117 *has*] F2. 'has F1.

117 *mortgaged*] 1711. *more 'gag'd* F1. *morgag'd* F2.

119 *revive*] *retrieve* Dyce's conjecture.

125, 126 *thus* . . . *To-day*] Seward omitted *To-day*. *thus* . . . *truth*. *To-day*
 Colman (who adds "the *day* is no uncommon adjuration"). *thus* . . . *To thee*
 Mason.

But are we safe?

Ero. Assuredly.

Gon. In short—

Yet, lady, first be plain; would you not choose
Much rather to prefer your own sun-rising
Than any's else, though ne'er so near entitled
By blood or right of birth? 170

Ero. 'Tis a question
Needs not a resolution.

Gon. Good: what if
I set the crown of Candy on your head?

Ero. I were a queen indeed, then.

Gon. Madam, know 175
There's but a boy 'twixt you and it; suppose him
Transshap'd into an angel.

Ero. Wise Gonzalo,
I cannot but admire thee!

Gon. 'Tis worth thinking on:
Besides, your husband shall be duke of Venice.

Ero. Gonzalo, duke of Venice!

Gon. Ye are mine, ye say? 180

Ero. Pish, you but dally with me, and would lull me
In a rich golden dream.

Gon. You are too much distrustful of my truth.

Ero. Then you must give me leave to apprehend
The means and manner how.

Gon. Why, thus—

Ero. You shall not; 185
We may be overheard; affairs and counsels
Of such high nature are not to be trusted,
Not to the air itself: you shall in writing
Draw out the full design; which if effected,
I am as I profess.

Gon. Oh, I applaud 190
Your ready care and secrecy!

Ero. Gonzalo,
There is a bar yet 'twixt our hopes and us,
And that must be removed.

Gon. What is 't?

173 *resolution*] "i.e. solution, answer."—Dyce. Cf. note on ii. 1, 40.

180 *Ye . . . ye*] F1. *You . . . you* F2.

Enter CASSILANE and ARCANES.

Cas. I'll tell thee how. Baldwin the emperor
Pretending title, more through tyranny
Than right of conquest or descent, usurp'd
The style of lord o'er all the Grecian islands, 20
And, under colour of an amity
With Crete, preferr'd the marquess Mountferato
To be our governor : the Cretans, vex'd
By the ambitious Turks, in hope of aid
From the emperor, received for general 25
This Mountferato ; he, the wars appeased,
Plots with the state of Venice, and takes money
Of them for Candy : they paid well ; he steals
Away in secret ; since which time, that right
The state of Venice claims o'er Candy is 30
By purchase, not inheritance or conquest ,
And hence grows all our quarrel.

Arc. So a usurer,
Or Lombard Jew, might with some bags of trash
Buy half the western world.

Cas. Money, Arcanes,
Is now a god on earth : it cracks virginities, 35
And turns a Christian Turk ;
Bribes justice, cut-throats honour, does what not ?

Arc. Not captives Candy.

Cas. Nor makes thee dishonest,
Nor me a coward.—Now, sir, here is homely,
But friendly entertainment.

Fer. Sir, I find it. 40

Arc. And like it, do ye not ?

Fer. My repair speaks for me.

Cas. Fernando, we were speaking of—how this ?

17-31 *Baldwin . . . conquest*] The version of Cretan history given in the 9th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is as follows : ' In the partition of the Greek empire after the capture of Constantinople by the Latins in 1204, Crete fell to the lot of Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, but was sold by him to the Venetians, and thus passed into the dominion of this great republic, to which it continued subject for more than four centuries.'

32 a] *Fi.* an *F2.*

33 *Lombard Jew*] "Lombard Street, in London, was formerly the place where most of the bankers and usurers dwelt."—Weber.

Should she do this?

Gon. You must ask her the cause ;
She knows it best.

Cas. So ho, Arcanes ! none 70
But women pity us, soft-hearted women !
I am become a brave fellow now, Arcanes,
Am I not ?

Arc. Why, sir, if the gracious princess
Have took more special notice of your services,
And means to be more thankful than some others, 75
It were an injury to gratitude
To disesteem her favours.

Anno. Sir, she ever
For your sake most respectfully loved me.

Cas. The senate and the body of this kingdom
Are herein (let me speak it without arrogance) 80
Beholding to her ; I will thank her for it ;
And, if she have reserved a means whereby
I may repay this bounty with some service,
She shall be then my patroness. Come, sirs,
We'll taste a cup of wine together now. 85

Gon. Fernando, I must speak with you in secret.

Fer. You shall.—Now, Gaspero, all's well ?

Gas. There's news
You must be acquainted with. Come ; there is
No master-piece in art like policy. *Exeunt.*

⁷⁸ *respectively*] respectfully, regardfully ; cf. *Timon of Athens*, iii. 1, 8,
'You are very respectively welcome.'

⁸⁷ *Gas.*] Gonzalo Seward

⁸⁷⁻⁸⁹ *There's . . . policy*] Ed.'s arrangement. Three lines, ending *news*
. . . *with* . . . *policy* Ff. Three lines, ending *news* . . . *Come* . . . *policy*
Dyce.

How much he scorns, and, as good princes ought,
 Defies base, indirect, and godless treacheries,
 To your more sacred wisdoms he refers
 The punishment due to the false Gonzalo,
 Or else to send him home to Venice.

Pos. Herein 20

The duke is royal.—Gaspero, the prince
 Of Cyprus answer'd he would come?

Gas. My lords,
 He will not long be absent.

Por. You, Fernando,
 Have made the state your debtor.

Enter PHILANDER and MELITUS.

Worthy prince,
 We shall be suitors to you for your presence,
 In hearing and determining of matters
 Greatly concerning Candy. 25

Phil. Fathers, I am
 A stranger.

Pos. Why, the cause, my lord, concerns
 A stranger: please you, seat yourself.

Phil. Howe'er
 Unfit, since you will have it so, my lords, 30
 You shall command me.

Por. You, my lord Fernando,
 With the ambassador, withdraw awhile.

Fer. My lords, we shall. [*Exit with MICHAEL.*]

Pos. Melitus, and the secretary,
 Give notice to Gonzalo that the senate
 Requires his presence. *Exeunt GASPERO and MELITUS.*

Phil. What concerns the business? 35

Por. Thus, noble prince—

Enter CASSILANE and ARCANES.

Cas. Let me alone; thou troublest me;
 I will be heard.

Arc. You know not what you do.

Pos. Forbear!

SCENE I] THE LAWS OF CANDY 533

Ant. Lady! great, gentle lady! 65

Ero. Prithee, young man, forbear to interrupt me;
Triumph not in thy fortunes; I will speak.

Pos. More uproars yet! who are they that disturb us?

Cas. The viper's come; his fears have drawn him
hither:

And now, my lords, be chronicled for ever, 70
And give me justice against this vile monster,
This bastard of my blood!

Ero. Tis justice, fathers,
I sue for too; and though I might command it,
(If you remember, lords, whose child I was,)
Yet I will humbly beg it. This old wretch 75
Has forfeited his life to me.

Cas. Tricks, tricks;
Complots, devices, 'twixt these pair of young ones,
To blunt the edge of your well-temper'd swords,
Wherewith you strike offenders, lords! but I
Am not a baby to be fear'd with bug-bears; 80
'Tis justice I require.

Ero. And I.

Ant. You speak
Too tenderly, and too much like yourself,
To mean a cruelty which would make monstrous
Your sex: yet, for the love's sake, which you once
Pleased to pretend, give my griev'd father leave 85
To urge his own revenge: you have no cause
For yours; keep peace about ye.

Cas. Will you hear me?

Phil. Here's some strange novelty.

Pos. Sure, we are mock'd.
Speak one at once. Say, wherein hath your son
Transgress'd the law?

Cas. Oh, the gross mists of dulness! 90
Are you this kingdom's oracles, yet can be
So ignorant? First hear, and then consider.
That I begot him, gave him birth and life,
And education, were, I must confess,
But duties of a father: I did more; 95
I taught him how to manage arms, to dare

Are ye all marble?

Pos. Leave your shifts, Antinous:
What plead you to your father's accusation?

Ant. Most fully guilty.

Pos. You have doom'd yourself;
We cannot quit you now.

Cas. A burthen'd conscience
Will never need a hangman. Hadst thou dared 135
To have denied it, then this sword of mine
Should on thy head have proved thy tongue a liar.

Ero. Thy sword! wretched old man, thou hast lived
too long,

To carry peace or comfort to thy grave;
Thou art a man condemn'd.—My lords, this tyrant 140
Had perish'd but for me; I still supplied

His miserable wants; I sent his daughter
Money to buy him food; the bread he eat
Was from my purse: when he, vain-gloriously,
To dive into the people's hearts, had pawn'd 145
His birth-right, I redeem'd it, sent it to him,

And, for requital, only made my suit,
That he would please to new-receive his son
Into his favour, for whose love I told him
I had been still so friendly: but then he, 150
As void of gratitude as all good nature,

Distracted like a madman, posted hither
To pull this vengeance on himself and us;
For why, my lords, since by the law all mean
Is blotted out of your commission, 155
As this hard-hearted father hath accused

Noble Antinous, his unblemish'd son,
So I accuse this father, and crave judgement.

Cas. All this is but deceit, mere trifles forged
By combination, to defeat the process 160
Of justice. I will have Antinous' life.

Arc. Sir, what do ye mean?

Ero. I will have Cassilane's.

Ant. Cunning and cruel lady, runs the stream
Of your affections this way? have you not

154 *For why*] "i.e. for which reason."—Mason.

154 *mean*] Seward. *means* Ff. "'Mean' = 'middle course.'"—Dyce.

All these about me : she is bloody-minded,
 And turns the justice of the law to rigour : 200
 It is her cruelties, not I, accuse her.
 Shall I have audience?

Ero. Let him speak, my lords.

Dec. Your memory will rot.

Ant. Cast all your eyes
 On this (what shall I call her?) truthless woman !
 When often, in my discontents, the sway 205
 Of her unruly blood, her untamed passion,
 (Or name it as you list,) had hour by hour
 Solicited my love, she vow'd at last
 She could not, would not live, unless I granted
 What she long sued for : I, in tender pity, 210
 To save a lady of her birth from ruin,
 Gave her her life, and promised to be hers :
 Nor urged I aught from her but secrecy ;
 And then enjoin'd her to supply such wants
 As I perceived my father's late engagements 215
 Had made him subject to. What shall I heap up
 Long repetitions? She, to quit my pity,
 Not only hath discover'd to my father
 What she had promised to conceal, but also
 Hath drawn my life into this fatal forfeit : 220
 For which, since I must die, I crave a like
 Equality of justice against her ;
 Not that I covet blood, but that she may not
 Practise this art of falsehood on some other,
 Perhaps more worthy of her love, hereafter. 225

Por. If this be true—

Ero. My lords, be as the law is,
 Indifferent, upright ; I do plead guilty.—
 Now, sir, what glory have you got by this?
 'Las, man, I meant not to out-live thy doom !
 Shall we be friends in death?

Cas. Hear me : the villain 230
 Scandals her, honour'd lords.

Ero. Leave off to dote,
 And die a wise man.

204 *truthless*] *ruthless* Seward.

216 *What*] “i.e. for what, why.”—Dyce.

Pos. Por. Us!

Phil. Annophil!

Anno. You are the authors
Of this unthrifty bloodshed. When your enemies
Came marching to your gates, your children suck'd not
Safe at their mothers' breasts, your very cloisters
Were not secure, your starting-holes of refuge 265
Not free from danger, nor your lives your own ;
In this most desperate ecstasy, my father,
This agèd man, not only undertook
To guard your lives, but did so, and beat off
The daring foe ; for you he pawn'd his lands, 270
To pay your soldiers, who without their pay
Refused to strike a blow : but, lords, when peace
Was purchased for you, and victory brought home,
Where was your gratitude, who in your coffers
Hoarded the rusty treasure which was due 275
To my unminded father ? he was glad
To live retired in want, in penury,
Whilst you made feasts of surfeit, and forgot
Your debts to him : the sum of all is this ;
You have been unthankful to him, and I crave 280
The rigour of the law against you all.

Cas. My royal-spirited daughter !

Ero. Annophil,
Thou art a worthy wench ; let me embrace thee.

Anno. Lords, why do ye keep your seats ? they are
no places

For such as are offenders.

Pos. Though our ignorance 285
Of Cassilane's engagements might assuage
Severity of justice, yet to shew
How no excuse should smooth a breach of law,
I yield me to the trial of it.

Por. So
Must I.—Great prince of Cyprus, you are left 290
The only moderator in this difference ;
And, as you are a prince, be a protector
To woeful Candy.

Phil. What a scene of misery
Hath thine obdurate frowardness, old man,

I am awaked, and with clear eyes behold
 The lethargy wherein my reason long
 Hath been becharm'd : live, live, my matchless son, 325
 Blest in thy father's blessing, much more blest
 In thine own virtues ! let me dew thy cheeks
 With my unmanly tears : rise ; I forgive thee :
 And, good Antinous, if I shall be thy father,
 Forgive me. I can speak no more.

Ant. Dear sir, 330
 You new-beget me now.—Madam, your pardon ;
 I heartily remit you.

Ero. I as freely
 Discharge thee, Cassilane.

Anno. My gracious lords,
 Repute me not a blemish to my sex,
 In that I strove to cure a desperate evil 335
 With a more violent remedy : your lives,
 Your honours, are your own.

Phil. Then with consent
 Be reconciled on all sides. Please you, fathers,
 To take your places.

Pos. Let us again ascend,
 With joy and thankfulness to Heaven : and now 340
 To other business, lords.

Re-enter GASPERO and MELITUS, with GONZALO.

Mel. Two hours and more, sir,
 The senate hath been set.

Gon. And I not know it !
 Who sits with them ?

Mel. My lord, the prince of Cyprus.

Gon. Gaspero,
 Why, how comes that to pass ? 345
Gas. Some weighty cause,

I warrant you.

Gon. Now, lords, the business ?—Ha !
 Who's here ? Erotia !

Por. Secretary, do your charge
 Upon that traitor.

Gon. Traitor !

That had not thrust this trick into my pate !

A politician fool ! Destruction plague

375

Candy and Venice both !

Pos. Por.

Away with him !

Mel. Come, sir, I 'll see you safe.

[*Exeunt* MELITUS and GONZALO.

Ero.

Lords, ere you part,

Be witness to another change of wonder.—

Antinous, now be bold, before his presence,

Freely to speak, whether or no I used

380

The humblest means affection could contrive,

To gain thy love.

Ant.

Madam, I must confess it,

And ever am your servant.

Ero.

Yes, Antinous,

My servant, for my lord thou shalt be never :

I here disclaim the interest thou hadst once

385

In my too passionate thoughts.—[*To* PHILANDER]

Most noble prince,

If yet a relic of thy wonted flames

Live warm within thy bosom, then I blush not

To offer up the assurance of my faith

To thee that hast deserved it best.

Phil.

Oh, madam,

390

You play with my calamity !

Ero.

Let Heaven

Record my truth for ever.

Phil.

With more joy

Than I have words to utter, I accept it.

I also pawn you mine.

Ero.

The man, that in requital

Of noble and unsought affection

395

375 *A politician fool* !] *A politician ? fool*. Seward. The word *politician* appears here to be an adjective. Cf. Milton, *Sam. on Agonistes* 1195,

'But your ill meaning politician lords . . .

. . . Appointed to await me thirty spies.'

384 *servant*] "the title which ladies formerly bestowed on their professed admirers."—Dyce. See note, vol. I. 213. But here "*My servant*" means 'one authorized to pay me all courteous attentions': so in *The Scornful Lady* (after the Lady has become the wife of the Elder Loveless);

"*Lady*. Sir, I shall call you *servant*."

More. I shall be proud on 't."

Act v. sc. 4, vol. iii. III.

Grows cruel, never loved ; nor did Antinous.
 Yet herein, prince, ye are beholding to him ;
 For his neglect of me humbled a pride,
 Which to a virtuous wife had been a monster.

Phil. For which I 'll rank him my deserving friend. 400

Ant. Much comfort dwell with you, as I could wish
 To him I honour most !

Cas. Oh, my Antinous,
 My own, my own good son !

Fer. One suit I have to make.

Phil. To whom, Fernando ?

Fer. Lord Cassilane, to you.

Cas. To me !

Fer. This lady 405

Hath promised to be mine.

Anno. Your blessing, sir !—

Brother, your love !

Ant. You cannot, sir, bestow her

On a more noble gentleman.

Cas. Sayst thou so ?

Antinous, I confirm it.—Here, Fernando,

Live both as one ; she is thine.

Ant. And herein, sister, 410

I honour you for your wise settled love.

This is a day of triumph ; all contentions

Are happily accorded, Candy's peace

Secured, and Venice vow'd a worthy friend. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

